Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
LYRASIS Members and Sloan Foundation

http://www.archive.org/details/ladysmusicallibr00char

LADY'S

MUSICAL LIBRARY,

EMBRACING THE MOST

POPULAR AND FASHIONABLE MUSIC.

Edited by Charles Jarvis,

PROFESSOR OF MUSIC, ORGANIST AND LEADER OF THE CHOIR AT THE CHURCH OF THE EPIPHANY.

VOL. I, 1842.

PHILADELPHIA:

GODEY & M'MICHAEL,

PUBLISHERS' HALL, 101 CHESTNUT STREET.

1842.

786.4052
L128m
v.1

ENTERED, ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS,

IN THE YEAR 1842,

BY GODEY & M'MICHAEL,

IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT

OF THE EASTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA.

CONTENTS.

All those pieces marked with an asterisk (*) are either composed or arranged expressly for this work.

Pieces for the Piano-Forte.

AFFECTION WALTZ* ..... Page 21
AFFGHANISTAN MARCH* 156
ALPINE GALOP* 197
AUSTRIAN ROSE WALTZ 150
AVE MARIA 133
BARON MUNCHAUSEN'S MARCH 54
BEETHOVEN'S DREAM 109
BELLE WALTZ* 129
BRISTOL MARCH 132
BUGLE QUICK-STEP* 169
CALEDONIAN GALOP* 20
CALEDONIAN WALTZ* 36
CAVATINA, (FROM THE STRANGER)* 199
CHANSONETTE 174
CHRISTMAS WALTZ* 200
CLARA WALTZ 66
CLAUDIAN, (QUADRILLE) 122
COMBINATION WALTZ 189
CRACOVIENNE, (QUADRILLE)* 140
CYNTHIA WALTZ* 147
DRUID'S CHORUS, (QUADRILLE) 122
ELBERTA, (QUADRILLE) 123
EL JALEO DE JERES, (QUADRILLE)* 76
ELSSLER QUADRILLES* 73
EL ZAPATEADO 149
EUNOMIAN MARCH* 140
FAMILY QUADRILLES* 137
FASHIONABLE QUADRILLES 184
FAVOURITE GALOPADE, (FROM GUSTAVE) 166
FIELD-DAY QUICK-STEP* 117
FLAVIUS, (QUADRILLE) 124
GALOPADE, (FROM GUSTAVUS) 57
GALOPADE FROM THE GISELLE 100
GALOPADE FROM WILLIAM TELL 151
GISELLE WALTZ 97
HANDY ANDY'S QUICK-STEP* 193
HERR CLINE'S DANCE 132
HIGHLAND GALOP* 140
HIGHLAND MINSTREL BOY, (WITH VAR'NS). 50
HOPE WALTZ 172
INAUGURATION MARCH* 12
INAUGURATION WALTZ 89
INVITATION TO DANCE* 61
IRISH VOLUNTEERS' PARADE MARCH* 90
KEEPSAKE WALTZ 120
LA BELLE MARIA, (QUADRILLE)* 138
LA CATHARINA, (QUADRILLE)* 137
LA CHASSE* 96
LA CRACOVIENNE, (QUADRILLE)* 73
LADY'S PROMENADE MARCH* 32
LADY WALTZ* 81
LA RECOMPENSE, (RONDONETTO) 196
LA REMINISCENCE, (QUADRILLE)* 46
LA SMOLENSKA, (RUSSIAN AIR)* 25
LA SMOLENSKA, (QUADRILLE)* 74
LA SYLPHIDE, (QUADRILLE)* 75
LA TARENTULE, (QUADRILLE)* 74
L'ELLENA, (QUADRILLE)* 138
LEMON-BLOSSOM WALTZ 107
LE PAPILLON, (WALTZ) 51
L'EXTATIQUE, (GALOPADE) 16
LITTLE NELL* 14
LONG, LONG AGO 145
LOUISVILLE MARCH 37
MACGREGOR'S MARCH 172
MARCHE PONTIFICALE* 186
MARKET CHORUS 116
MAY WALTZ* 110
MICKEY FREE'S QUICK-STEP* 92
MISS LUCY LONG* 173
MONTICELLO WALTZ* 160
MOUNTAIN QUICK-STEP* 80
NORMA QUADRILLES 121
PALERMO GALOPADE* 41
PATTIE LA BLONDE* 139
PEARL QUADRILLE* 9
PRATER GALOPADE 103
PRINCE ALBERT'S BAND MARCH 88
REMEMBRANCE OF HOME* 104
RETREAT QUICK-STEP* 28
ROMANCE 190
SCOTCH WALTZ* 174
SCOTCH WEDDING DANCE* 152
SPANISH DANCE 133
THE BRILLIANT, (QUADRILLE)* 40
THE CAULIFLOWER, (QUADRILLE) 184
THE LADIES' GALOP 157
THE SOCIABLE, (QUADRILLE) 184
THE YOUNG WALTZER 155
TIVOLIAN WALTZ 152

TRIUMPHAL MARCH* 62
TRUMPET WALTZ 29
WALTZ FROM LA PHILTRE 178
WEBSTER'S QUICK-STEP 47
WISSAHICCON QUICK-STEP* 136
WOODSTOCK MARCH* 113
WOOD-UP, (Quick-Step) 72
YOUTHFUL MAIDEN 17
YOUNG AMATEUR 159

Songs, Duetts, &c.

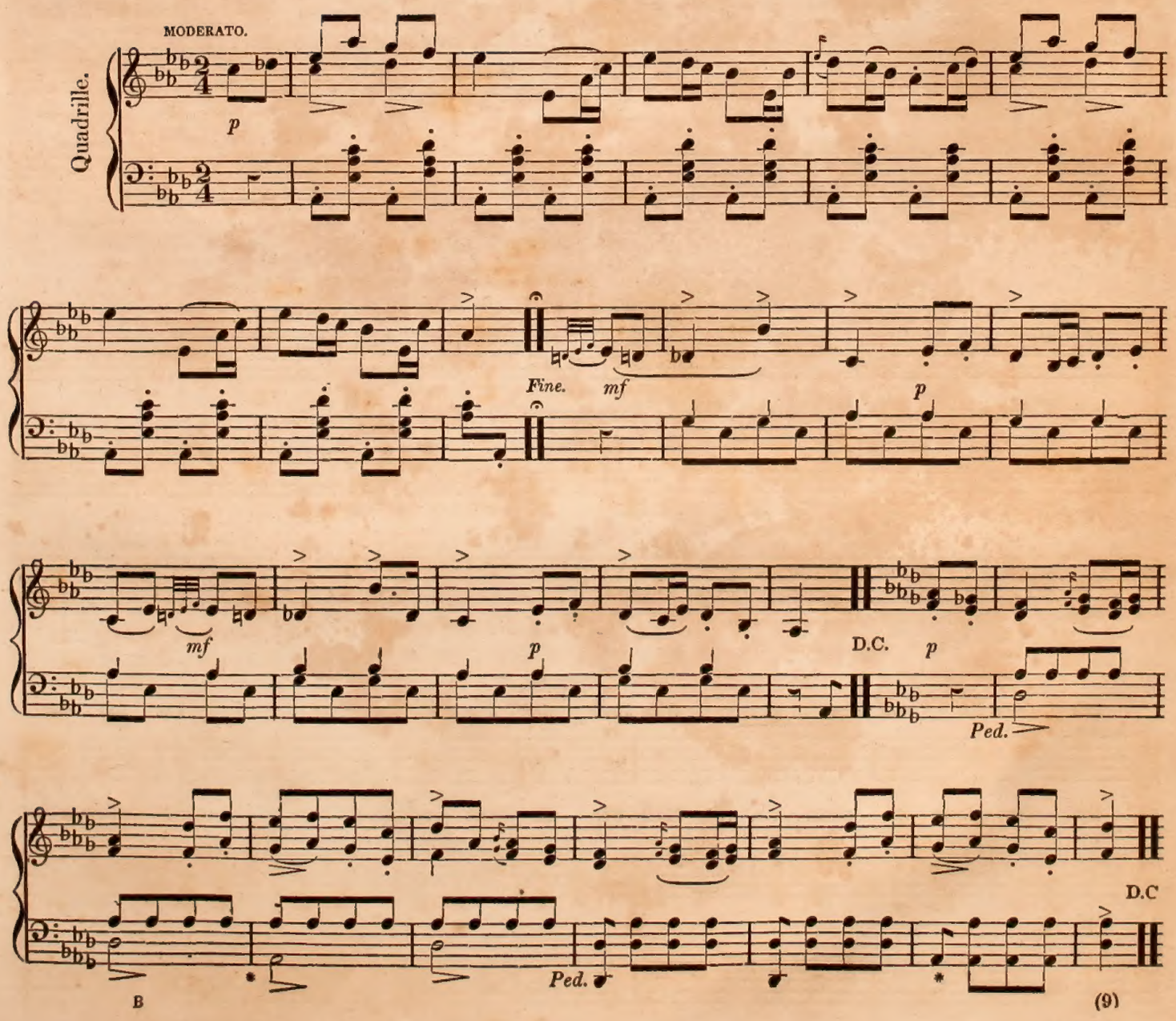
ADIEU, ADIEU, MY AIN SWEET LAND*.. 141
ANGEL'S WHISPER 185
BAD LUCK TO THIS MARCHING 170
BRIDE OF ATHLONE 192
COME SING ME THAT SWEET AIR AGAIN 10
CALL OF HOME* 148
DEAR LOVE, AND NATIVE LAND FAREWELL 182
DO NONE REMEMBER ME* 86
ERIN IS MY HOME 55
EVENING PRIMROSE* 94
FAIRY BOY 24
FANNY GREY 77
FONDEST AFFECTIONS STILL CLING TO HOME 93
GENTLE MARY 69
GO AND FORGET THAT WE HAVE MET.. 198
HAPPY COUPLE 102
HAPPY MAIDENS, (Duett)* 70
HAUNTED SPRING 59
HOMEWARD BOUND 175
I CAN NE'ER FORGET THEE* 162
I'VE WAITED LONG* 44
KINDNESS* 146
LITTLE NELL* 14
LONG, LONG AGO 145
MARY DRAPER* 144
MOLLY BAWN 114
MOONLIT DELL* 78
MOUNTAIN HORN 22
MY MOTHER DEAR 106
MY OWN ONE 68
MY SOUL IS DARK 153
NYDIA'S SONG 64
OH! MOTHER WHY SO WARMLY TELL* 194
OH! MY LOVE'S BONNY 164
OH! SHALL WE GO A SAILING 18
OH! THE QUIET DAYS WHEN WE ARE OLD* 168
OH! WHERE, GENTLE WEST WIND* 58
ORPHAN BALLAD-SINGERS 84
POOR BIRD* 105
PRAYER, (Quartette)* 118
RORY O'MOORE 82
ROVING LOVERS, (Duett)* 125
SEPARATION* 48
SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES 158
SONG AND CHORUS OF THE TEE-TO-TALLER* 78
SONG OF THE FAIRIES* 163
SONG TO MY MARY* 30
SUCCESSFUL SUITOR 53
SYLVAN SHADE* 26
THE BANSHEE* 134
THE BLARNEY 52
THE LAND OF MY BIRTH 38
THERE IS NO HOME LIKE MY OWN 130
THERE'S NO LAND LIKE SCOTLAND 112
THE SUITORS* 33
THE SUNNY HOURS OF CHILDHOOD 180
THEY NEVER LOVED AS THOU AND I* 128
TO THE QUEEN OF MY HEART* 154
TRUE LOVE CAN NE'ER FORGET 34
WHEN I GAZE IN THOSE BRIGHT EYES* 188
WIDOW MALONE* 108

LADY'S

MUSICAL LIBRARY.

THE PEARL.

Weber.



Sung by Miss Poole.

Piano.

mf

Sweet air, how ev - - ry note brings back Some sun - - ny hope, some day - - dream bright, That

Come, sing me that sim - ple air a - gain, I used so to love in life's young day, And

p

shin - ing o'er life's ear - ly track Fill'd e - ven its tears with light. The

bring, if thou canst, the dreams that then, Were waken'd by that sweet lay. The

pp

new found life that came . . . . . With love's first e - - cho'd vow; The fear, the

ten - der gloom its strain . . . . Shed o'er the heart and brow, Grief's shadow, with-

p

bliss, the shame, Say, . . . where, where are they now! But, still the

out its pain, Say, . . where, where is it now! But play me the

same loved notes pro - - long, For sweet 't were thus, to that old lay, In

well known air once more, For thoughts of youth still haunt its strain, Like

dreams of youth and love and song, To breathe life's hour a - - way.

dreams of some far fai - - ry shore, We're ne - ver to see a - gain.

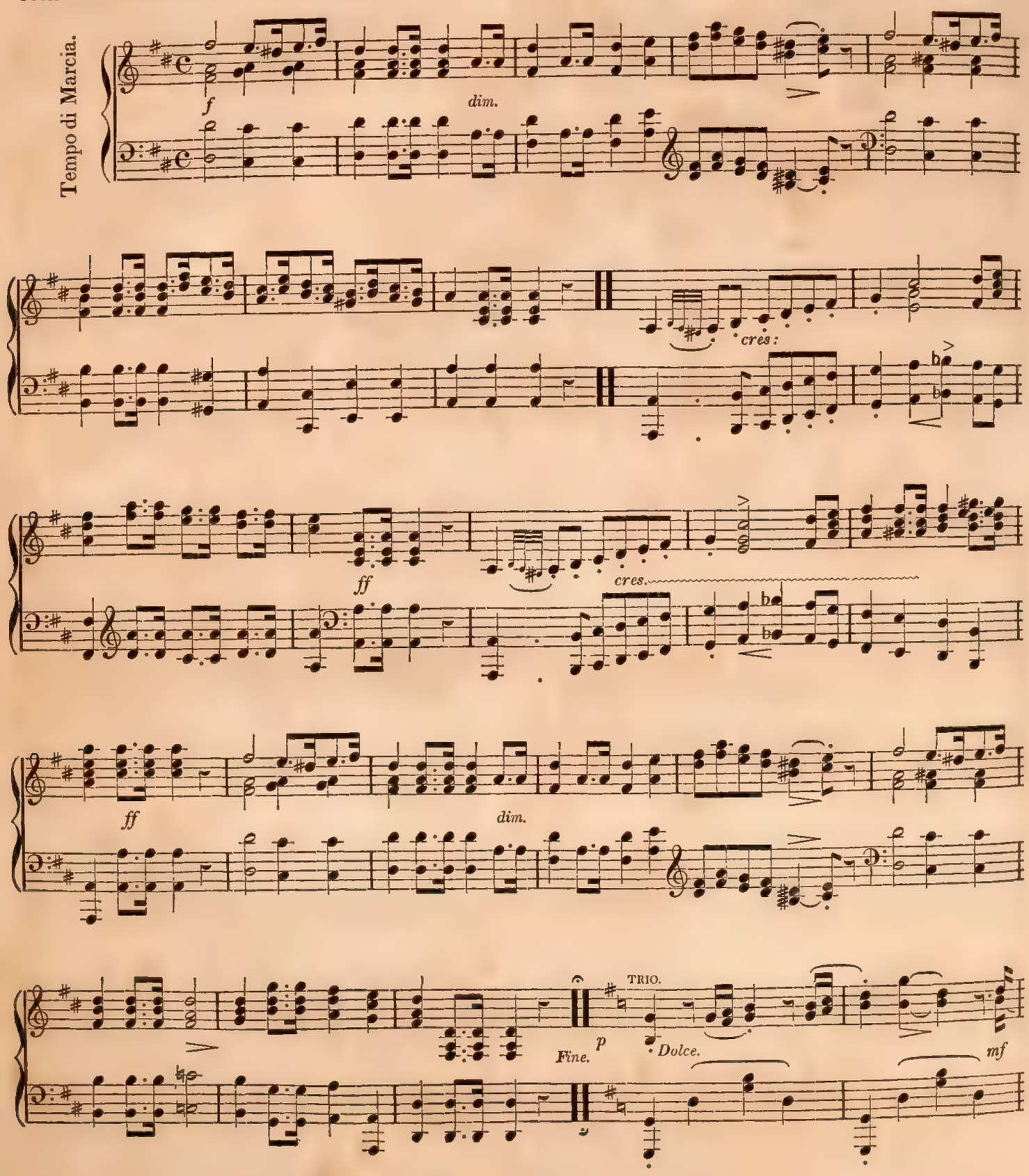
mf.

INAUGURATION;

OR,

UNITED STATES GRAND MARCH.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK, AND MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MISS ANNIE COLEMAN, BY C. JARVIS.



pp cres.

f p Dolce. mf pp

fz cres. f Dolce.

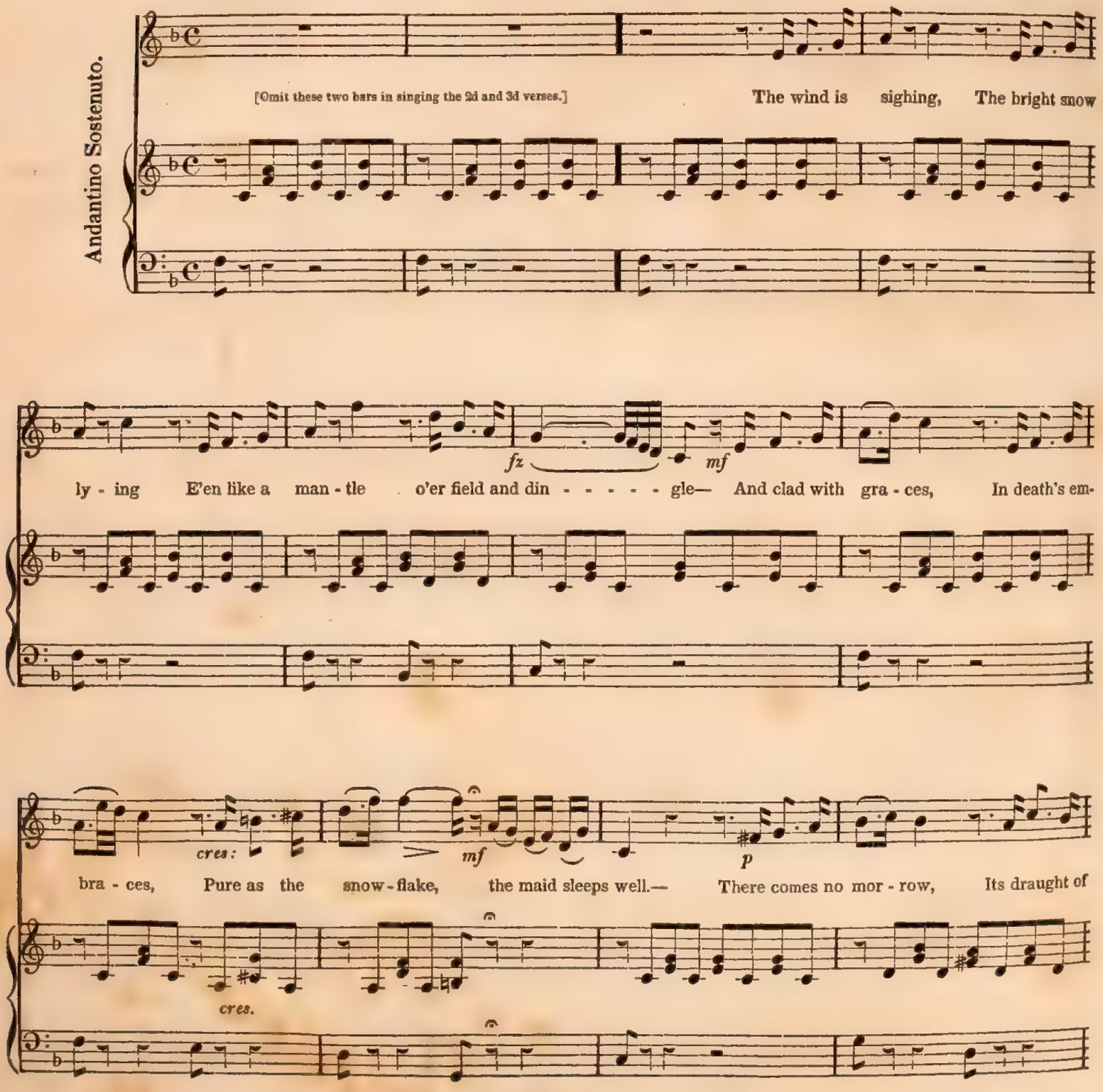
rit. tempo. p Dolce. mf pp

fz cres. f D.C.

LITTLE NELL.

ROMANCE:

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK, BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON, ESQ., AND INSCRIBED TO THE AUTHOR OF THE "CURIOSITY SHOP." ADAPTED TO A BEAUTIFUL AIR FROM BELLINI'S OPERA OF LA NORMA, BY CHARLES JARVIS.



sor - - - - - row In childhood's chal - ice a - gain to min - gle; Mid winter's

fz

cres. *rit.*

ro - ses She now re - po - ses, At rest for ev - er— poor lit - tle Nell.

2d Verse.

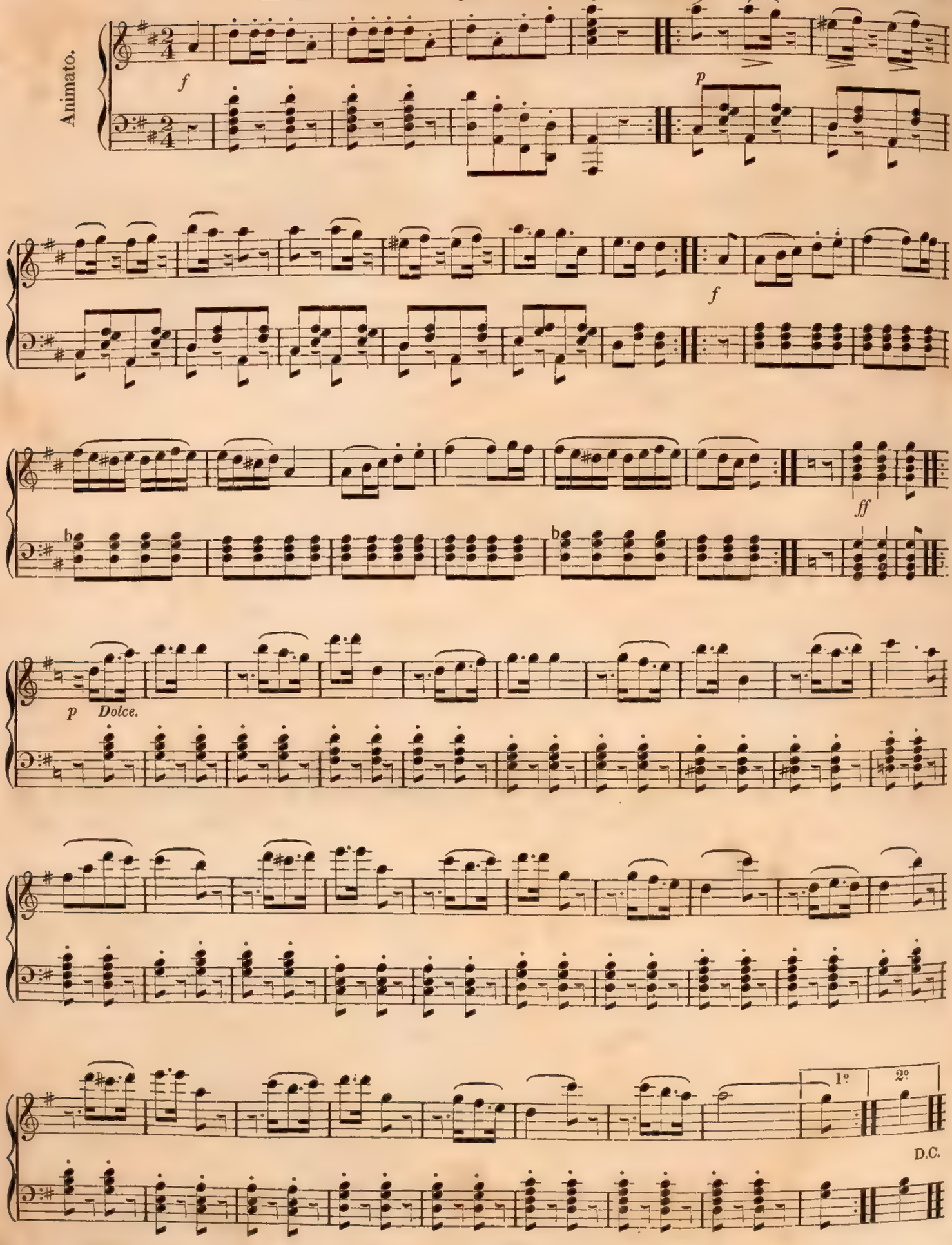
The bird she tended,
Tho' long befriended,
Is singing gaily above her pillow;
To his fond chanting,
That heart, once panting,
With gladness never again shall swell.—
No longer cheering,
Her voice endearing
Is heard like zephyrs across the billow—
The withered flowers
Youth o'er her showers
Are emblems fitting of little Nell.

3d Verse.

Fond eyes are weeping
Where she is sleeping,
A thing of beauty, tho' pale and faded—
That face so charming
Seems death disarming,
And almost breaking his mystic spell.
She has departed,
The gentle hearted,
Her soul no longer by grief invaded—
And music lingers
From angel fingers,
Around the death-bed of little Nell.

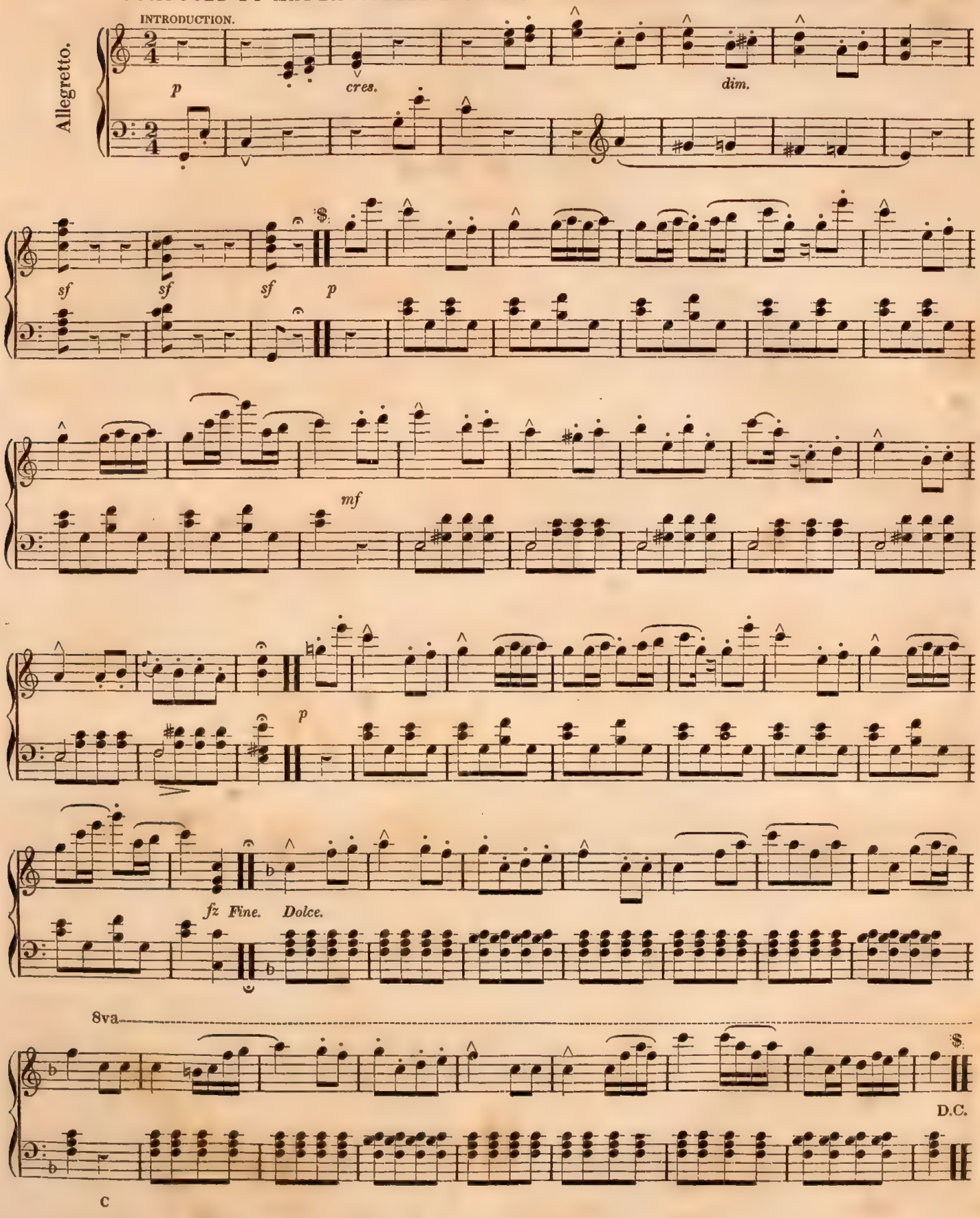
L'EXTATIQUE.....*A Galopade.*

J. Strauss.



JEUNE FILLE À QUINZE ANS.
(THE YOUTHFUL MAIDEN.)

COMPOSED BY MADEMOISELLE L. PUGET. ARRANGED BY F. BURGMULLER.



OH! SHALL WE GO A SAILING.

SUNG BY MALIBRAN.

WORDS BY W. H. BELLAMY. MUSIC BY M. W. BALFE.

Allegretto Moderato.

Dolce. *p*

Oh! shall we go a sailing? a sailing? a sailing? The

f *pp*

winds breathe soft o'er the slumb'ring main, Leaving the rest at the banquet rega - ling, Long ere 'tis end - ed we'll

cres.

scud back again. The fays of the forest will

f *decres.* *p* *f* *Fine.* *p*

joy - fully lend us An a - corn's cup or a fil - bert's shell; And with rose-leaf sails, and

pp *cres.*

Sylphs to at - tend us, Oh! shall we not skim the wave passing well? Oh! shall we not skim the

poco - - - - - - - e - *f*

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - *ri - - tar - - - - - - do - - - - - -*

wave passing well? Oh! shall we not skim the wave passing well! Oh! &c. D.C.

a poco a poco ritardo. *Colla parte.* D.C.

2d and 3d verses.

2. What though the sun has set? still never fear thee; Safe shall we sail ere the night falls, now, We shall
3. Let's go and climb where the co - ral is growing, Or ga - ther the am - ber that's strew'd on the strand, And

have light enough, trembler, to cheer thee, For I've got a glow - worm to burn at the bow; For
long ere the sea o'er the rocks can be flow - ing, We shall get back to our own fai - ry land;

ritard.

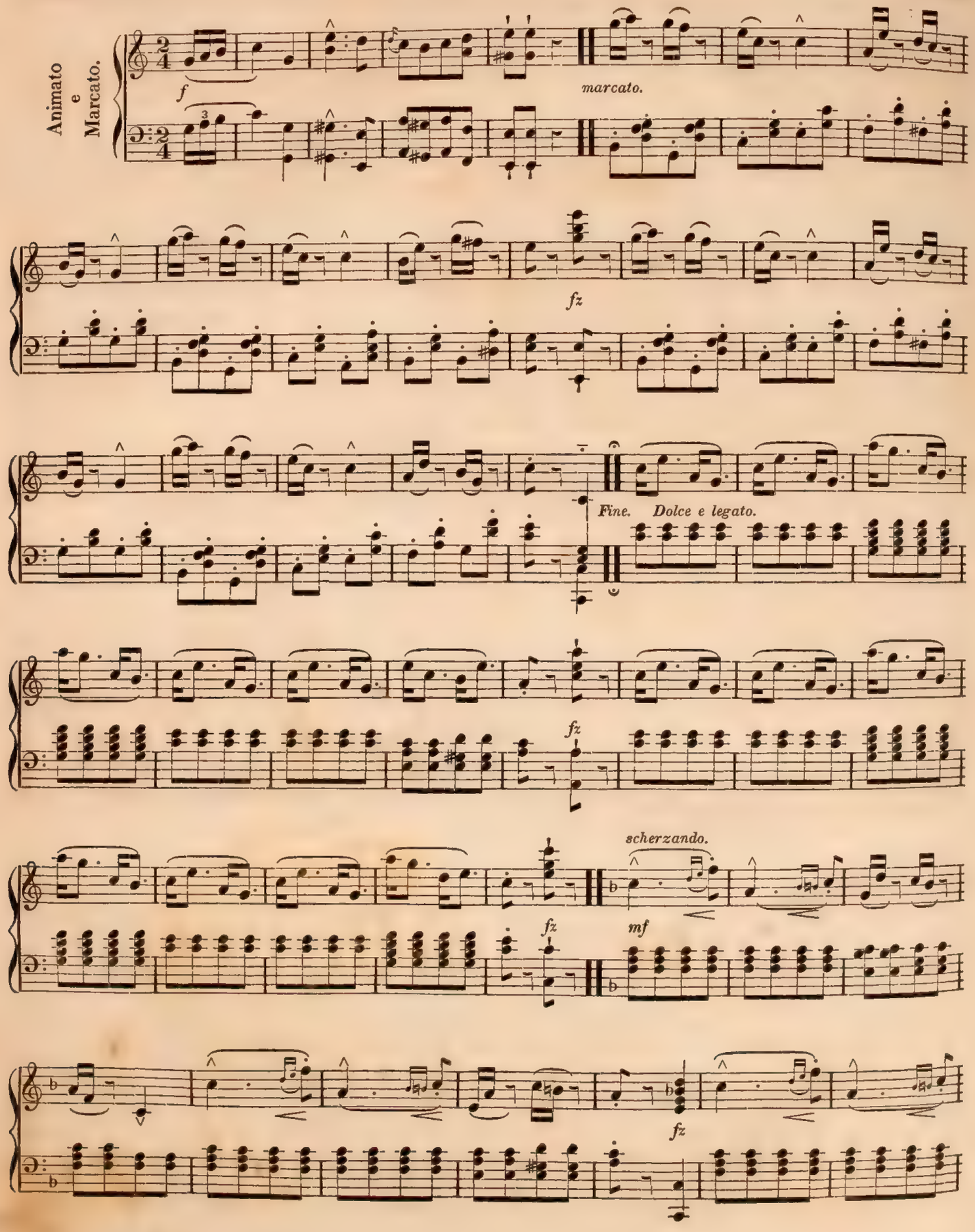
I've got a glow-worm to burn at the bow; For I've got a glow-worm to burn at the bow. Oh! &c
We shall get back, We shall get back, We shall get back to our own fai - ry land. Oh! &c.

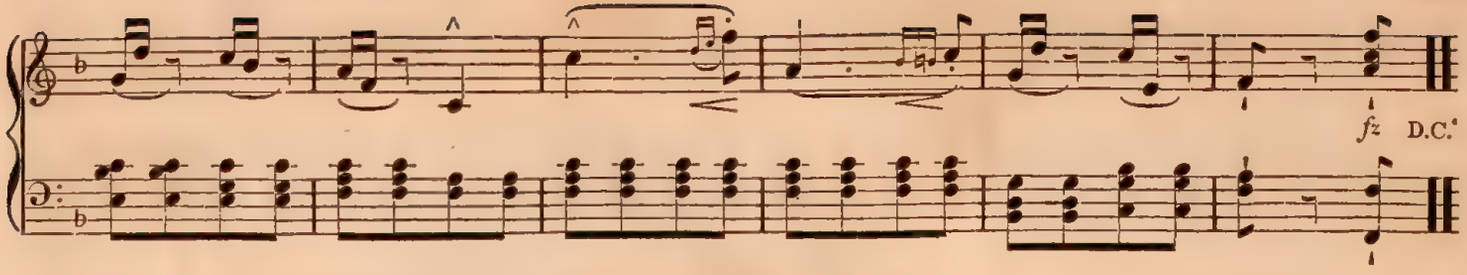
D.C.

C*

CALEDONIAN GALOP.

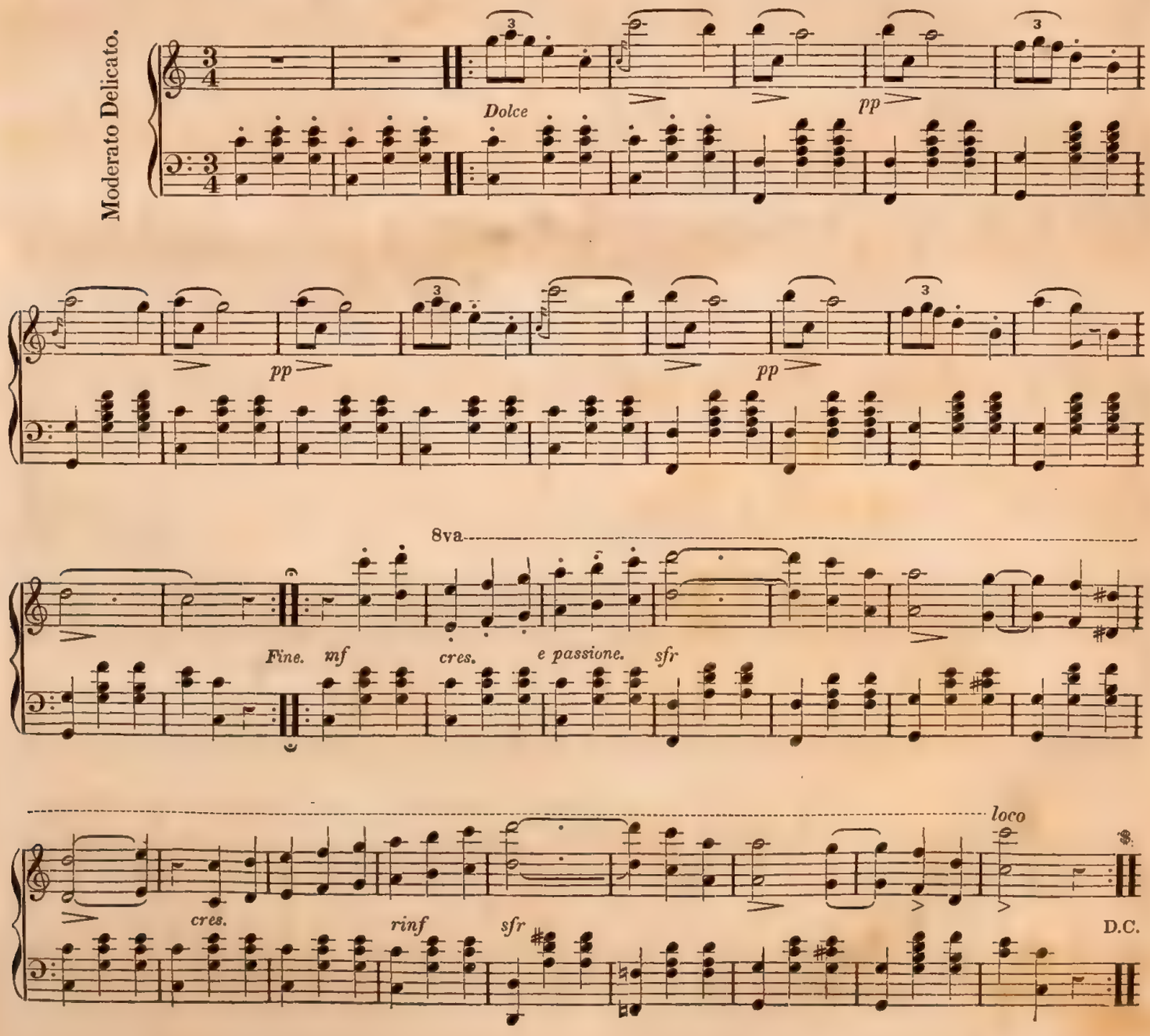
COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK, AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MISS MARY FREEMAN, BY CHARLES JARVIS.





AFFECTION.....*Waltz.*

COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO FORTE, AND PRESENTED TO THE EDITOR, BY W. H. F., ESQ.



THE MOUNTAIN HORN.....*Song.*

WORDS BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON, ESQ. THE MUSIC BY A. DE BEAUPLAN.

THE WORDS PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF A. FIOT, ESQ.

Allegro.

mf *sf* *sf* *cres.*

p

On the misty mountain winds the horn, In

mu - sic sweet re - sound - - ing— From the glens awa - king, Deer are breaking, In their gladness

bound - - ing. Ev'ry lit - tle bird Thro' the wood is heard, Welcoming mer - ri - ly

beam - ing morn— Light the vapours sail O - ver hill and dale, And the lark cheeri - ly

tells her tale— Ho ho ho ho ho ho, O how delight - - ful

is the mountain horn; Ho ho ho ho ho ho, The cheerful mountain horn.

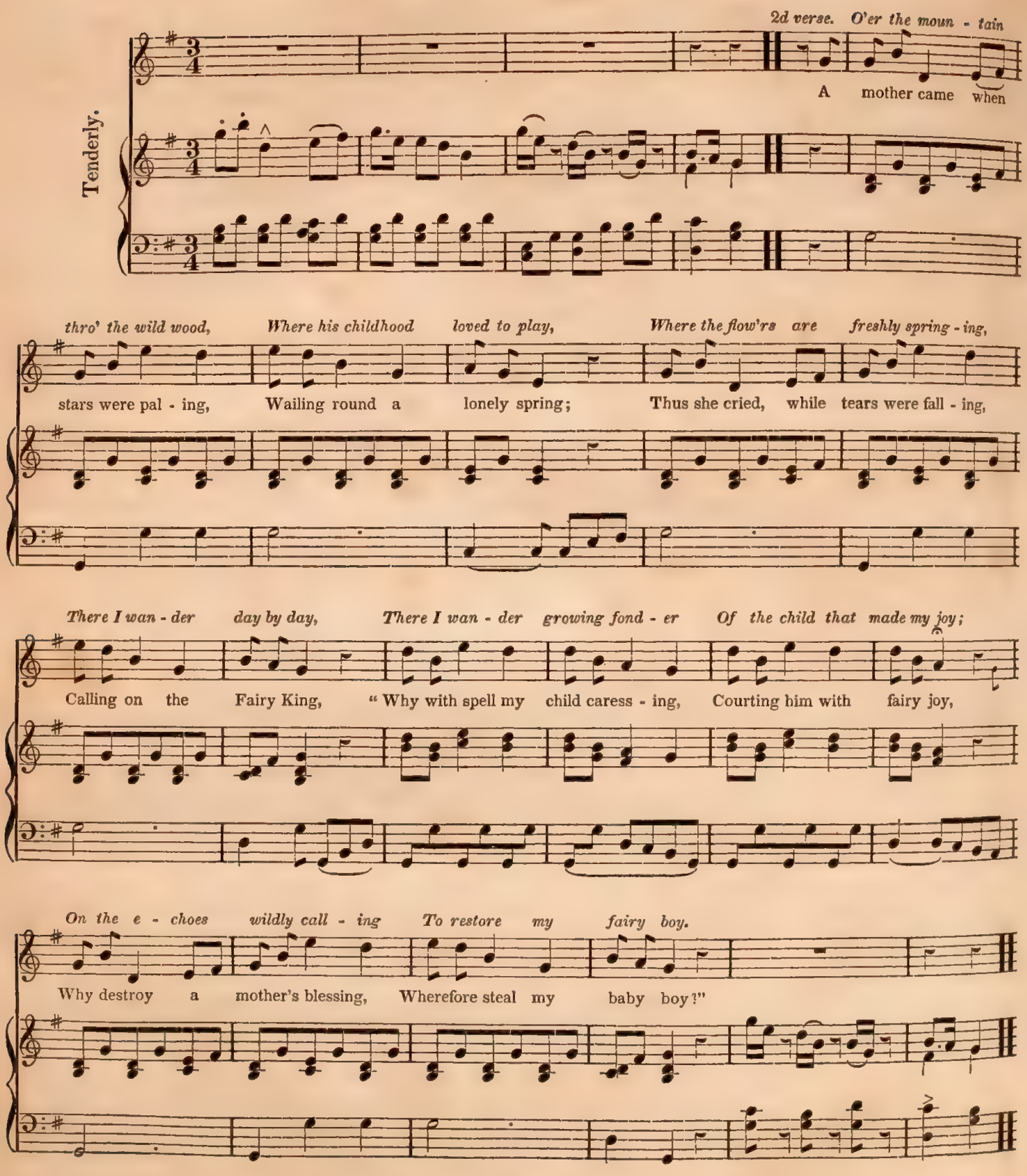
2d Verse.

What a fairy picture glows the morn
When first the sun is waking;
Zephyrs that were sleeping
Mid dews weeping,
Now their wings are shaking.
Beautiful and gay
Is the rosy day,
Carolling cheerily mid the corn;
Thro' the summer air
All is sweet and fair,
For the soft melody lingers there;
Ho ho ho, ho ho ho,
O how delightful is the mountain horn;
Ho ho ho, ho ho ho,
The cheerful mountain horn.

THE FAIRY BOY.

[FROM THE SONGS OF THE SUPERSTITIONS OF IRELAND.]

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY S. LOVER, ESQ.



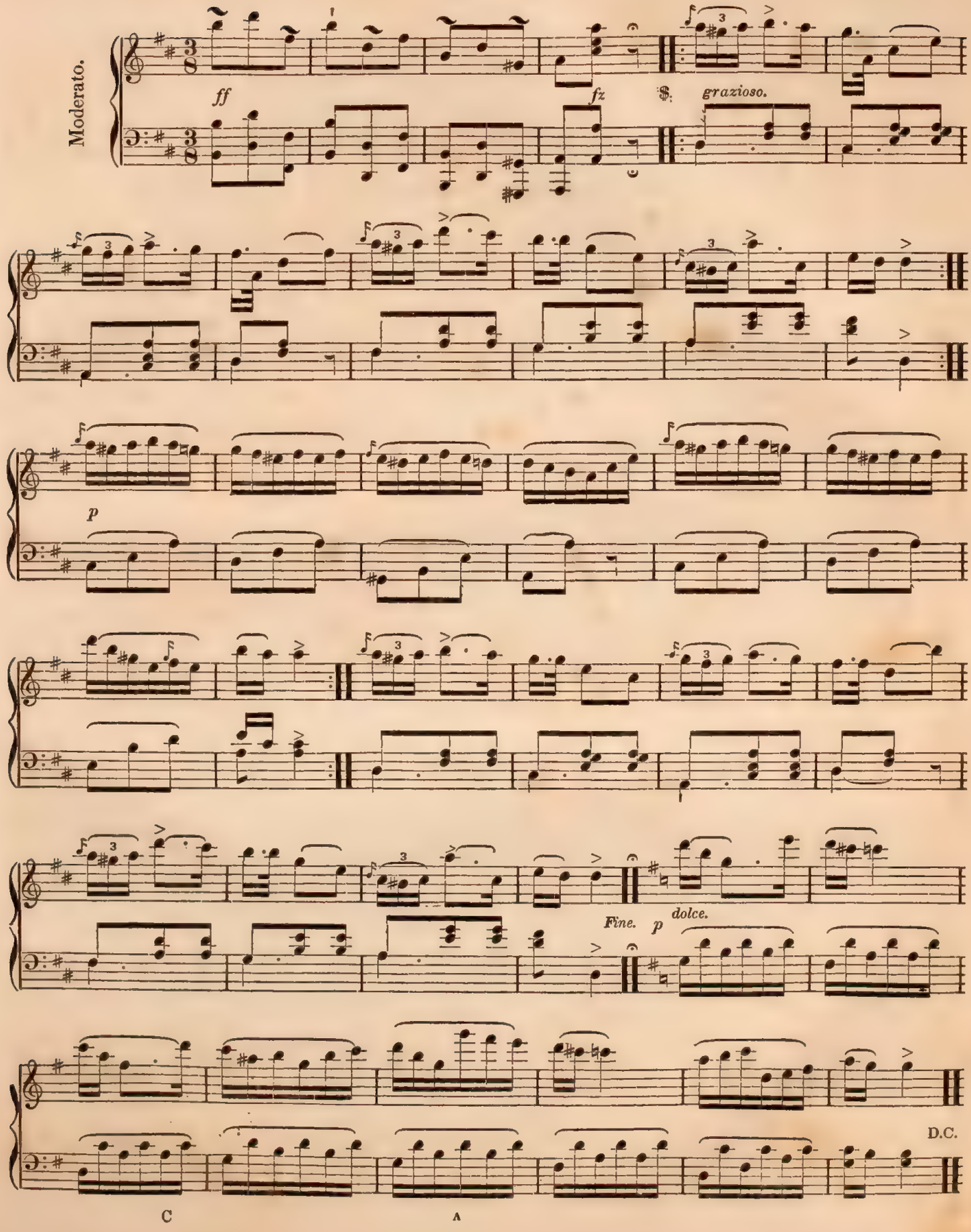
3d Verse.

But in vain my plaintive calling,
Tears are falling all in vain;
He now sports with fairy pleasure,
He's the treasure of the train!

Fare thee well! my child, for ever!
In this world I've lost my joy,
But in the next we ne'er shall sever,
There I'll find my angel boy.

LA SMOLENSKA.....*Russian Air.*

[DANCED BY MADEMOISELLE FANNY ELLSLER.]



THE SYLVAN SHADE,

UNDER THE WALNUT TREE.

PARTLY COMPOSED, AND ARRANGED, BY CHARLES JARVIS.

Allegretto Grazioso.

f

2d Verse. Oft by the glowworm light, Elfins gay and spirits bright

Un - - - der the Walnut tree, dance with me, dance with me—

f *fz* *p* *p*

Fine.

Meet beneath their branches' height, And dance till peep of morn. Oft by the glowworm light,

p *p*

Gay as fai - ry elves we'll be, In some sylvan shade. Un - - - der the walnut tree,

p *p*

Elfins gay and spirits bright Meet beneath their branches' height, And dance till peep of morn.

cres. *ritard.* *a tempo.*

dance with me, dance with me— Gay as fairy elves we'll be, In some sylvan shade.

p *fz*

Tripping, tripping lightly O'er the verdant meadows, Tripping, tripping lightly

Tripping, tripping lightly O'er the verdant meadows, Tripping, tripping lightly

mf f fz p

O'er the verdant meadows; Night's pale nectar quaffing, night's pale nectar quaffing, In some sylvan shade, Night's pale nectar

dim. ritard. f ad lib. p f a tempo.

O'er the verdant meadows; Here no worldly sorrow, here no worldly sorrow shall our hearts in - vade, Here no worldly

f p f

quaff - ing. In some syl - - - - van shade— Un - - - der the walnut tree

p ritard. in tempo.

sor - row shall our hearts in - - - vade— Un - - - der the walnut tree

p p

dance with me, dance with me— Gay as fairy elves we'll be, In some sylvan shade.

cres. ritard. in tempo.

dance with me, dance with me— Gay as fairy elves we'll be, In some sylvan shade.

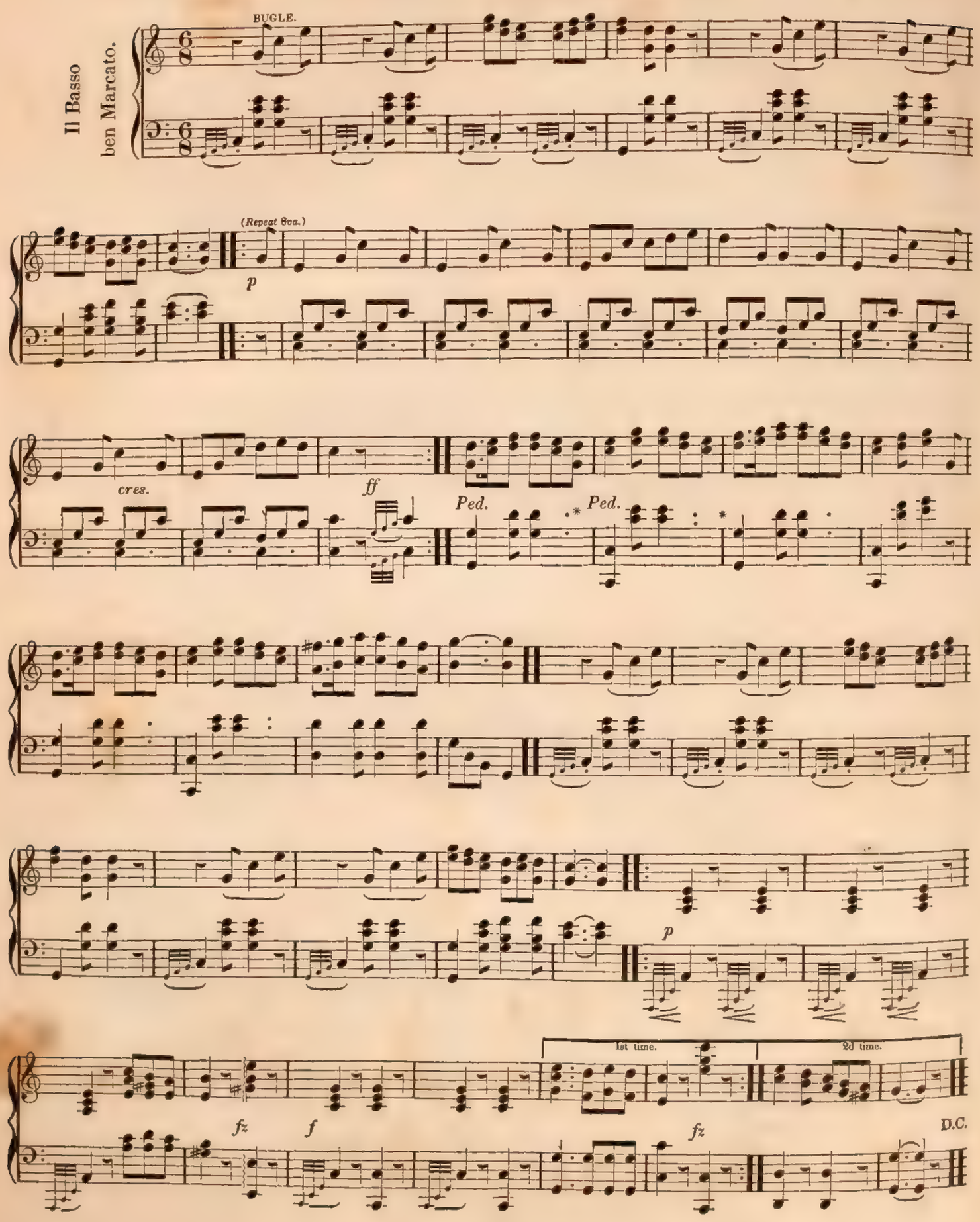
cres. p

D.C.

C*

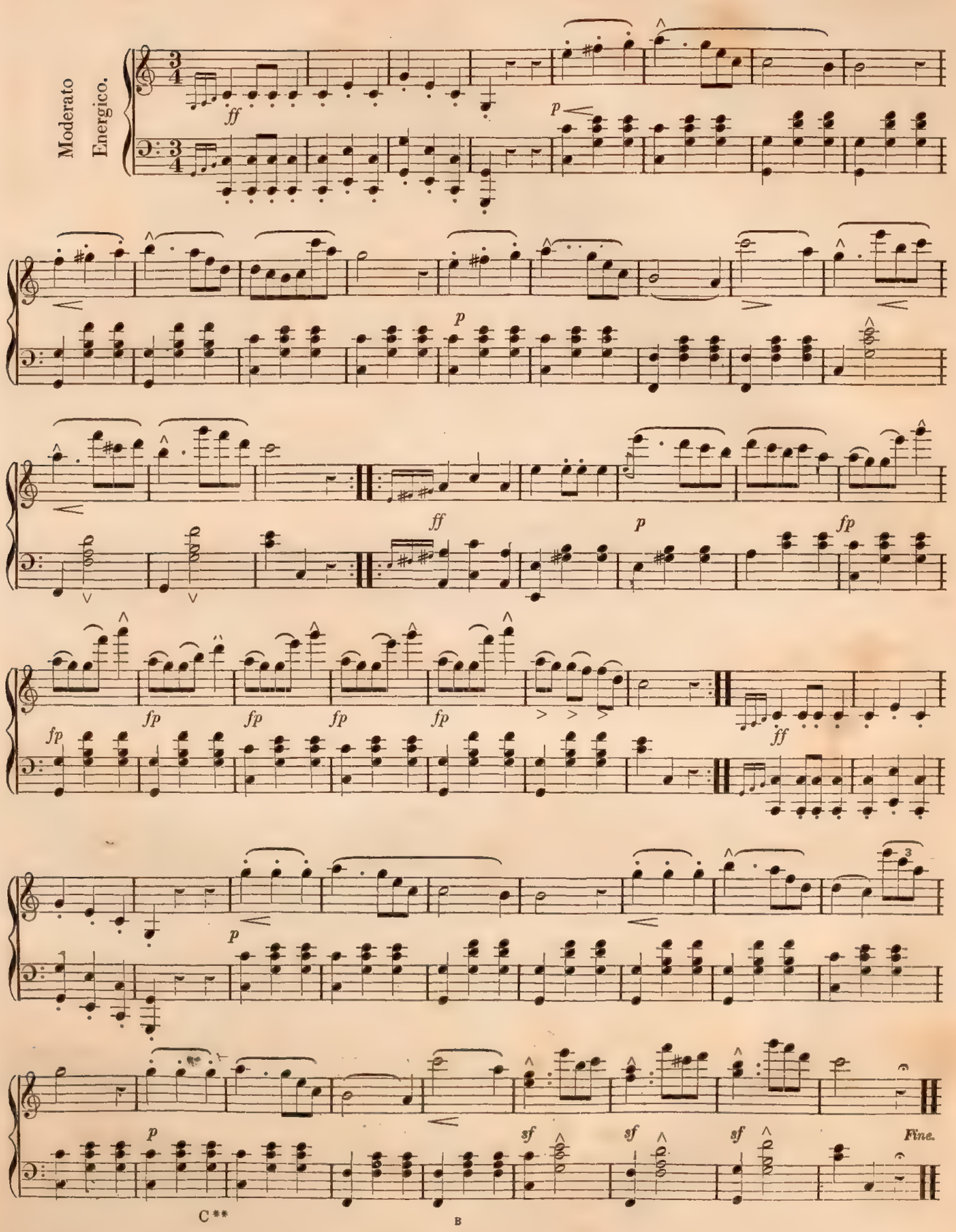
RETREAT QUICK-STEP.

ARRANGED FROM A SONG COMPOSED BY LOUISA PUGET.



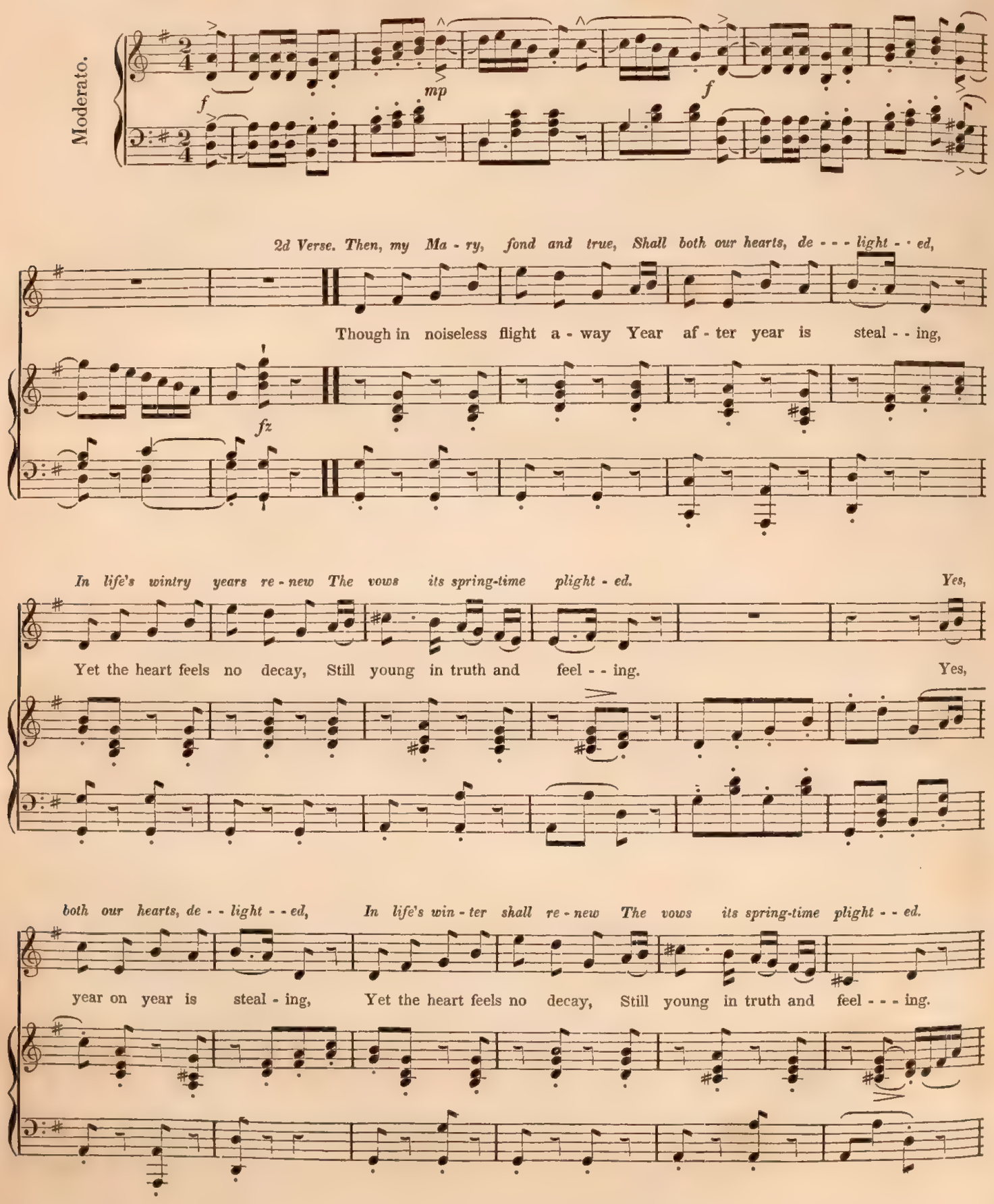
THE TRUMPET WALTZ.

J. Klemczynski.



SONG TO MY MARY.

WRITTEN BY W. G. WALTER, ESQ.; ADAPTED AND ARRANGED, TO A CELEBRATED AIR IN HEROLD'S OPERA OF ZAMPA, AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO HIS FRIEND H. A. PEIRSOL, ESQ., BY CHARLES JARVIS.



Though dimm'd by years that eye appears, Though dimm'd by years that eye appears, I will be near to wipe off its tears,

Year after year charms disappear, Year after year charms disappear, Eyes that were bright grow dimm'd with a tear,

mf *p*

I will be near to wipe off its tears. Then, my Ma - ry, fond and true, Shall both our hearts, de - light - ed,

ritardo. *tempo.*

Eyes that were bright grow dimm'd with a tear. Yes, in noiseless flight a - way Year af - ter year is steal - ing,

diminuendo e ritardo. *pp* *tempo.*

In life's wintry years re - new The vows its spring-time plight - - ed.

Yet the heart feels no de - cay, Still young in truth and feel - - - ing.

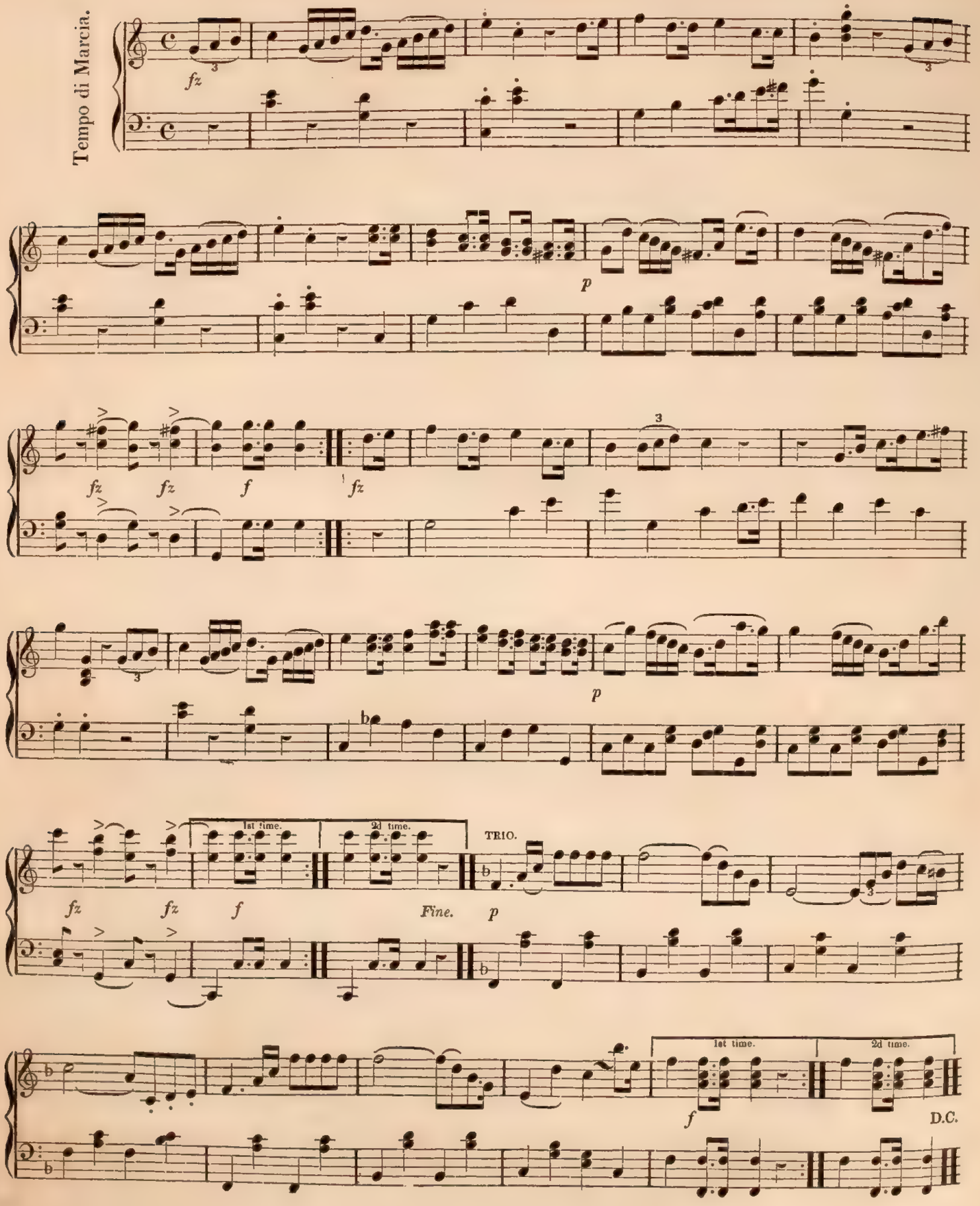
mf

cres. *fz*

C ***

LADY'S PROMENADE MARCH.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK, BY C. F. RUDOLPH.



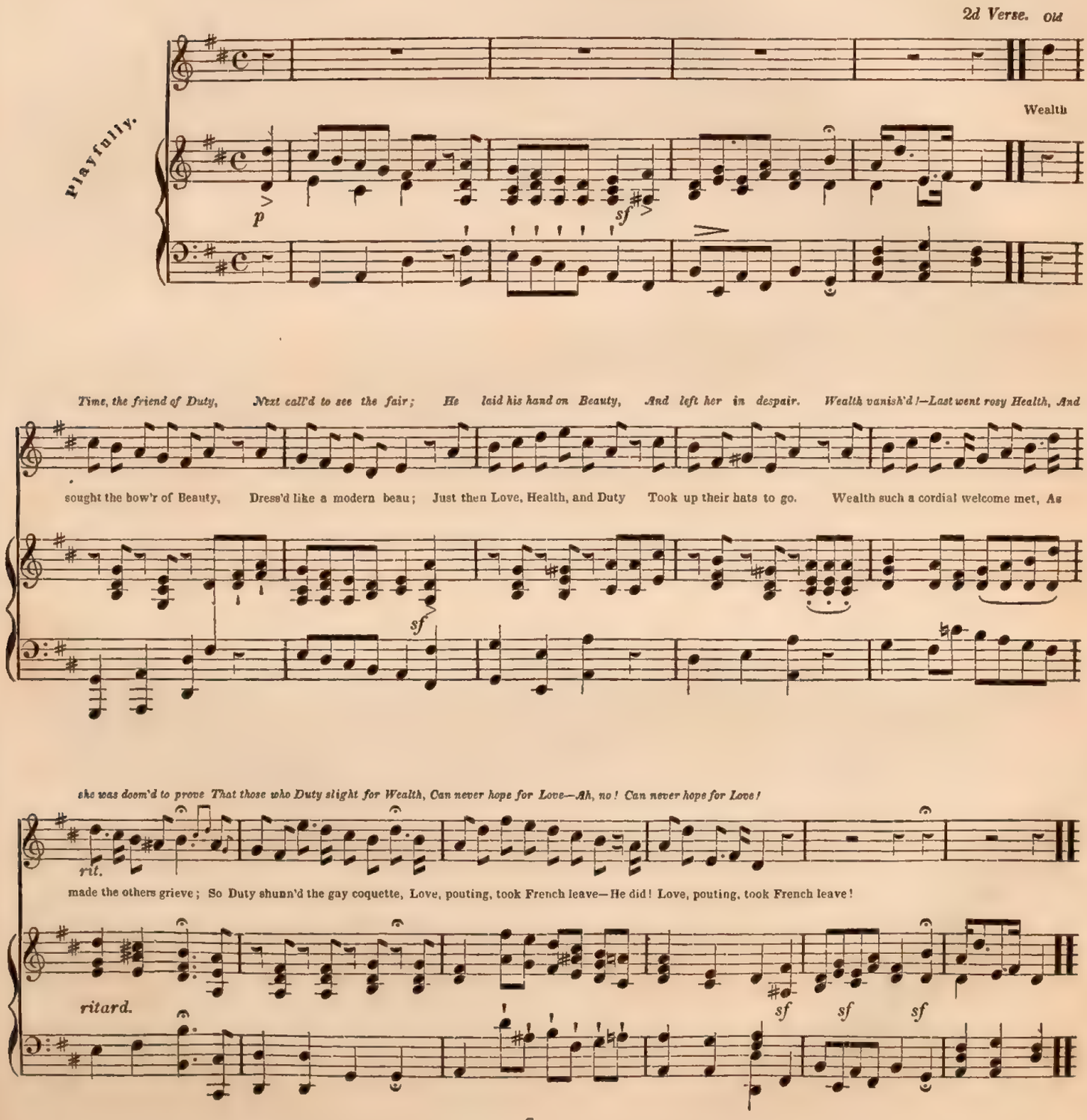
THE SUITORS....*A Ballad.*

THE POETRY BY GEORGE P. MORRIS—THE MUSIC BY CHARLES E. HORN.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

LOUIS A. GODEY, ESQ.

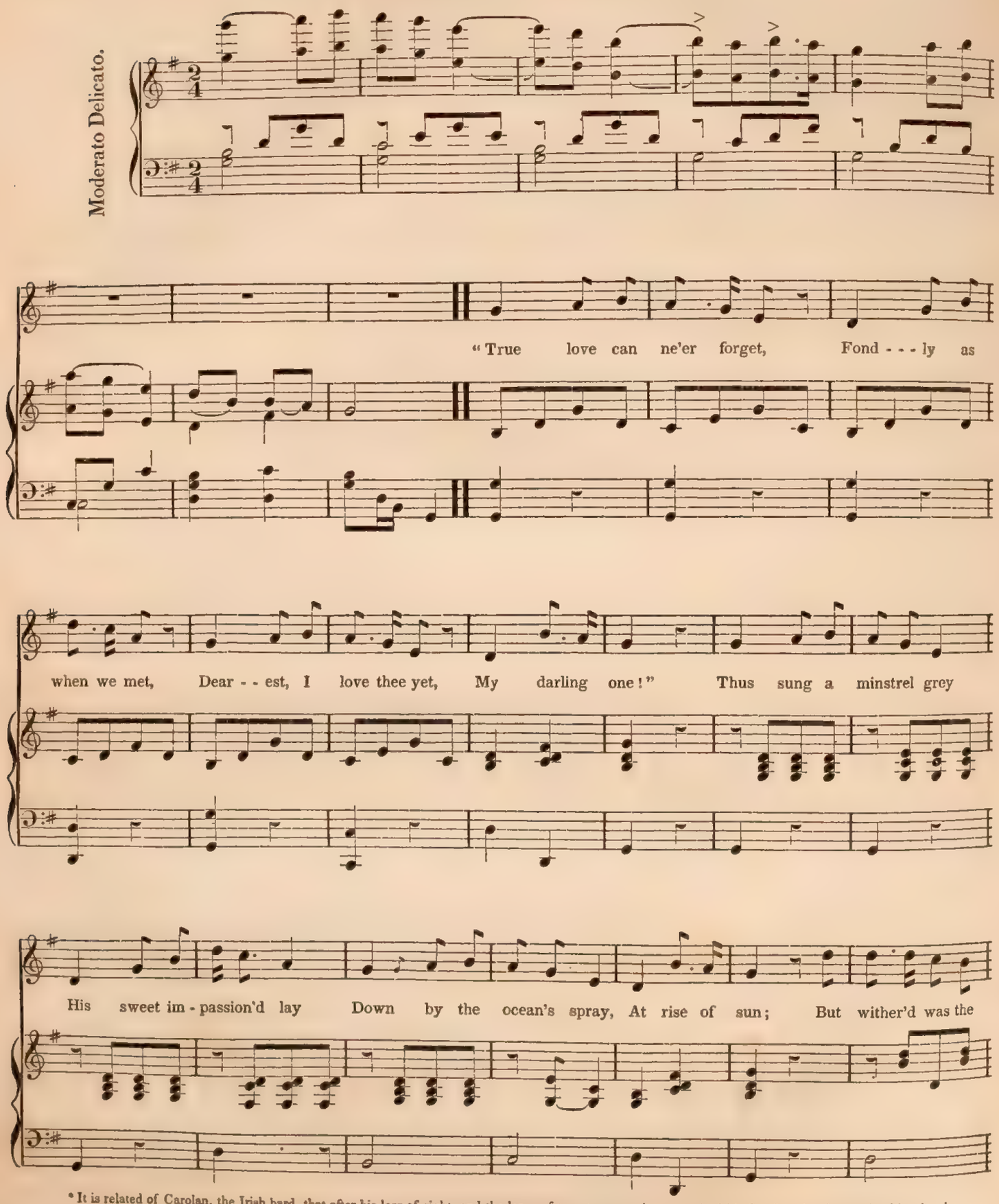
BY THE WRITER OF THE WORDS, AND THE COMPOSER OF THE MELODY.



TRUE LOVE CAN NE'ER FORGET.*

[FROM THE SONGS OF THE LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS OF IRELAND.]

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY S. LOVER, ESQ.



* It is related of Carolan, the Irish bard, that after his loss of sight, and the lapse of twenty years, he recognised his first love by the touch of her hand.

minstrel's sight Morn to him was dark as night, Yet his heart was full of light, As he this lay be-

gun:— "True love can ne'er forget, Fond - - - ly as when we met, Dear - - - est, I

ad lib. *a tempo.*

love thee yet, My darling one!"

2d Verse.

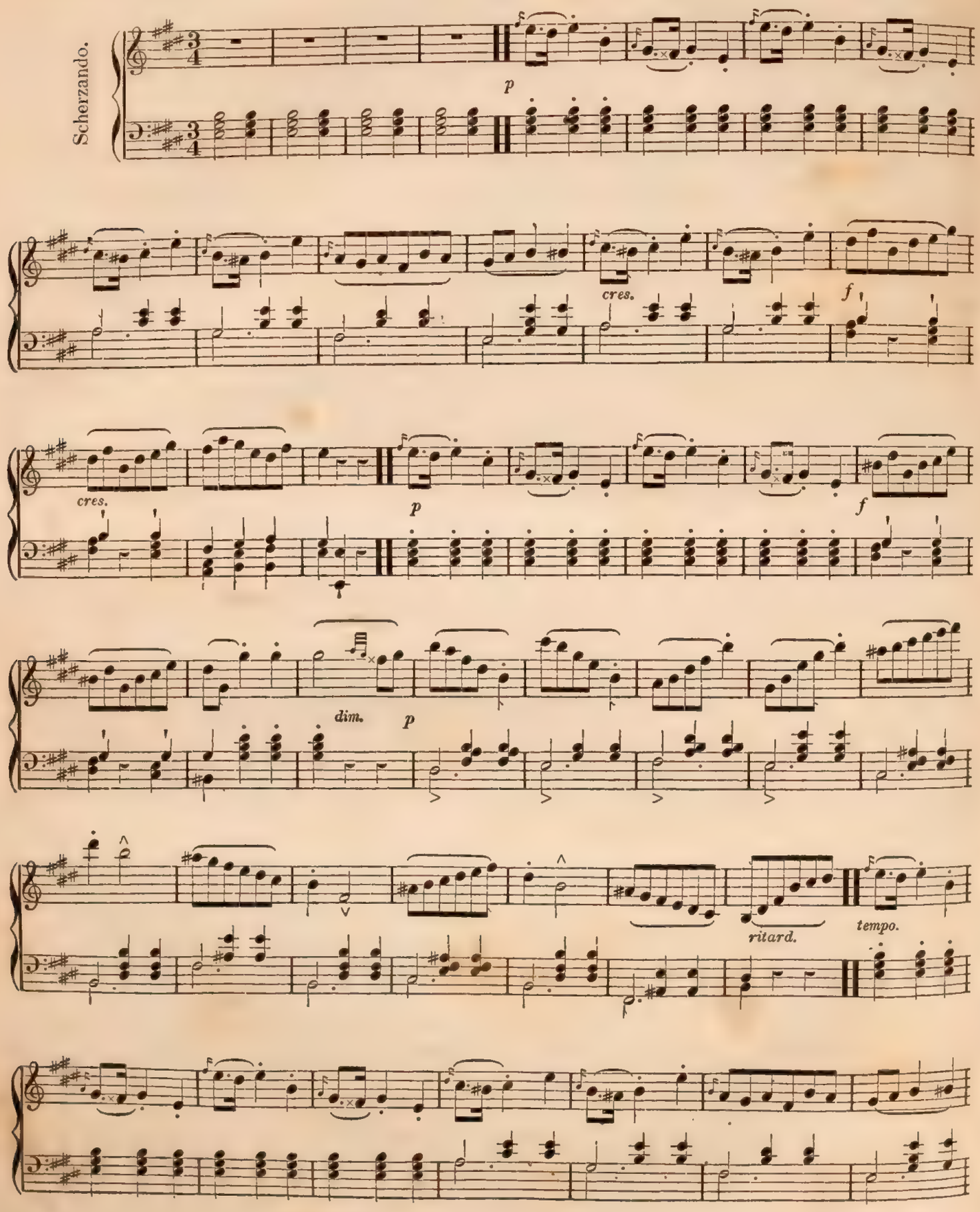
"Long years are past and o'er,
Since from this fatal shore,
Cold hearts and cold winds bore
My love from me."
Scarcely the minstrel spoke
When, quick, with flashing stroke,
A boat's light oar the silence broke,
Over the sea.
Soon upon her native strand
Doth a lovely lady land,
While the minstrel's love-taught hand
Did o'er his sweet harp run.
"True love can ne'er forget,
Fondly, as when we met,
Dearest, I love thee yet,
My darling one."

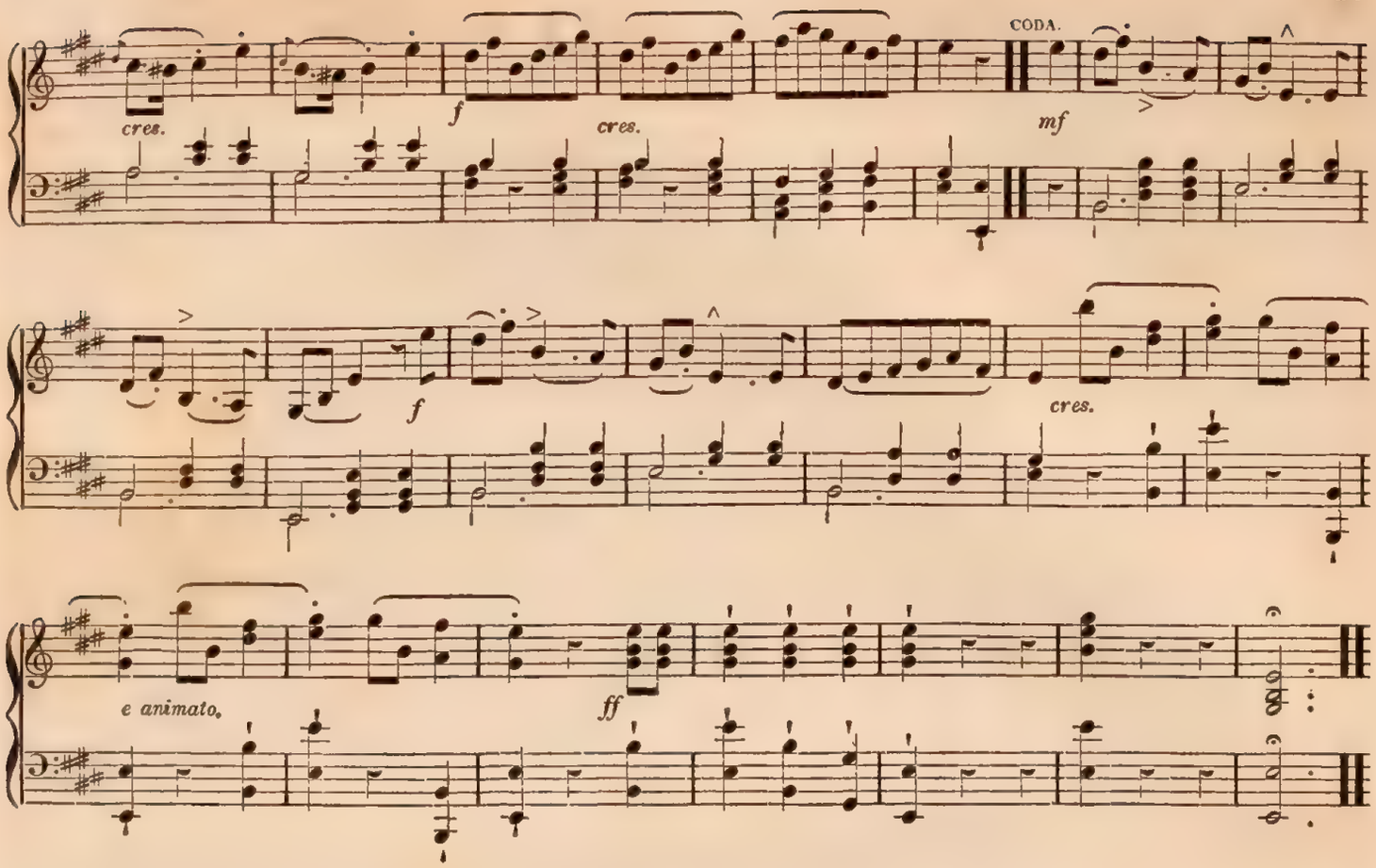
3d Verse.

Where the minstrel sat alone
There that lady fair hath gone;
Within his hand she placed her own;
The bard dropt on his knee:
From his lips soft blessings came,
He kiss'd her hand with truest flame,
In trembling tones he named her name,
Though her he could not see;
But, oh! the touch the bard could tell
Of that dear hand remember'd well;
Ah! by many a secret spell
Can true love trace his own;
For true love can ne'er forget:
Fondly, as when they met,
He loved his lady yet,
His darling one.

CALEDONIAN WALTZ.

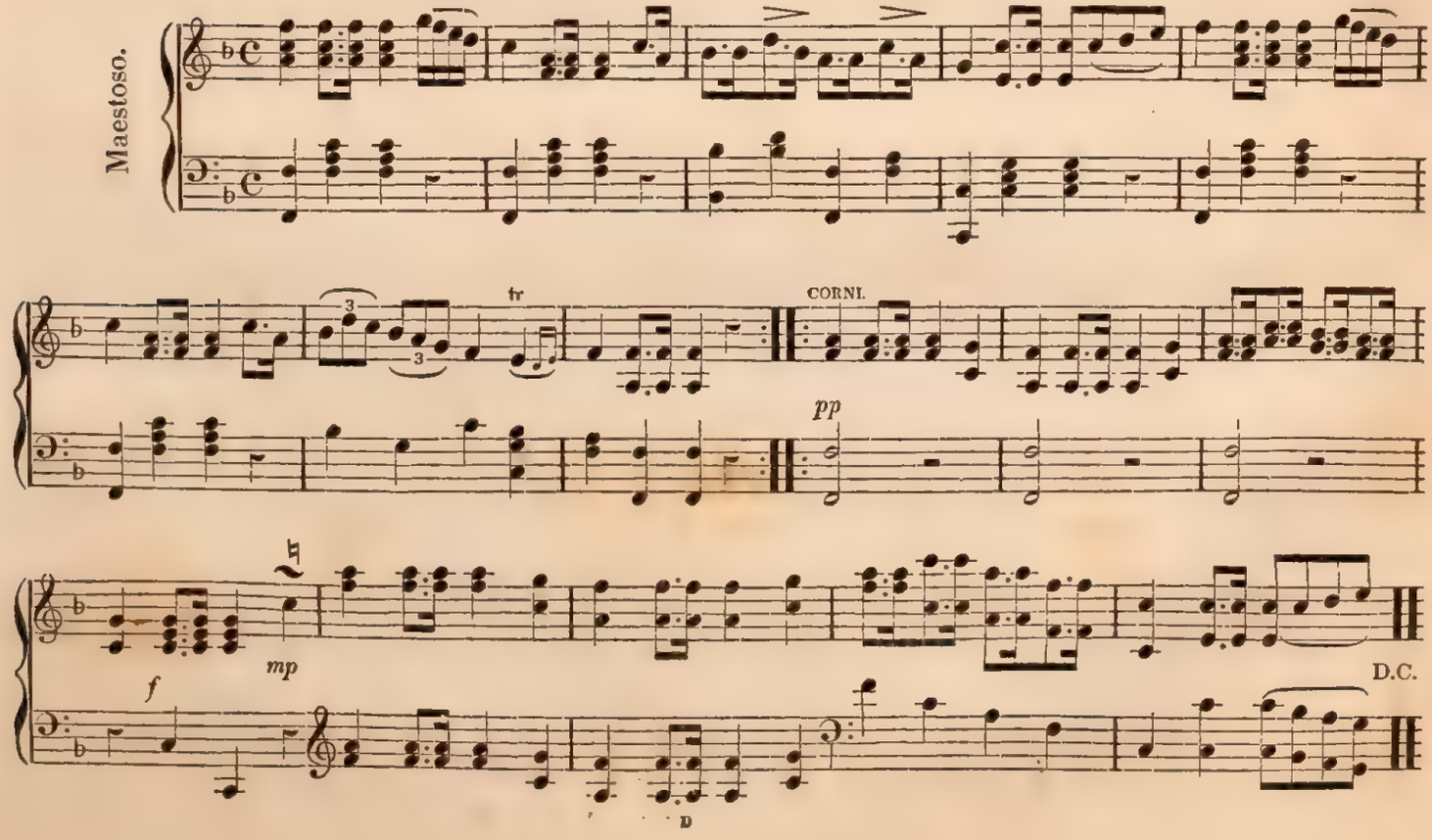
[PERFORMED WITH GREAT APPLAUSE BY MR. G. KNOOP, ON THE VIOLINCELLO, AT THE MUSICAL FUND CONCERTS.]





LOUISVILLE MARCH.

W. C. P.



THE LAND OF MY BIRTH.

[SUNG BY MR. BISHOP.]

WRITTEN BY CHARLES JEFFERYS, COMPOSED BY J. HARROWAY.

Andante e Affettuoso.

p dolce. *fz* *cres.*

2d Verse. No friend came around me to

Farewell to the home of my

mz f *f* *p*

cheer me, No pa - rent to soft - en my grief; Nor bro - ther, nor sis - ter were near me, And

child - - hood, Farewell to my cottage and vine; I go to the land of the stran - - ger, Where

strangers could give no re - lief. 'Tis true that it mat - ters but lit - tle (Tho' living the thought makes one

pleasure alone will be mine. When life's fleeting journey is o - ver, And earth again mingles with

pine)— What e - - ver be - falls the poor rel - ic When the spir - it has flown from its

con anima. rall. tr

earth— I can rest in the land of the stranger As well as in that of my

colla voce.

shrine. But, oh! when life's jour - ney is o - - - - - ver, And earth again min - gles with

cadenza ad lib. tempo.

birth. Yes, these were my feel - ings at part - - - - ing, But ab - sence soon al - ter'd their

tempo.

earth, La - ment - ed or not, still my wish is to rest in the Land of my

rall.

tone; The cold hand of sick - ness came o'er me, And I wept in my sor - - rows a-

colla voce.

birth.

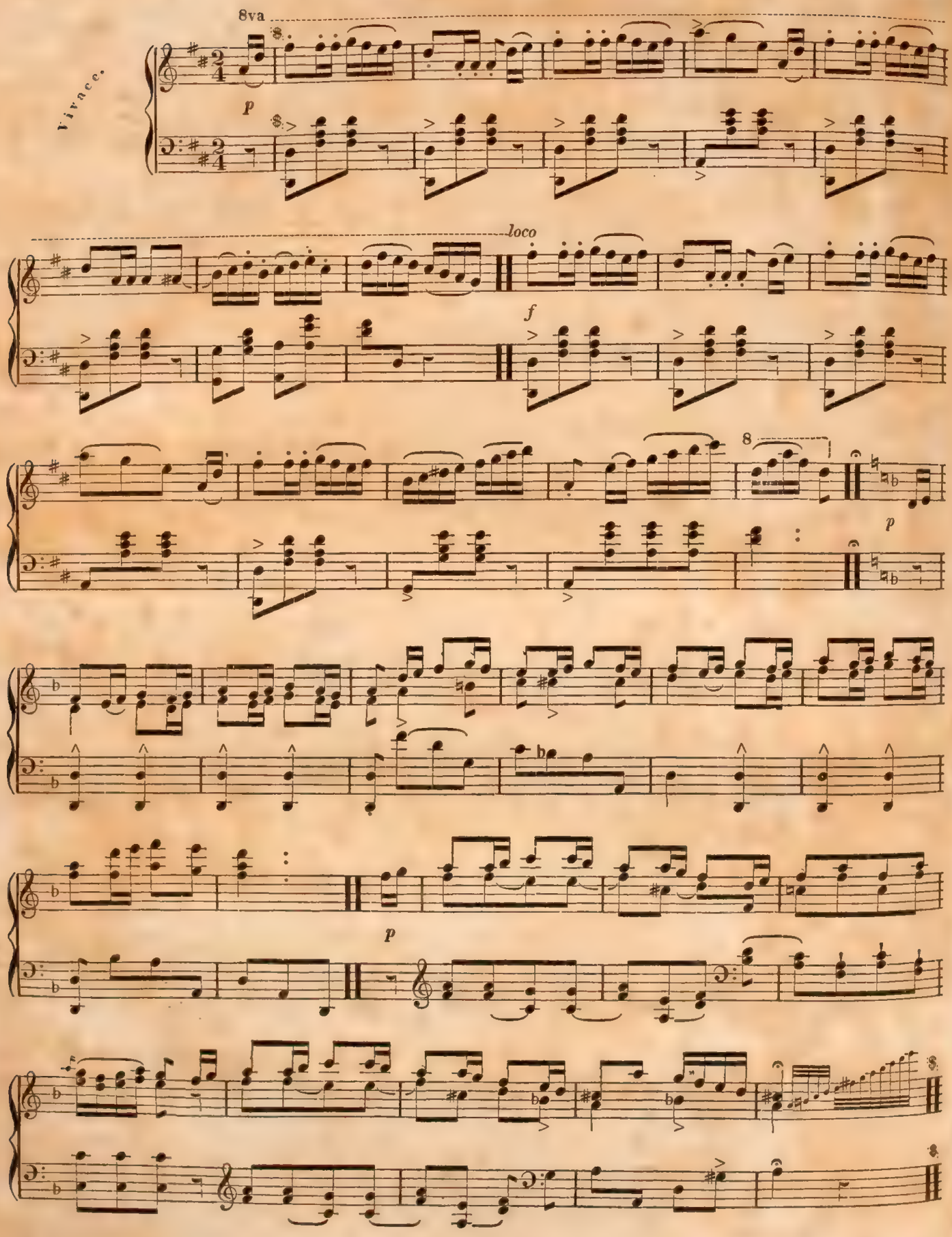
lone.

mzf

C***

THE BRILLIANT....*A Quadrille.*

Moschelles.

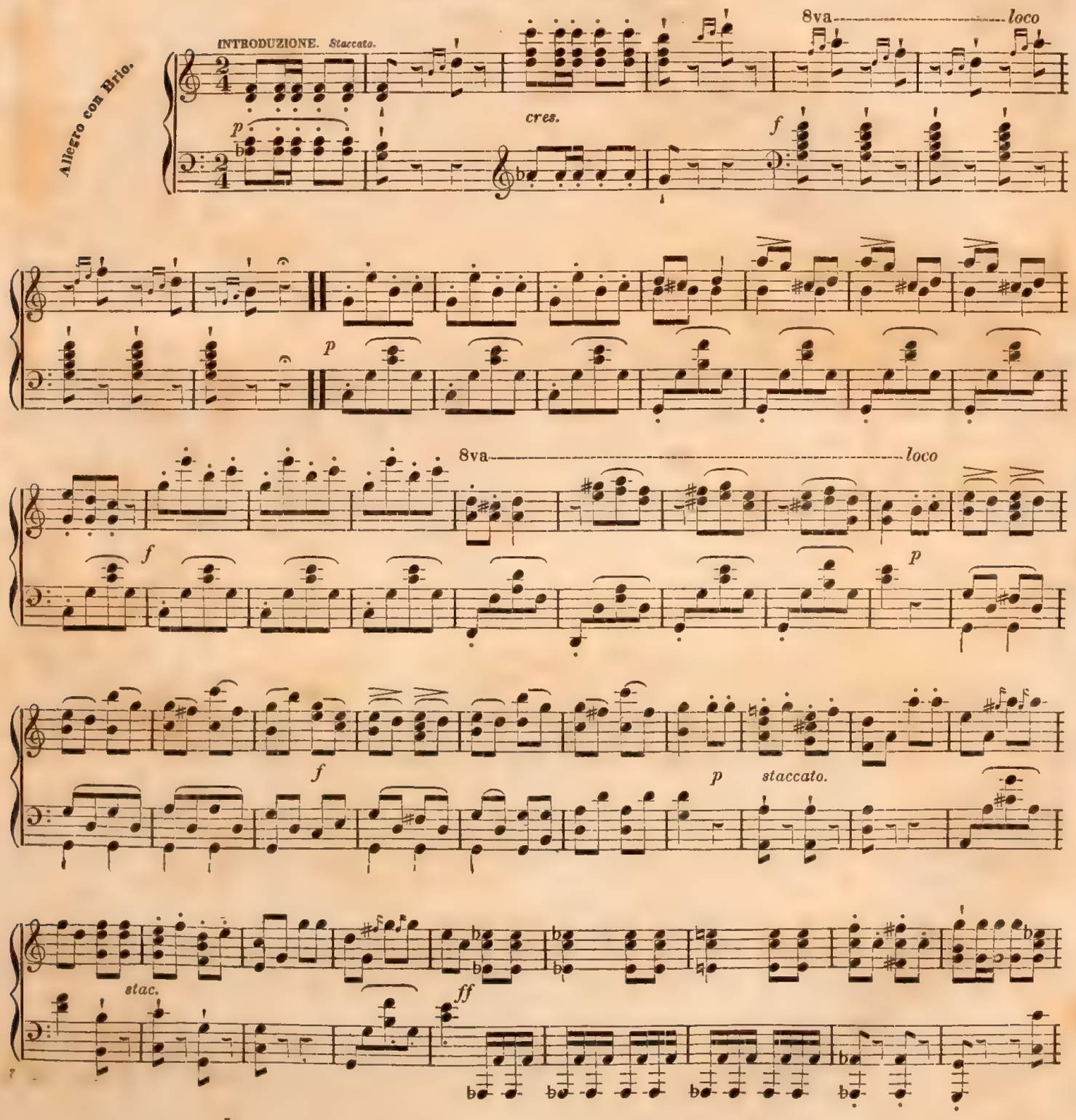


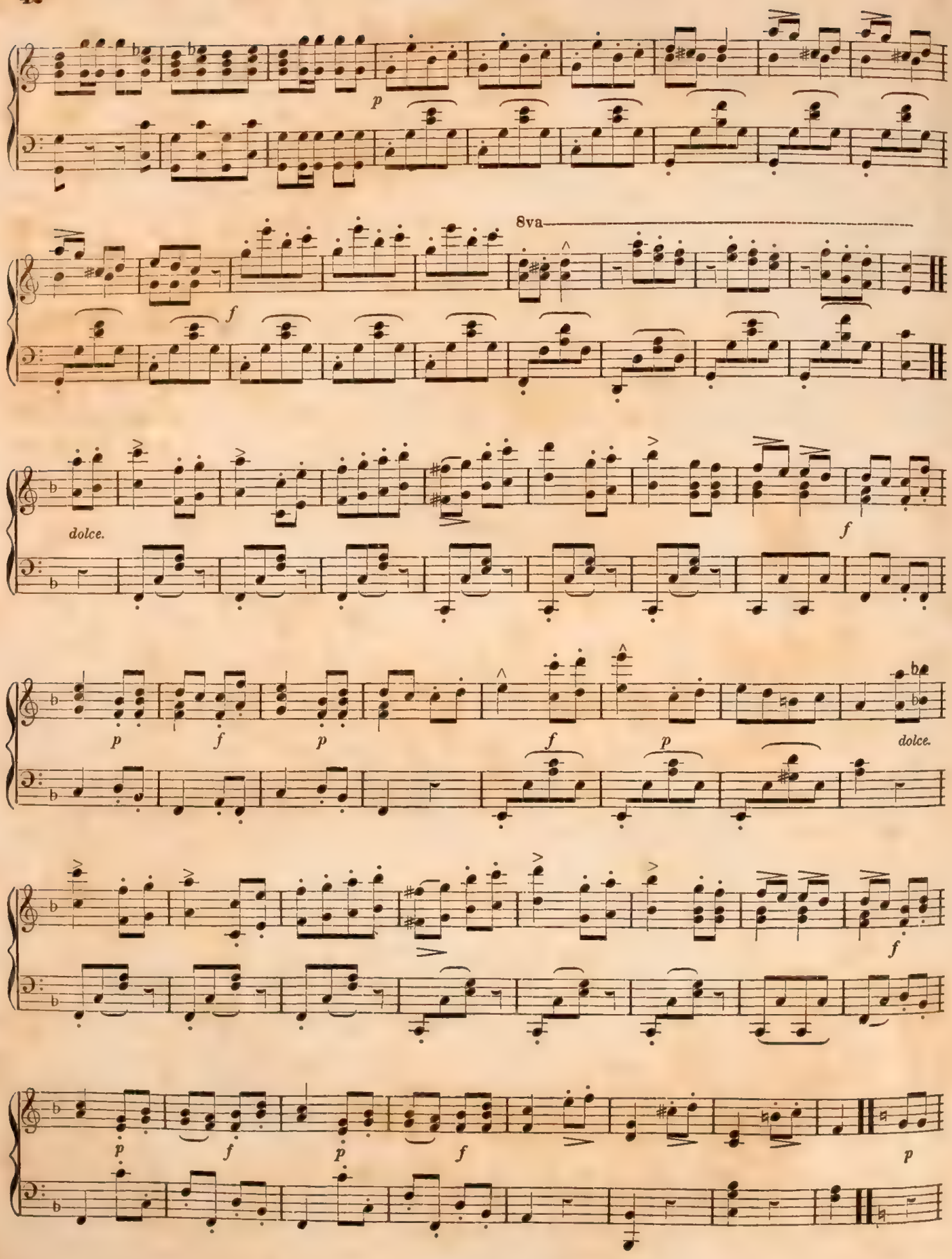
PALERMO GALOPADE.

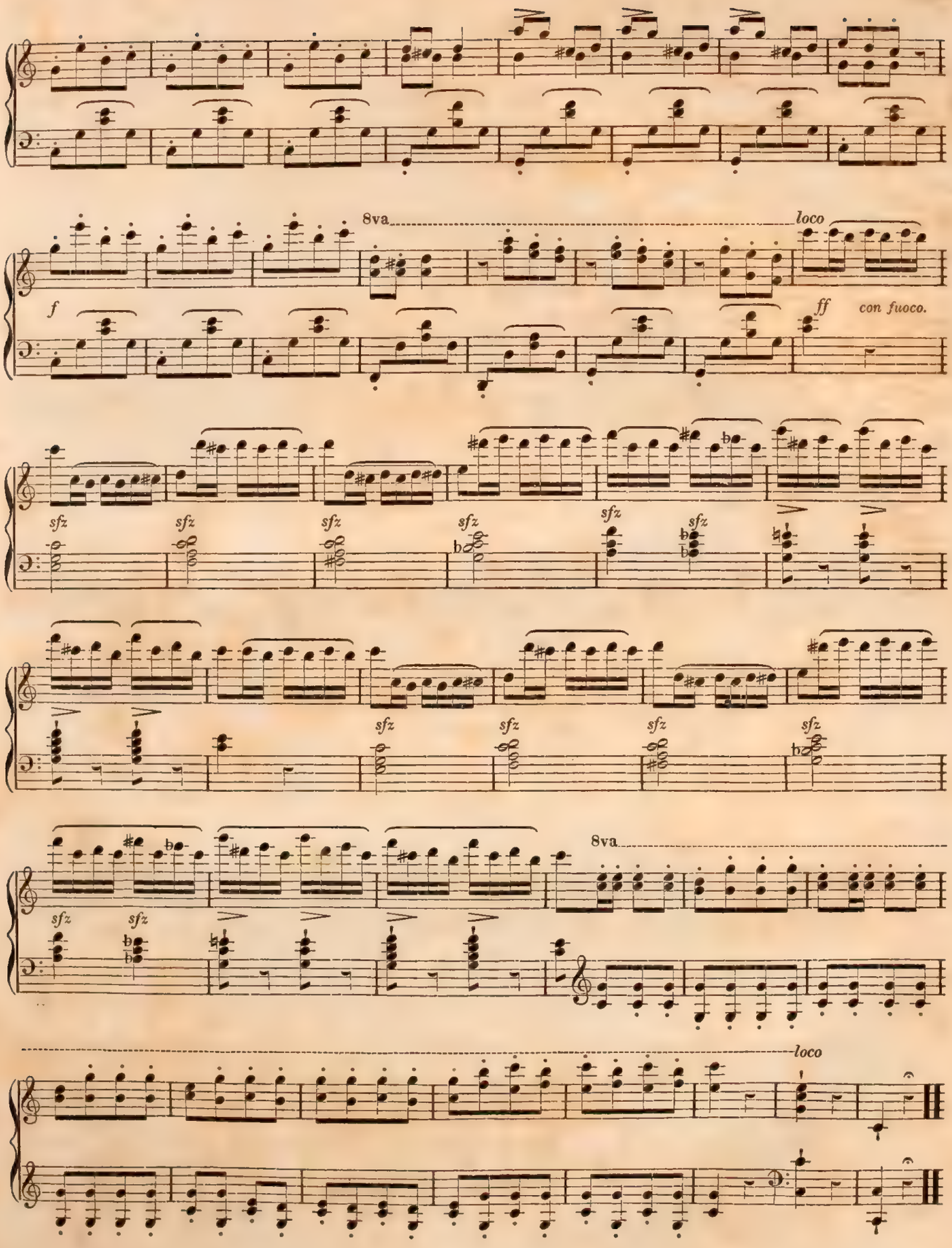
COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

BY

C. HOMMANN.




p
8va
f
dolce.
f
p
f
p
f
p
dolce.
f
p
f
p
f
p


8va
loco
f
ff
con fuoco.
sfz
8va
loco

I'VE WAITED LONG,

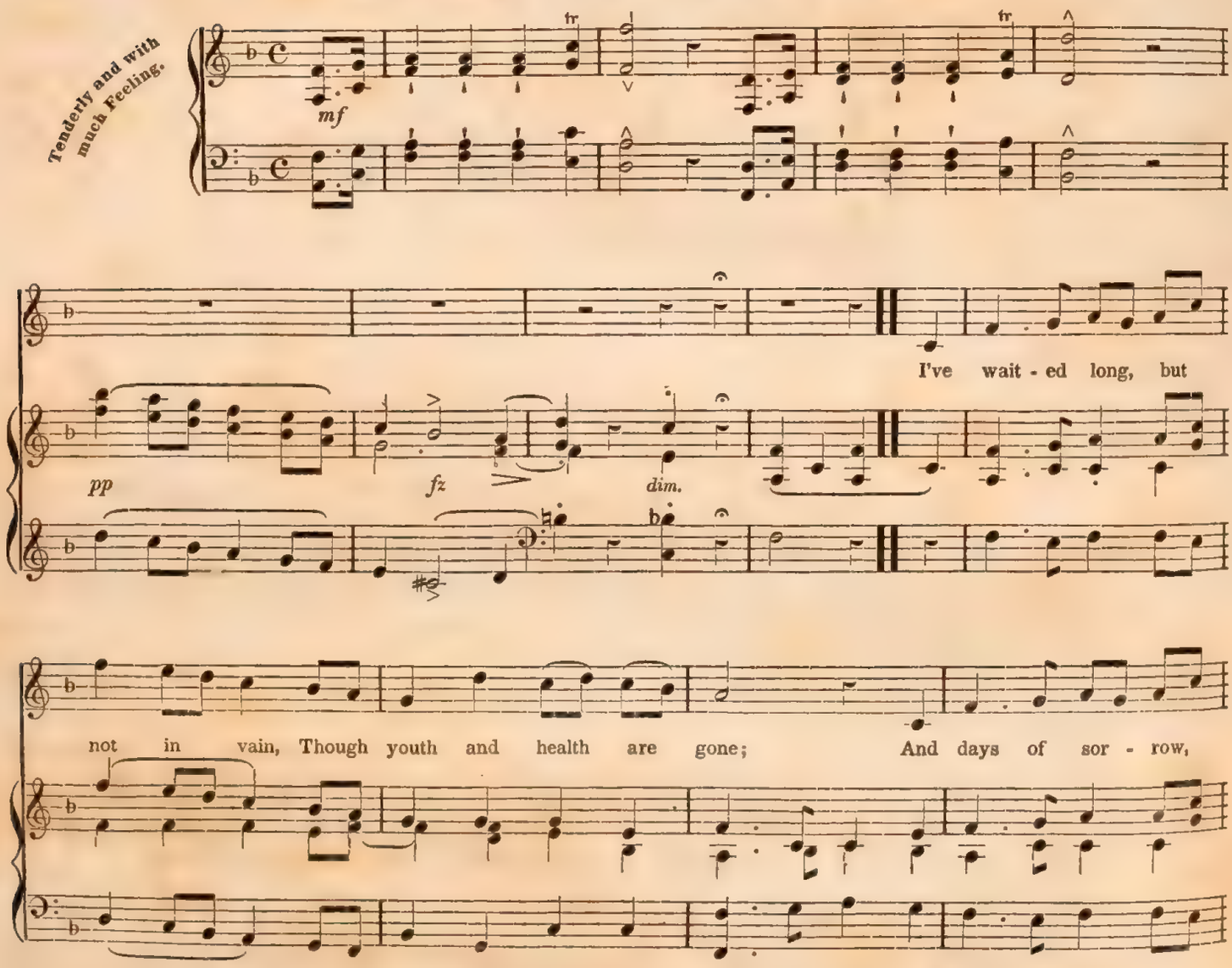
A Ballad.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY

DR. J. K. MITCHELL.

ARRANGED WITH SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR THE PIANO FORTE, BY

CHARLES JARVIS.



[*The following note accompanied Dr. Mitchell's Song.*]

My dear M'Michael—

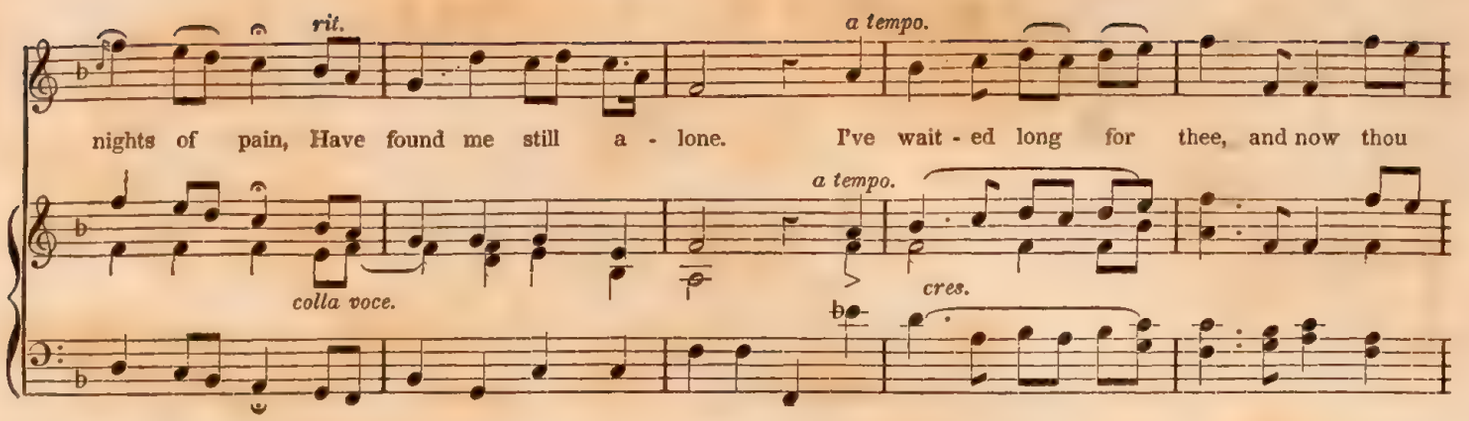
According to your request, I send you the song, and the music to which I made it. In composing a song, I always fall into a strain, which, according to accident, is original or recollected. The one I now send you is a simple original air, which, on account of the singularity of its source, may please some of your subscribers of that sex whose virtues, so often witnessed in my professional pursuits, I take great pleasure in holding up to imitation.

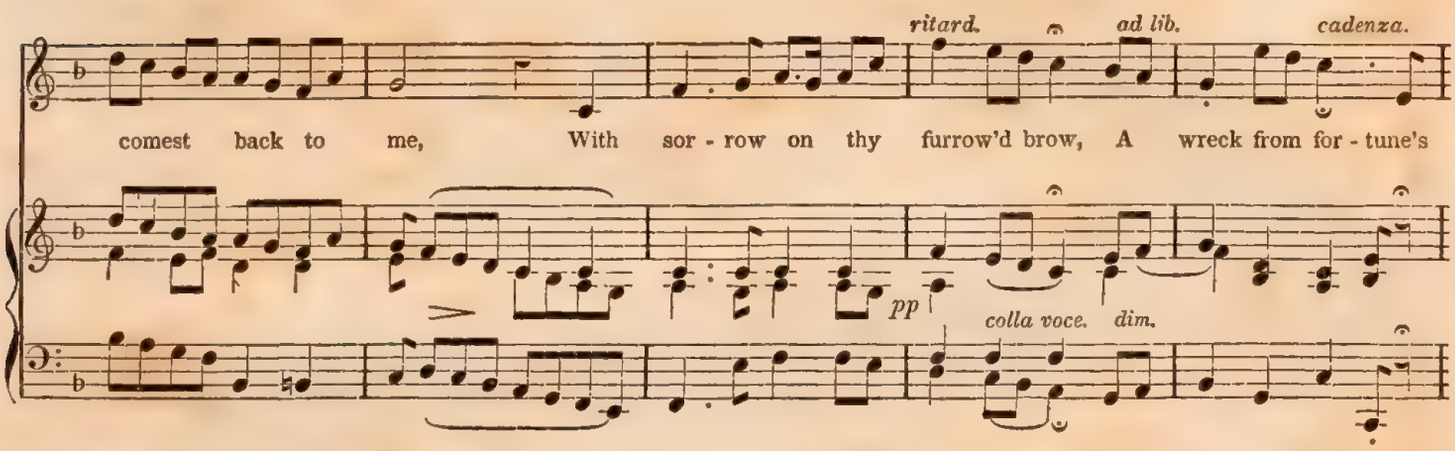
Sitting up one gloomy winter night with a poor gentleman who returned, after a long absence, to finish his sickly remainder of life in an impoverished home, I heard the tale of early love, long-deferred hope, and disastrous fortunes, which I have told with more than poetic truth in the simple verses now sent to you. The good being, who waited, welcomed and watched, has faithfully performed her promise, and he whom she loved in absence and unto death, departed to a happier world, blessing with his last accents, the angel hand of tireless and disinterested affection.

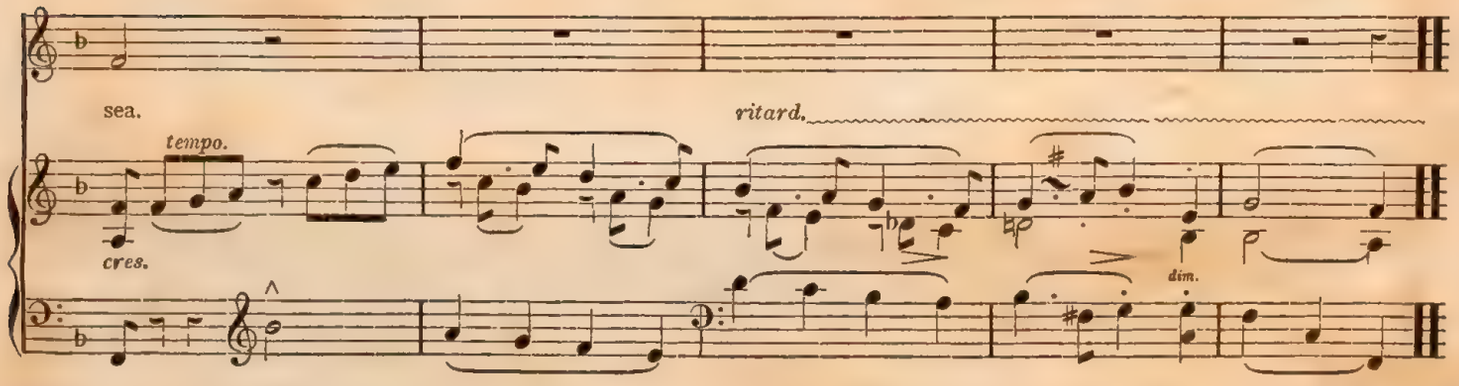
Truly yours,

J. K. Mitchell.

January 10, 1842.







2d Verse.

But welcome still thou broken one,
Tho' nothing's left of thee,
But that fair name and thrilling tone,
So dear of yore to me.
Tho' gone the flush of love's young day,
His calmer light will come,
To shed a purer, softer ray,
On sorrow's stainless home.

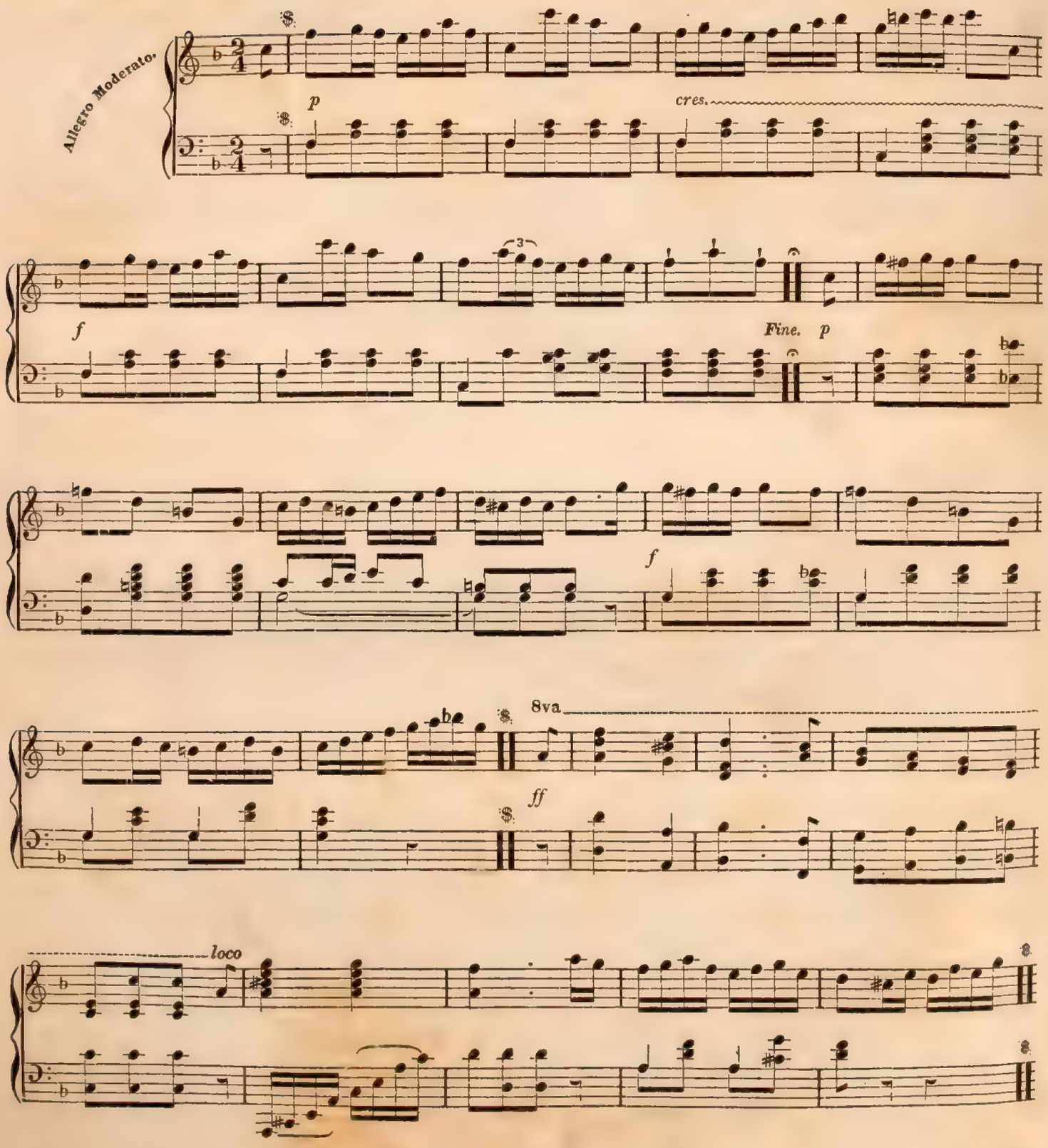
3d Verse.

Thou could'st not know in brighter days
How all my heart was thine;
It is when suns have ceased to blaze
That spotless planets shine;
Then let the world frown on, since thou
Art true to love and me,
And I will fan thy fever'd brow,
And be the world to thee.

LA REMINISCENCE,

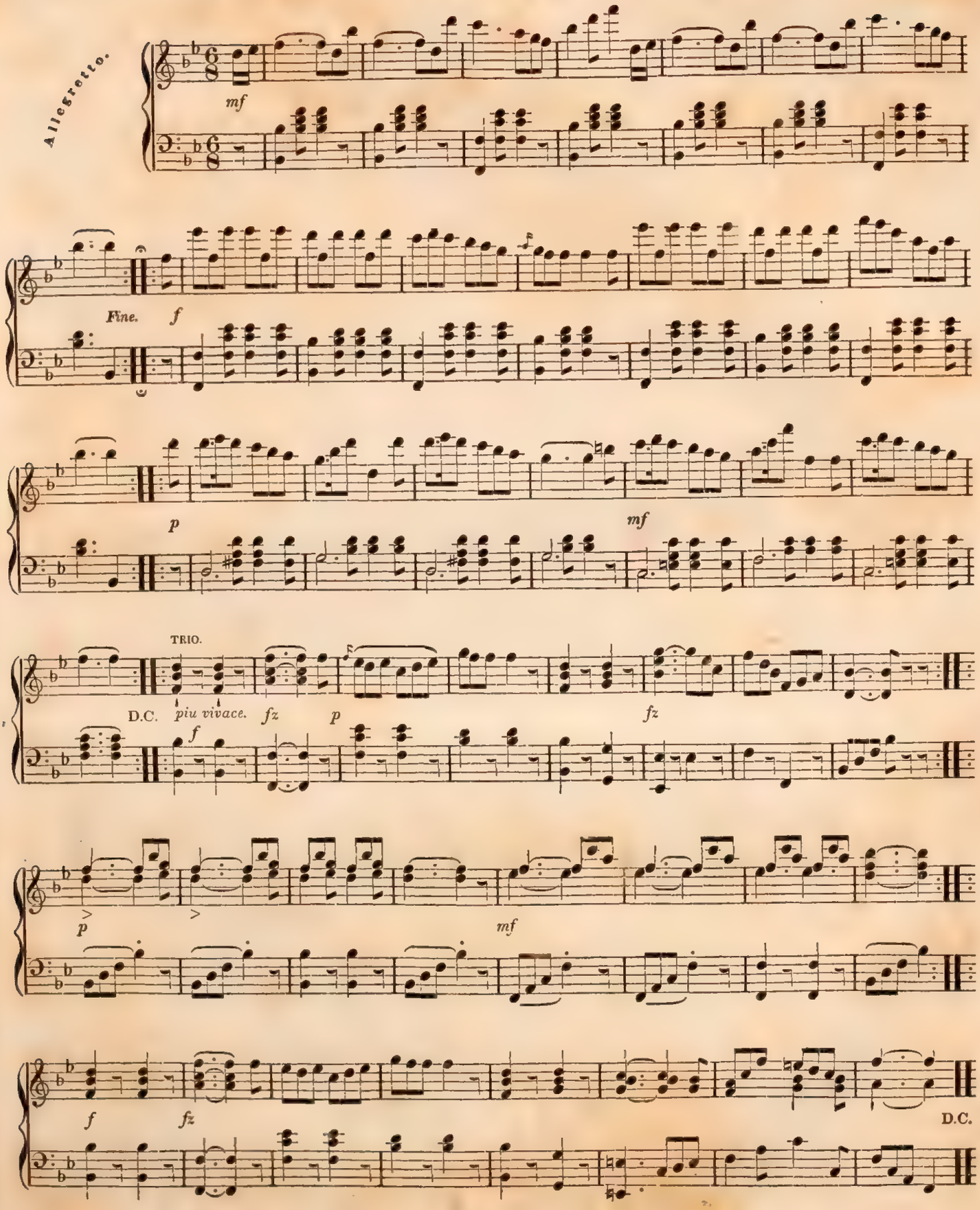
A Quadrille.

BY CHARLES JARVIS.



WEBSTER'S QUICK STEP.

C. HEWS.



THE SEPARATION.

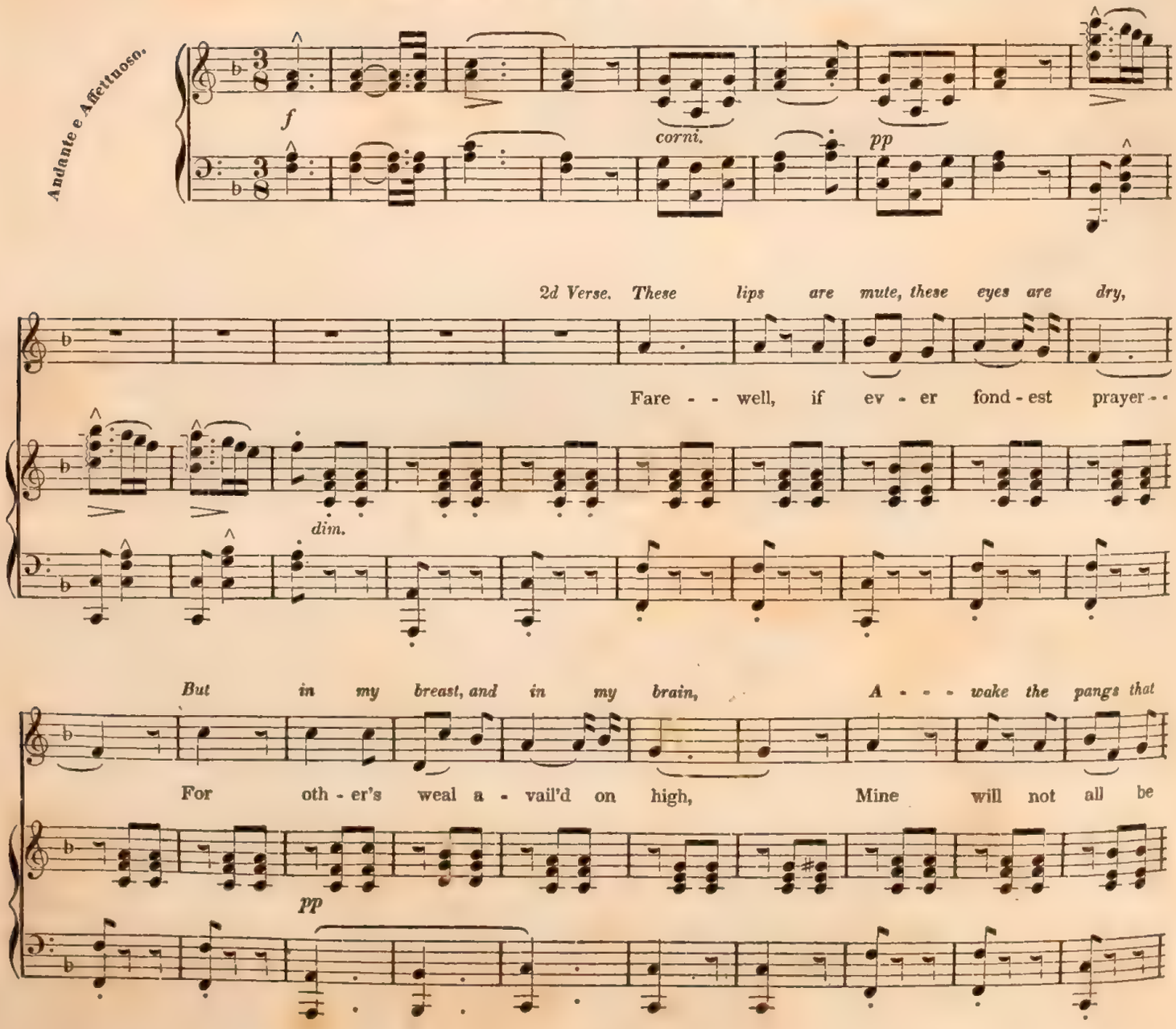
WRITTEN BY LORD BYRON.

ADAPTED AND ARRANGED TO A BEAUTIFUL AIR FROM BELLINI'S OPERA OF NORMA,

AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO HUGH DAVIDS, ESQ.

BY

CHARLES JARVIS.



pass not by, The thought that ne'er shall sleep—that ne'er shall sleep a - gain. My

lost in air, But waft thy name be - yond—thy name be - yond the sky. 'Twere

soul nor deigns nor dares com - plain, Though grief and pas - sion there re - bel; - - - -

vain to speak, to weep, to sigh: Oh! more than tears of blood can tell - - - -

. . . . . I on - ly know we loved in vain— I on - ly feel — Farewell! I on - ly

. . . . . When wrung from guilt's ex - pir - ing eye, Are in that word—Farewell! Are in that

feel—Fare - well!—Farewell!—Farewell!

ad lib.

word—Fare - well!—Farewell!—Farewell!

rit. *tempo.*

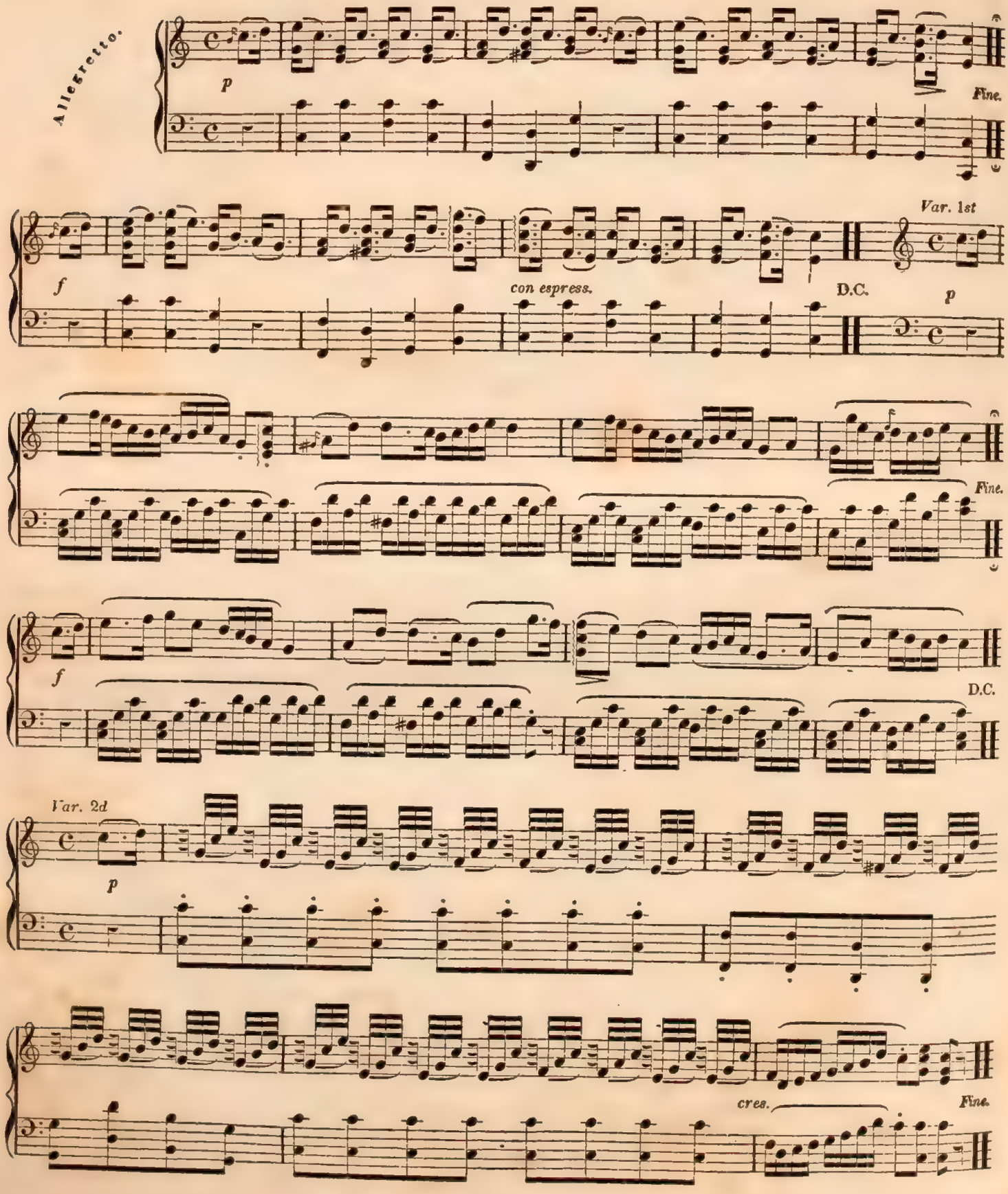
sfz *sfz* *sfz* *cres.* *ritard.* *pp*

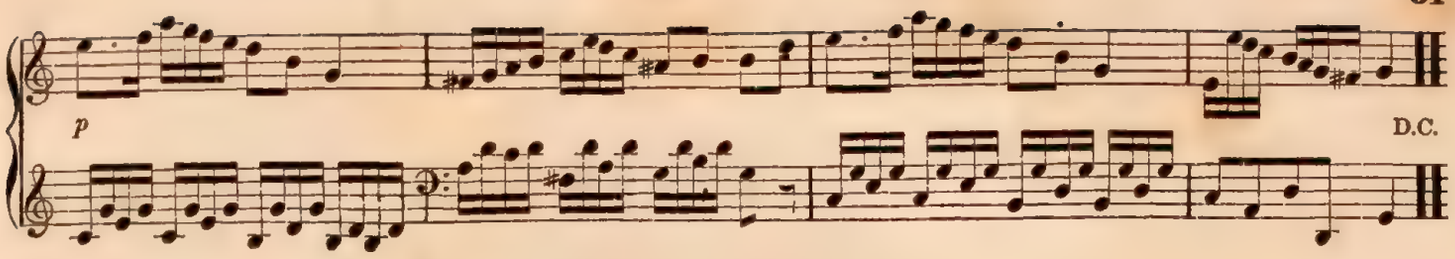
colla voce.

THE HIGHLAND MINSTREL BOY,

WITH VARIATIONS

BY R. SCHROEDER.





LE PAPILLON. . . . Waltz.

H. HERZ.

Allegro Moderato.

p

cres. p mf

cres. sf p Fine. dolce. p

mf Ped. *

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

D.C.

THE BLARNEY,

FROM THE SONGS OF THE LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS OF IRELAND.

WRITTEN AND ARRANGED BY S. LOVER, ESQ.

2d Verse. Oh! say, would you find this same

Moderato.

Oh! did you ne'er hear of the

p *f* *p*

"Blar - ney?" There's a Castle not far from Killarney, On the top of its wall, (But take care you don't fall) There's a stone that contains all this

"Blarney," That's found near the banks of Killarney? Believe it from me, No girl's heart is free Once she hears the sweet sound of the

Blarney. Like a magnet its in - fluence such is, That at - traction it gives all it touches; If you

"Blarney:" The Blarney's so great a de - ceiver, That a girl thinks you're there tho' you leave her, And

kiss it, they say, That from that blessed day You may kiss whom you please with your Blarney.

never finds out, All the tricks you're about, Till she's quite gone herself with your Blarney!

THE SUCCESSFUL SUITOR.

A Ballad.

POETRY BY T. HAYNES BAYLY. MUSIC BY J. P. KNIGHT.

2d Verse. The minstrel came again next night, The

Allegretto.

A la - dy heard a minstrel sing One

la - dy was not sleeping; She sly - ly (though she veil'd the light) Was thro' her casement peeping. She heard him fondly

night beneath her bow'r — In wrath she cried "oh, what can bring A stranger at this hour?" She closed the casement,

breathe her name, Then saw him go with sorrow, And cried "I wonder whence he came! Perhaps he'll come to - morrow."

veil'd the lamp, The minstrel paused in sorrow, Yet said, "tho' now I must decamp, I'll try again to - morrow."

3d Verse.

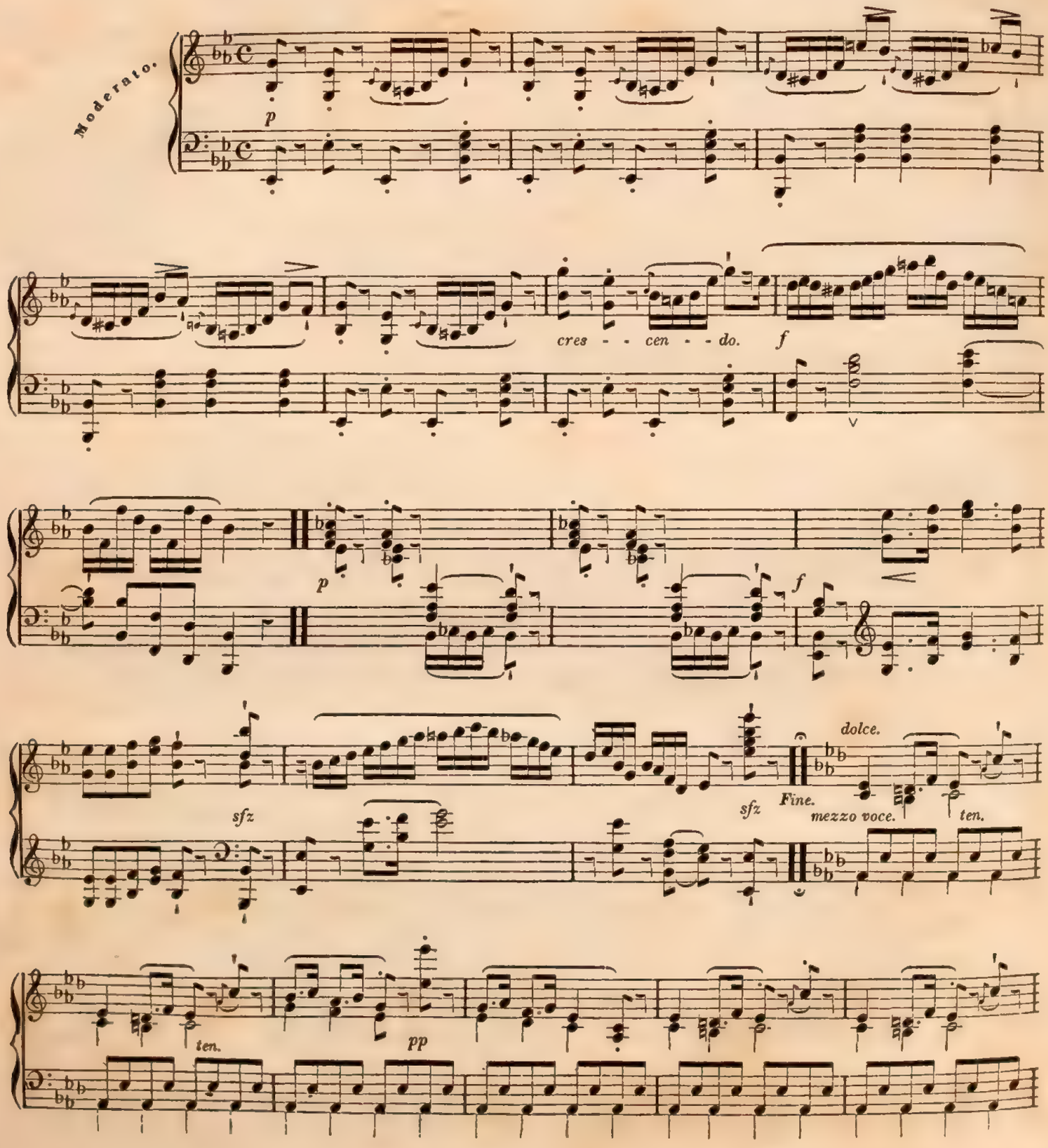
Again she heard the sweet guitar,
But soon the song was broken:
Tho' songs are sweet, oh! sweeter far
Are words in kindness spoken,
She loves him for himself alone,
Disguise no more he'll borrow,
The minstrel's rank at length is known,
She'll grace a court to-morrow.

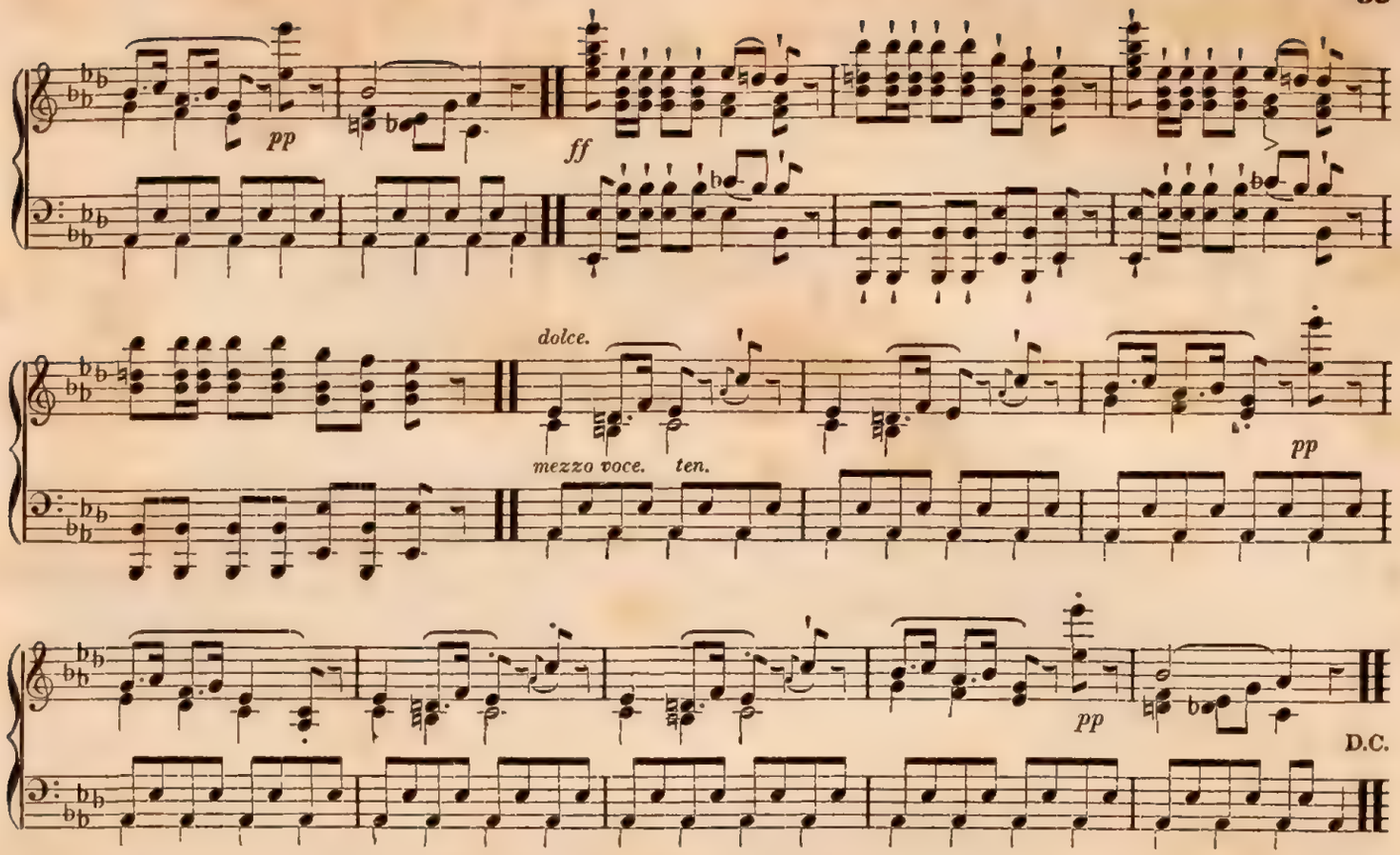
O

BARON MUNCHAUSEN'S MARCH.

BY

F. HUNTEN.



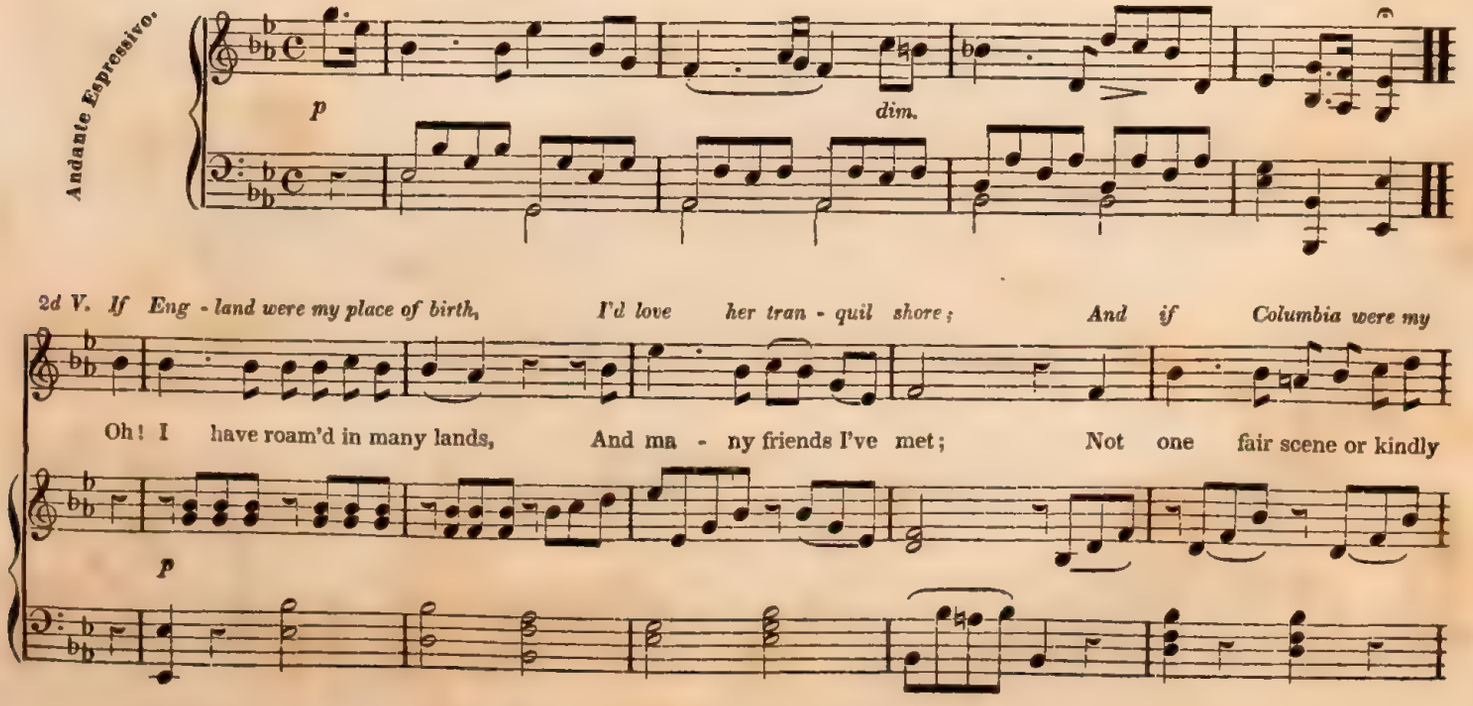


ERIN IS MY HOME.

SUNG BY MR. DEMPSTER,

ARRANGED AND ADAPTED TO A BOHEMIAN MELODY

BY MOSCHELLES.



home, Her free - dom I'd a - - dore: Though pleas - ant de in both I've pass'd, I

smile, Can this fond heart for - get; But I'll confess that leaving thee, No

dream of days to come; Oh! steer my bark to Erin's Isle, For Er - in is my

more I wish to roam; Oh! steer my bark to Erin's Isle, For Er - in is my

home. Oh! steer my bark to Erin's Isle, For Er - - in is my

home. Oh! steer my bark to Erin's Isle, For Er - - in is my

ritardo.

colla voce.

home.

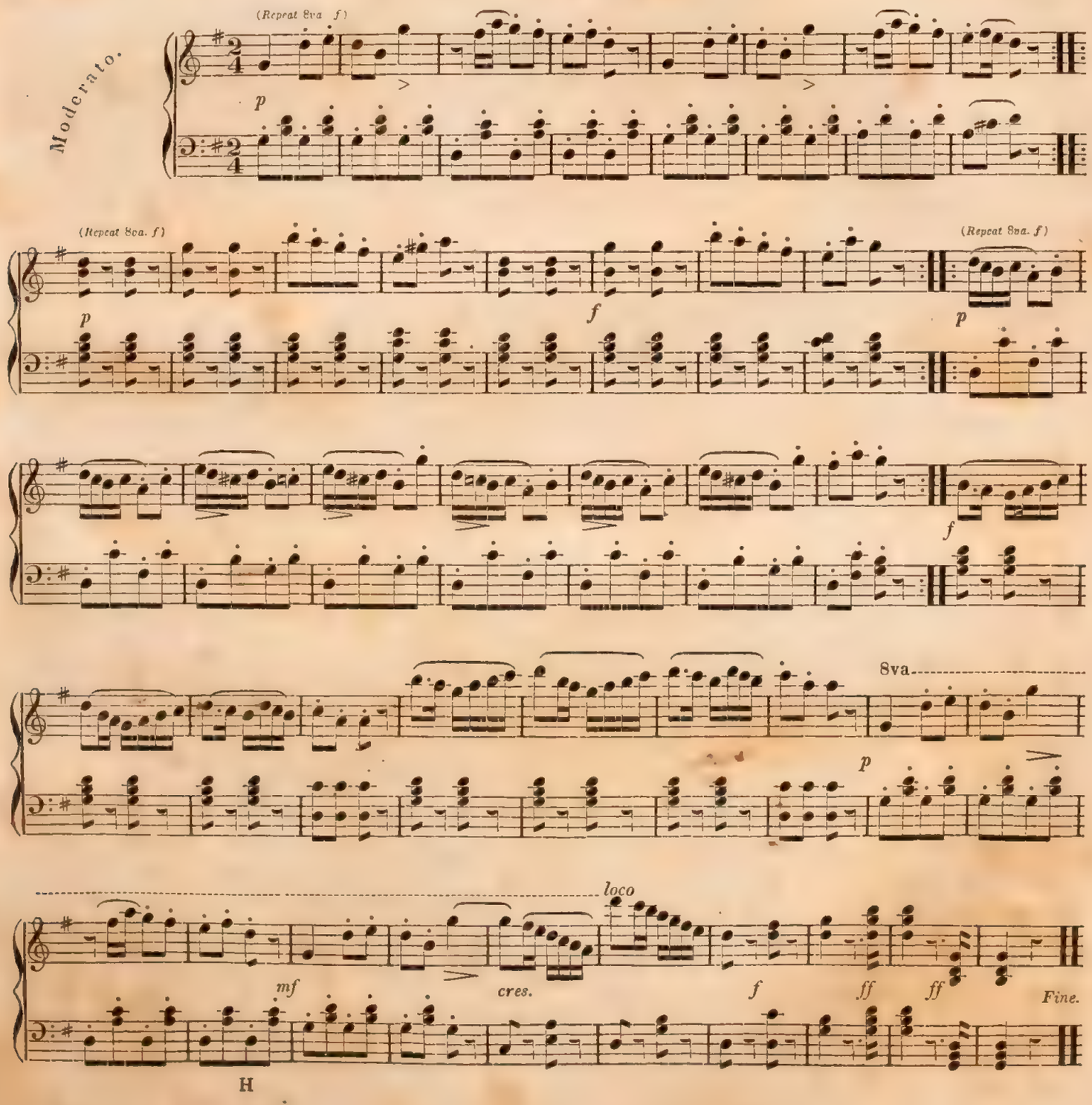
home.

dolce. cres. *pp*

GALOPADE,

From Gustavus.

ARRANGED BY DUVERNOY.—COMPOSED BY AUBER.

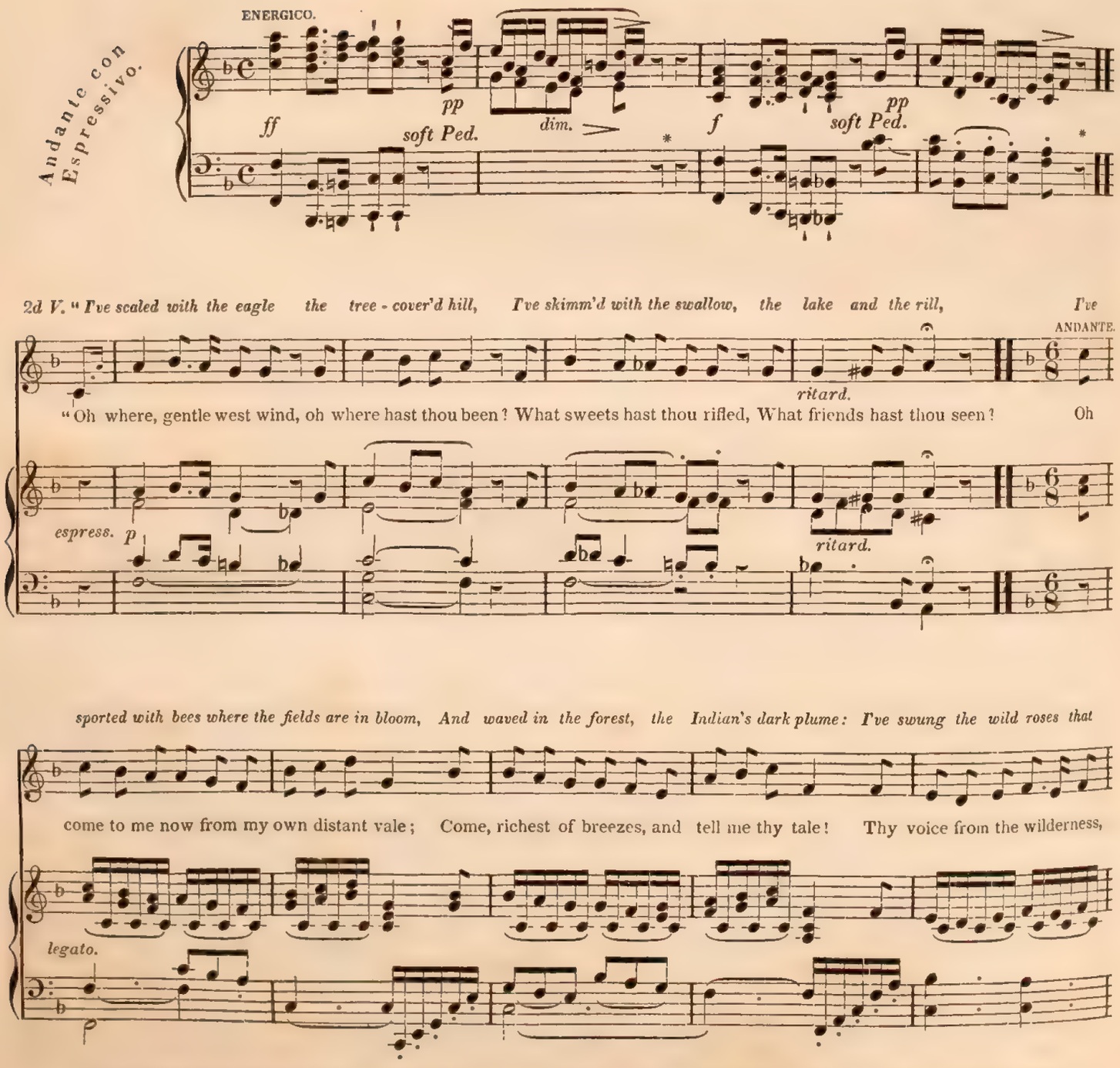


OH WHERE, GENTLE WEST WIND.

WRITTEN BY J. K. MITCHELL.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

BY MR. HERWIG.*



* The Introduction to this song was added by the Editor, with the approbation of the composer, he having omitted to make one through mistake.

crimson thy bower, I've seen thy dear friends in their fes - ti - val hour, When heaping the wine-cup, they

rustling and free, Comes loaded with incense, far dearer to me Than riches, or honours, or

ritardo. tempo. ritardo. tempo.

drain'd it to thee, And pledges of friendship, I've brought them with me, And pledges of friendship, I've

ad lib. poco a poco ritardo.

joys of the dome; Come, breath of the wildwood, and tell of my home, Come, breath of the wildwood, and

ritenuto. tenuto. colla voce.

brought them with me.

tell of my home."

p p tempo. p

3.

"I caught, ere it fell from her eye, the warm tear
Of thy mother, who wept that her son was not near;
While father, and brother, and sister replied
To the pledge, as they flush'd with affection and pride.
I linger'd to kiss the soft blush on the cheek,
Of a maiden who sighed, for no pledge could she speak—
That half-stifled sigh I have stolen away,
To sweeten the rose-buds I meet in my play."

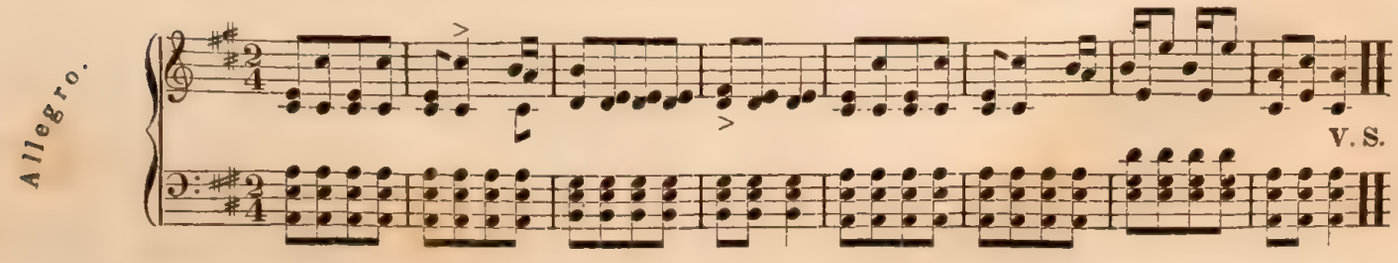
4.

"Though dear to my soul is the tree-cover'd hill,
And rich in remembrance the lake and the rill,
Though bird, bee, and blossom, seem sweeter each day;
Oh take, if thou wilt, their loved breathings away!
But give me, dear West Wind, oh give, ere you fly,
The voice of my friends, and the tear and the sigh;
The gold of the mountains, the pearls of the sea,
Take, take!—but the sigh—give, oh give it to me!"

THE HAUNTED SPRING.

FROM THE SONGS OF THE LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS OF IRELAND.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY S. LOVER, ESQ.



2d Verse. The purple heath-bells blooming fair, Their fragrance round did fling, As the hunter lay, at the close of day, Beside the haunted spring Beside the

Gaily through the mountain glen, The hunter's horn did ring, As the milk-white doe escaped his bow, Down by the haunted spring, Down by the

haunt - ed spring: A la - dy fair, in robe of white, To greet the hunter came, She kiss'd a cup with jewels bright, And pledged him by his

ad lib. *a tempo.*

haunt - ed spring: A - gain his silver horn he wound, 'Twas echo answer'd back, For neither groom nor baying hound, Was on the hunter's

f *p*

name, "Oh! la - dy fair," the hunt - er cried, "Be thou my love, my blooming bride, A bride that well might grace a king, Fair

ad lib. *a tempo.*

track, In vain he sought the milk-white doe, That made him stray and 'scaped his bow, For, save himself, no living thing Was

p

La - dy of the haunted spring, Fair Lady of the haunted spring.

by the silent haunted spring, Was by the silent haunted spring.

colla voce, *a tempo.*

3d Verse.

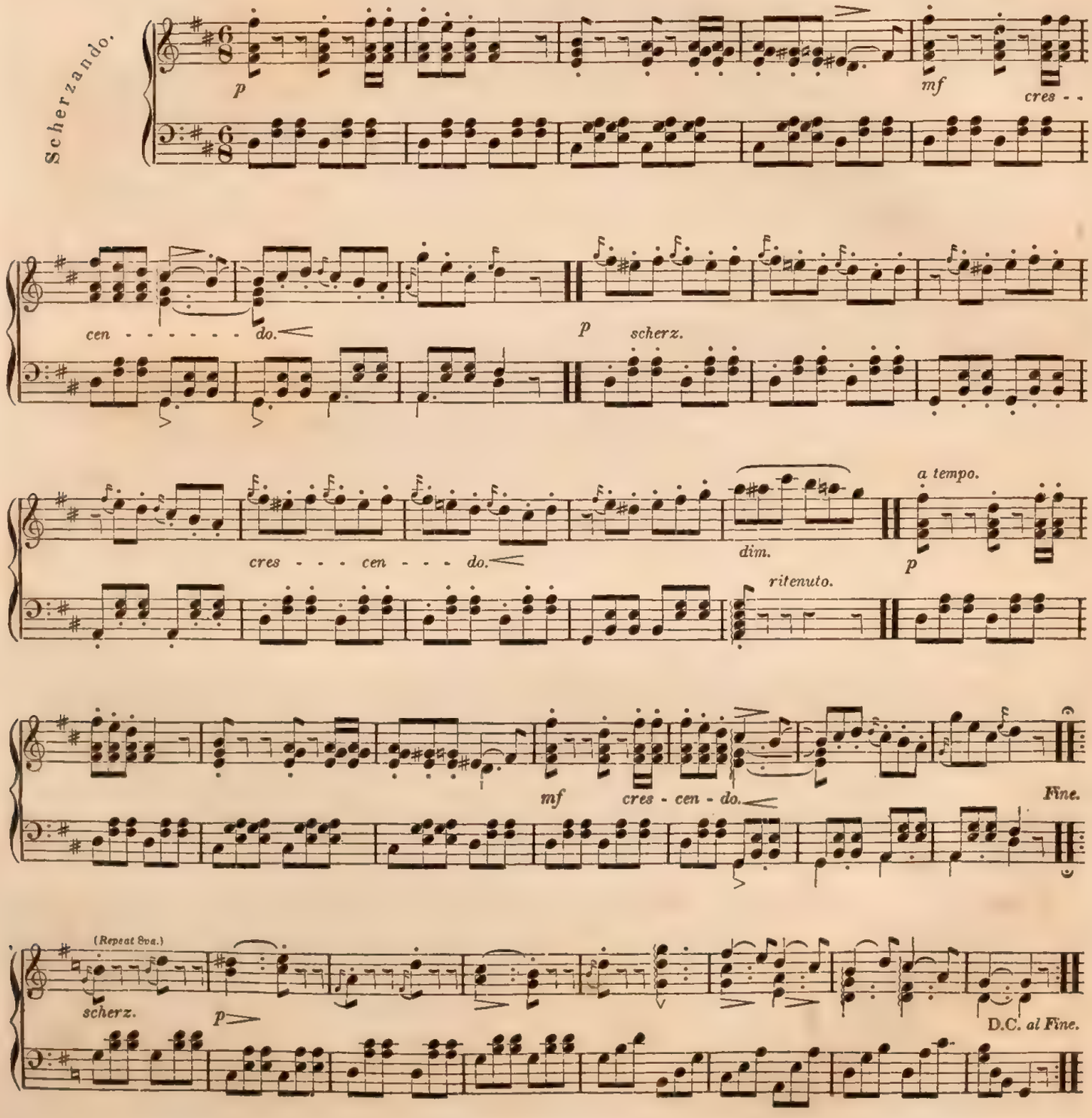
In the fountain clear she stoop'd,
And forth she drew a ring;
And the bold knight his faith did plight
||:Beside the haunted spring:||
But since the day his chase did stray,
The hunter ne'er was seen,
And legends tell he now doth dwell
Within the hills so green:
But still the milk-white doe appears
And wakes the peasant's evening fears,
While distant bugles faintly ring,
||:Around the lonely haunted spring.:||

INVITATION TO DANCE.

Quadrille.

COMPOSED, AND DEDICATED TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS OF THIS WORK, BY

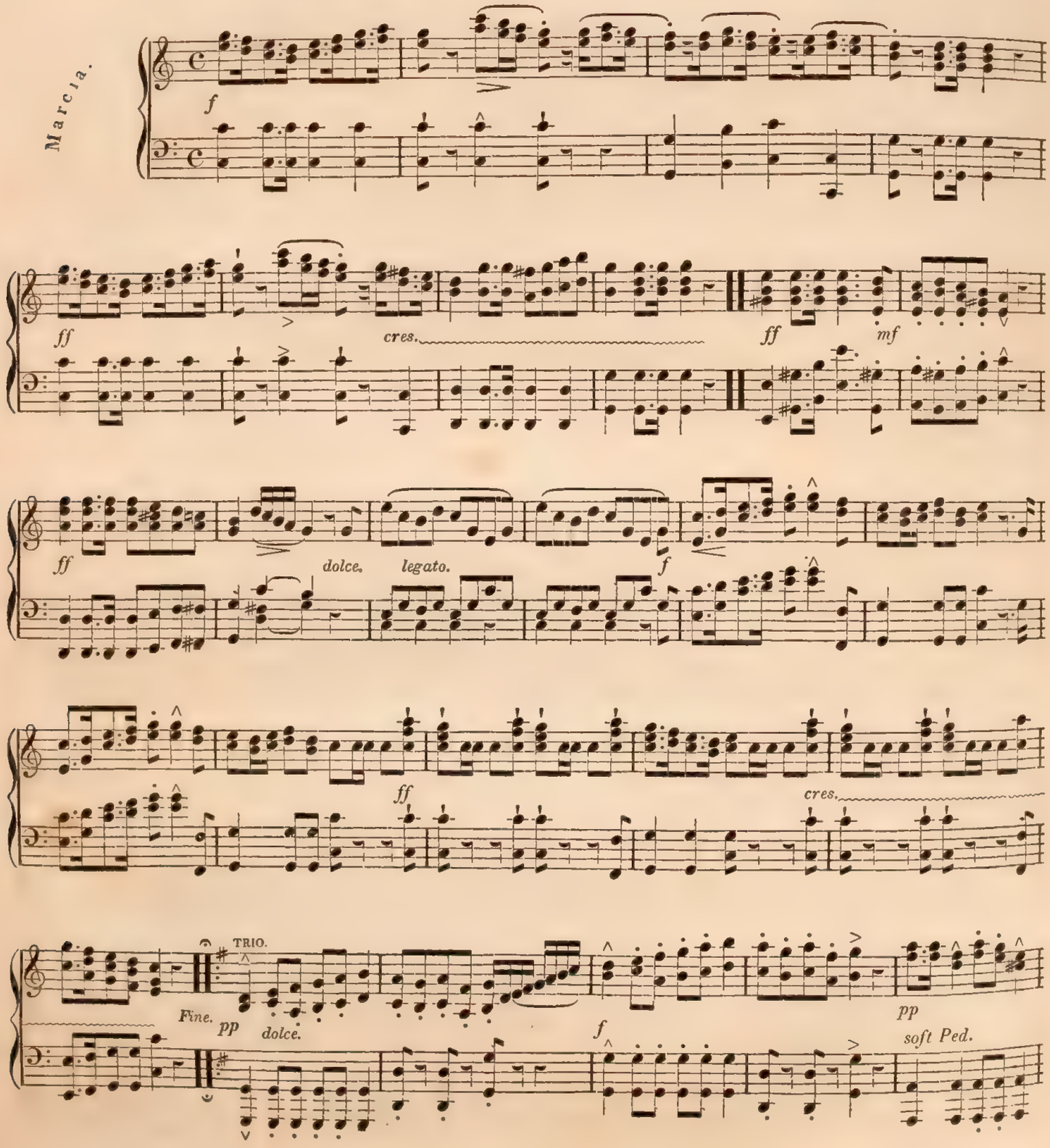
W. L.

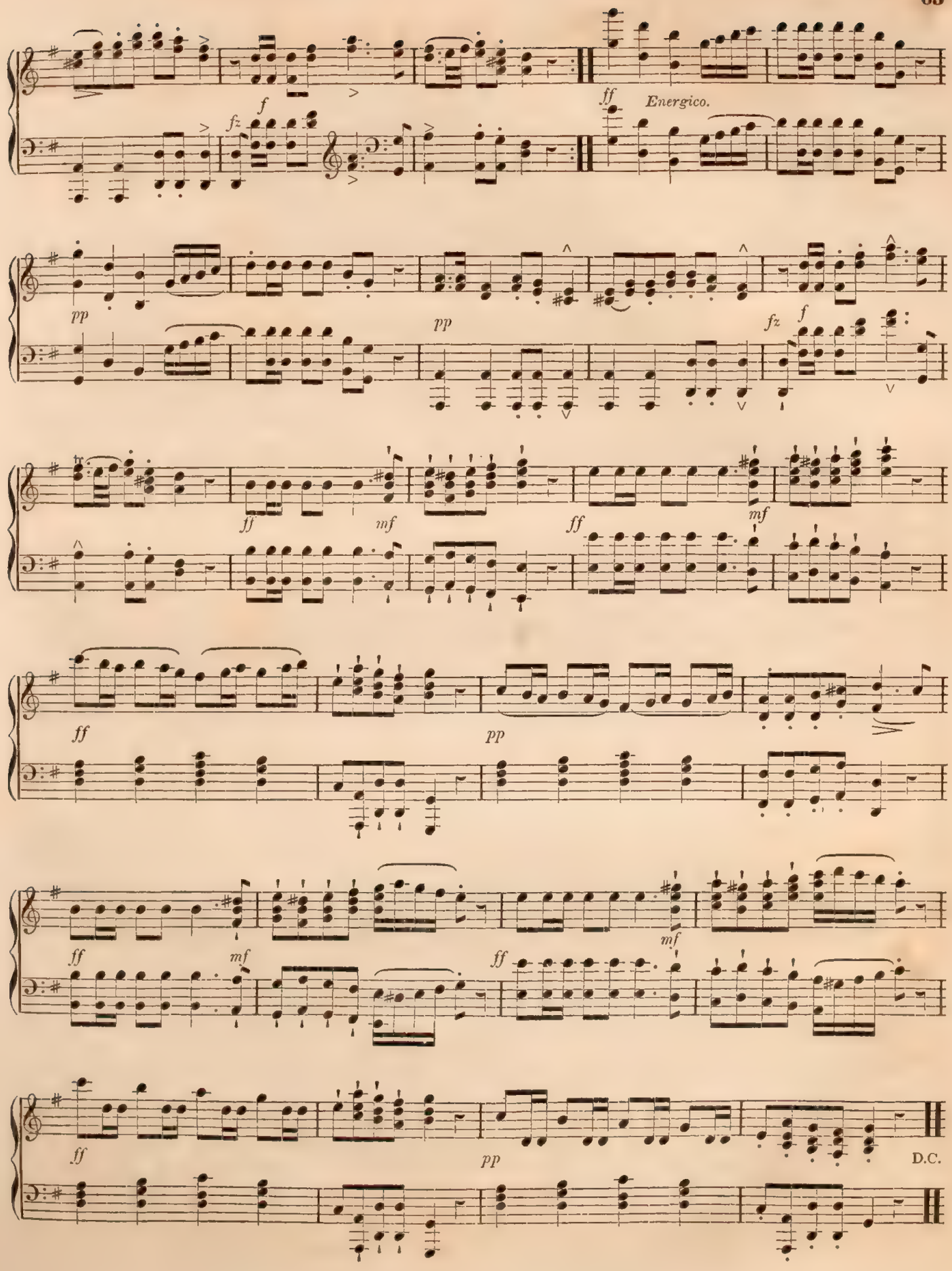


THE TRIUMPHAL MARCH.

ARRANGED BY CHARLES JARVIS.

THE MUSIC EXTRACTED FROM THE WORKS OF THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.




f
fz
ff
Energico.
pp
pp
fz
f
ff
mf
ff
mf
ff
pp
ff
mf
ff
mf
ff
pp
D.C.

NYDIA'S SONG,

IN BULWER'S "LAST DAYS OF POMPEII."

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY J. BLOCKLEY.

Andante

p *cres.*

2d Verse. *Oh! happy Beam, how can'st thou*

The Wind and the Beam loved the

p *p*

prove, That bright love of thine? In thy light is the proof of thy love, Thou

Rose, And the Rose loved one; For who recks the wind where it blows? Or

hast, thou hast but to shine! *How its love can the Wind re · · ·*

loves, or loves not the Sun? None knew whence the humble Wind

scherz.

veal? Un - wel - - - come its sigh; Mute, mute to its Rose let it steal— Its

stole, Poor sport of the skies— None dream'd that the wind had a soul, In its

sost. *leggiero.*

proof is to die! The Wind and the Beam loved the Rose, And the Rose loved

calando. *tempo.*

mourn - - - ful sighs! The Wind and the Beam loved the Rose, And the Rose loved

calando. *tempo.*

one; For who recks the Wind where it blows Or loves, or loves not the

one; For who recks the Wind where it blows? Or loves, or loves not the

Sun!

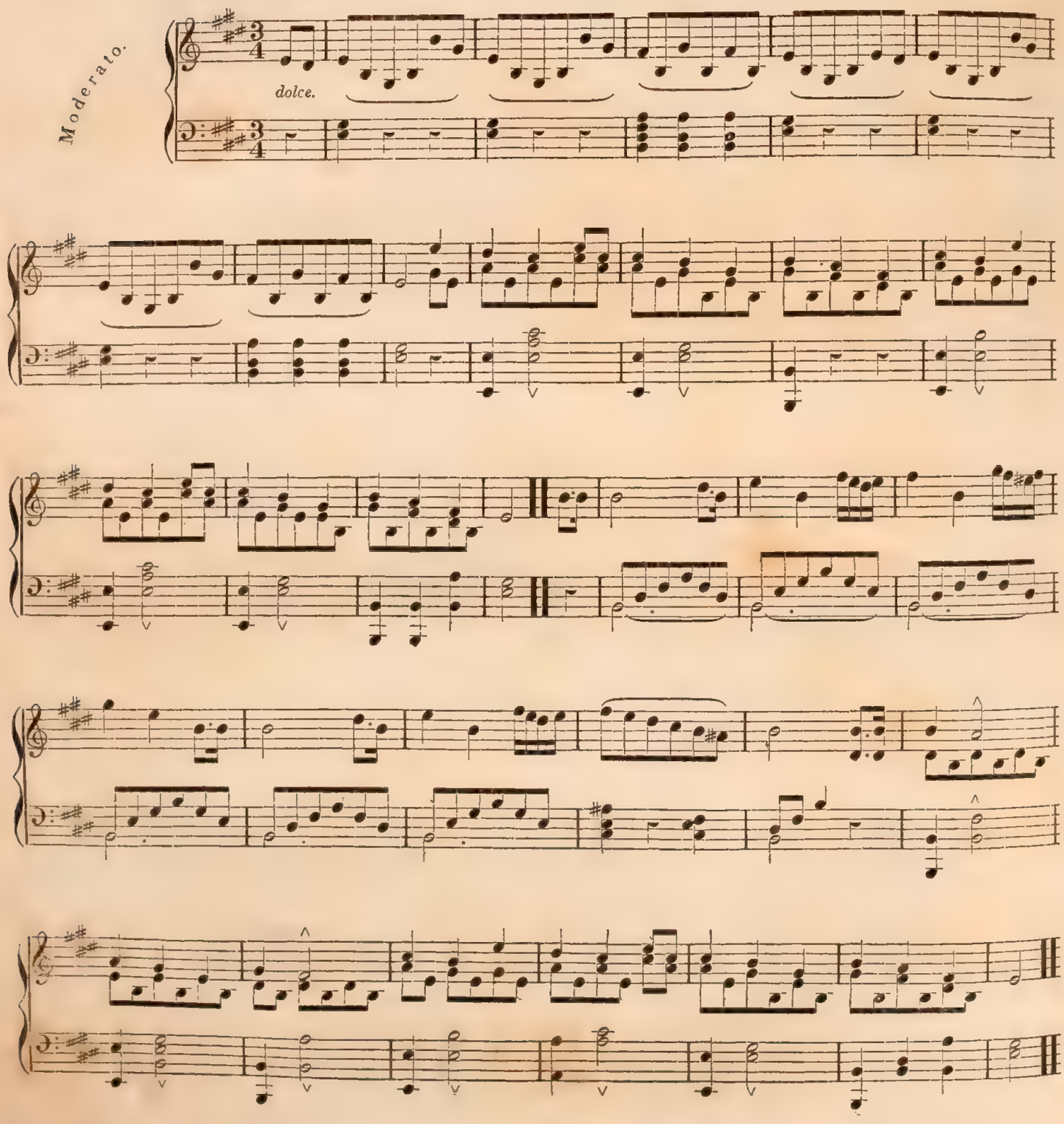
Sun!

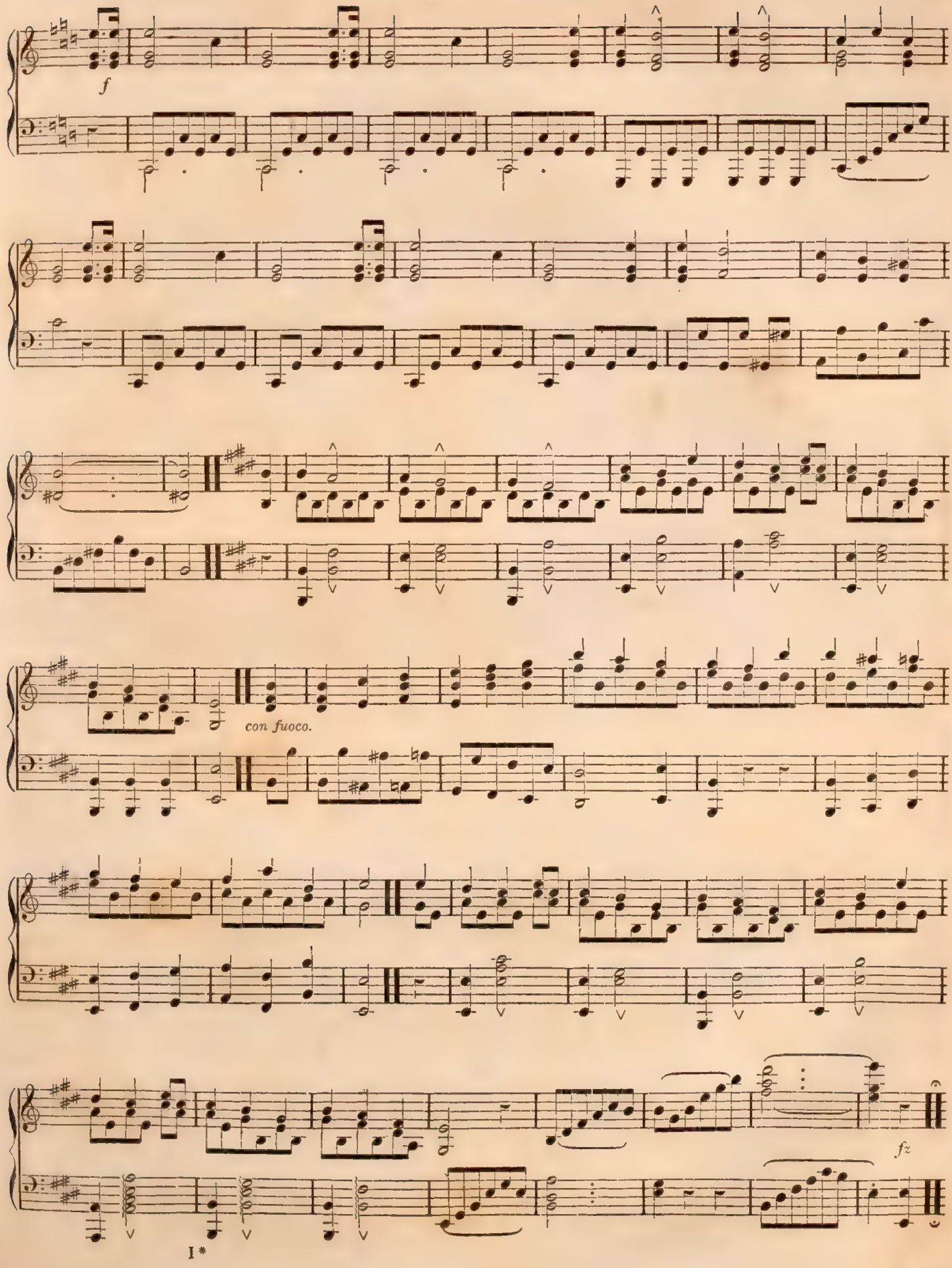
cres.

CLARA WALTZ.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE

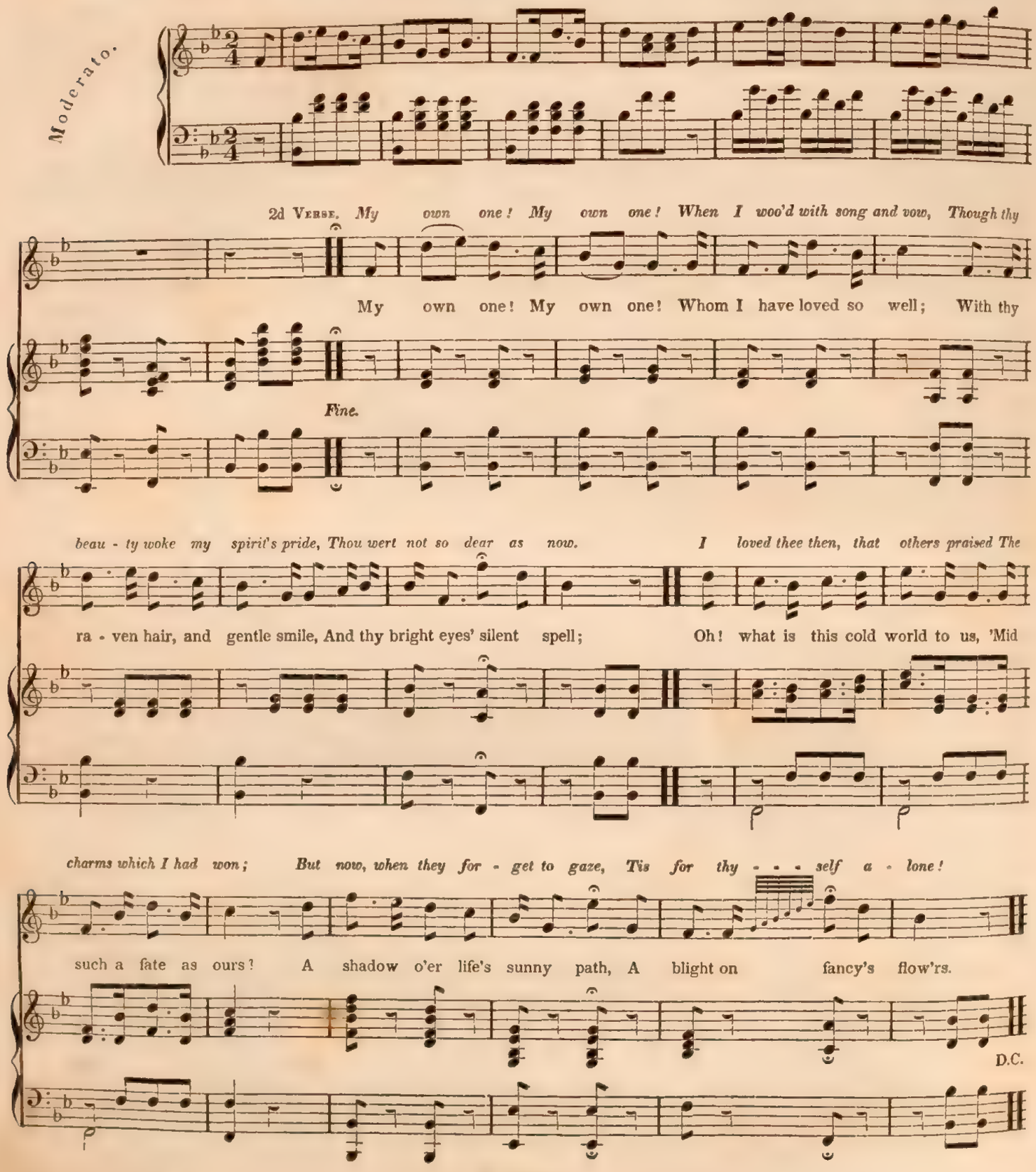
BY BEETHOVEN.




f
con fuoco.
fz
I*

MY OWN ONE.....Song.

ADAPTED TO A FAVOURITE SCOTCH AIR, BY DAVID LEE.



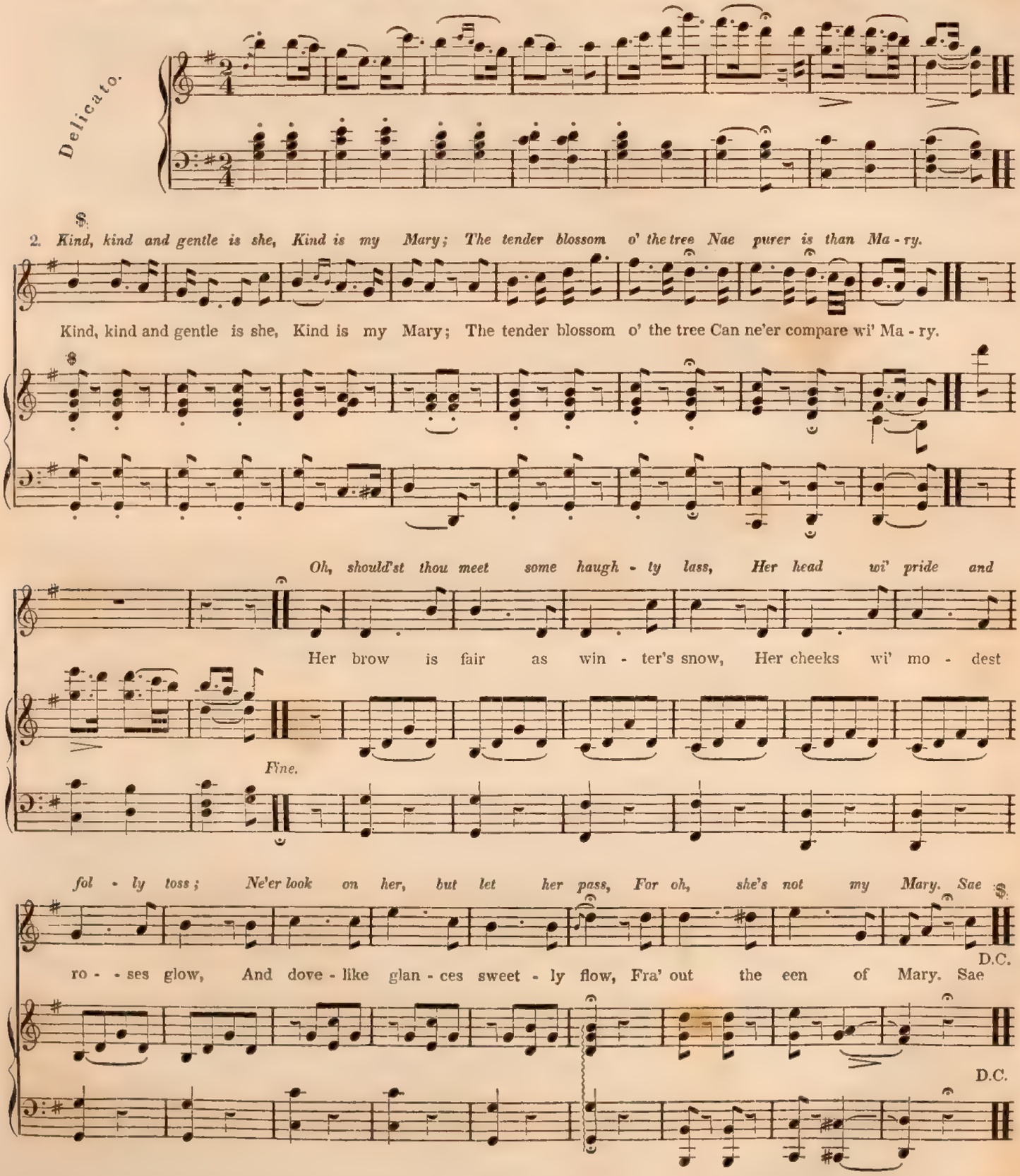
3d Verse.

My own one! my own one!
Though thy beauty may decay,
Still the flow'ry fetters round my heart,
Can ne'er be torn away;

Thine eye may lose its look of light,
Less lure the world may see,
But thou wilt still be fair and dear,
My own one! unto me.

GENTLE MARY.....Song.

WORDS BY G. H. BARBOUR. MUSIC BY WM. C. PETERS.



3.
But see you one, wi' modest air,
Bedeck'd wi' beauties soft and rare;
That makes your heart feel sweetly sair,
Oh weel ye ken, 'tis Mary. Sae kind, &c.

4.
And when you come to know her mind,
In nature's purest lore enshrined;
Gang through the world, ye'll never find
Anither like my Mary. Sae kind, &c.

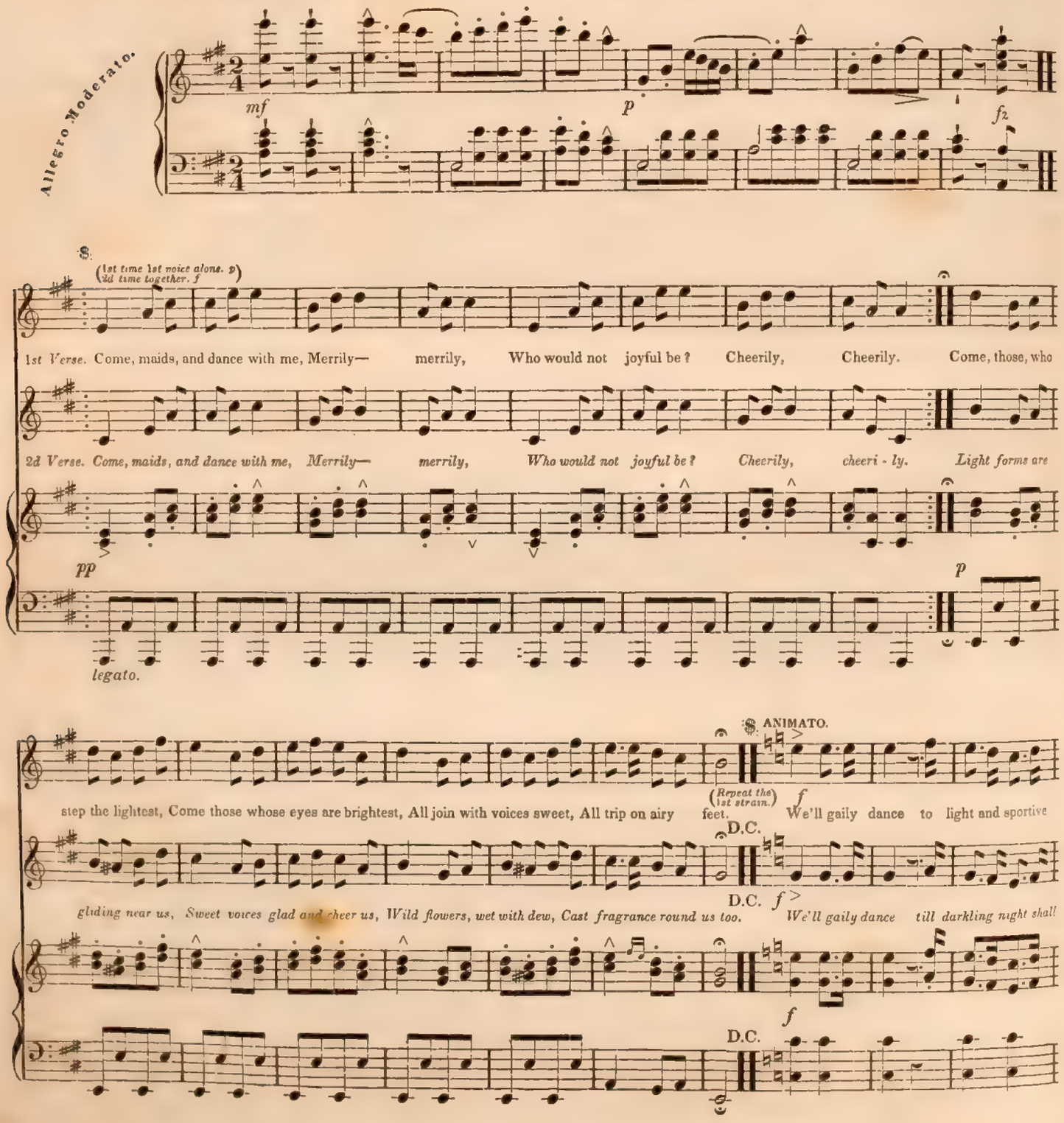
HAPPY MAIDENS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

ADAPTED TO A BEAUTIFUL AIR FROM "LE CHAPERON BLANC,"

AND ARRANGED FOR ONE, OR TWO EQUAL VOICES

BY CHARLES JARVIS.—THE MUSIC BY AUBER.



measure; *p* What a scene of bliss, Mirth and happiness, *f* What can we feel but innocence and pleasure? As the evening

hover O'er the scene of bliss, p Mirth and happiness, f Then homeward hie when all our sports are o-ver, Seeking new de-

8va loco

p *f*

light Glistens soft and bright. (1st time 1st voice alone. p / 2d time together. f) Come, maids, and dance with me, Merrily— merrily, Who would not

light In visions of the night. Come, maids, and dance with me, Merrily— merrily, Who would not

legato.

joyful be, Cheerily, cheerily.

joyful be, Cheerily, cheerily.

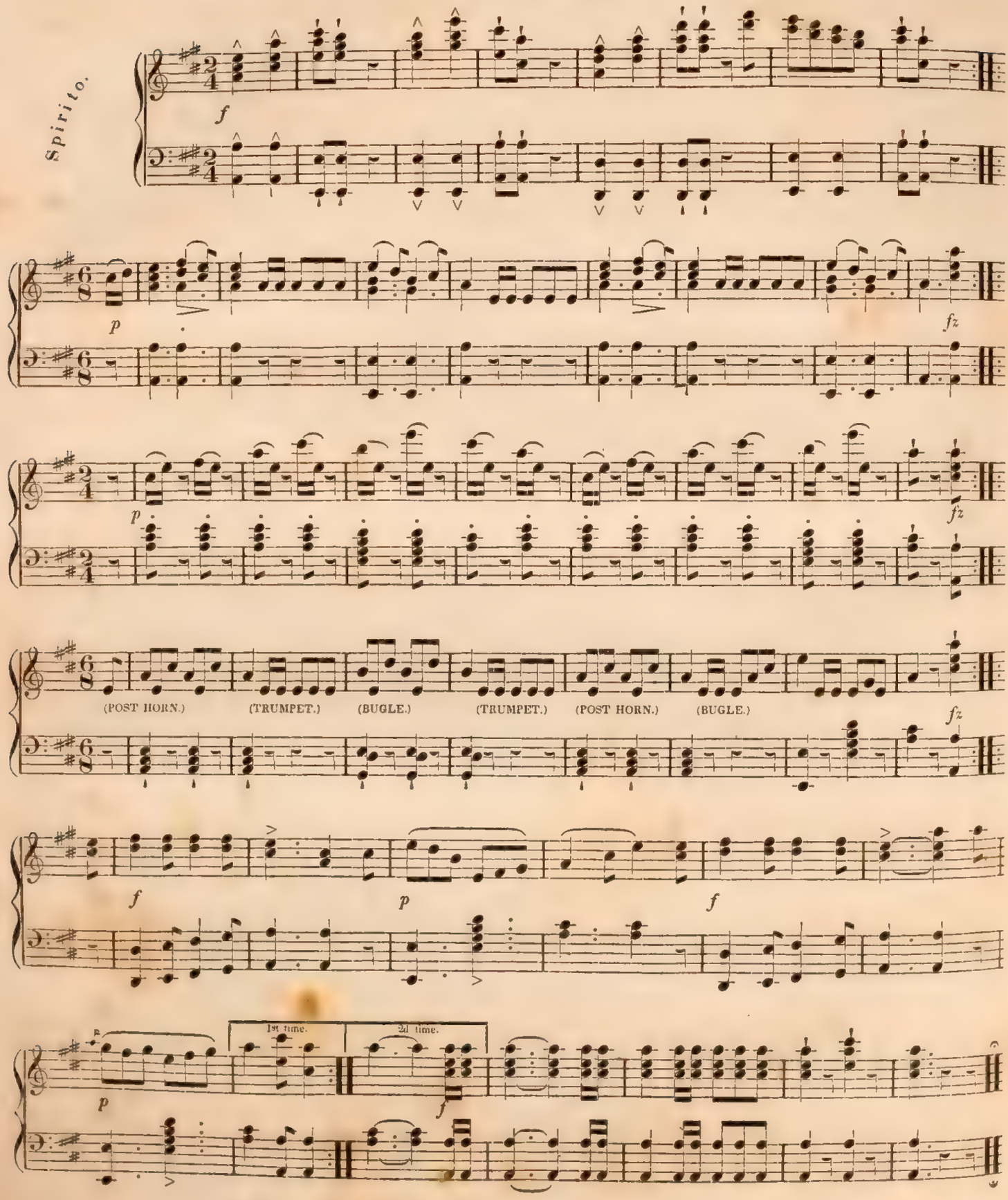
f *fz*

WOOD UP,

OR

THE MISSISSIPPI QUICK-STEP.

J. HOLLOWAY.



THE ELSSLER QUADRILLES.

ARRANGED BY CHARLES JARVIS,

AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MISS HELEN M. COLTON.

LA CRACOVIENNE.

No. 1.
Le Pantalon.

INTRODUCTION.

ff *fz* *p* *mf* *f*

Chassé all—Forward two—Cross over—Chassé—Cross to place—Balancé.

LA TARENTULE.

No. 2.
L'Ete.

ff *fz* *p* D.C.

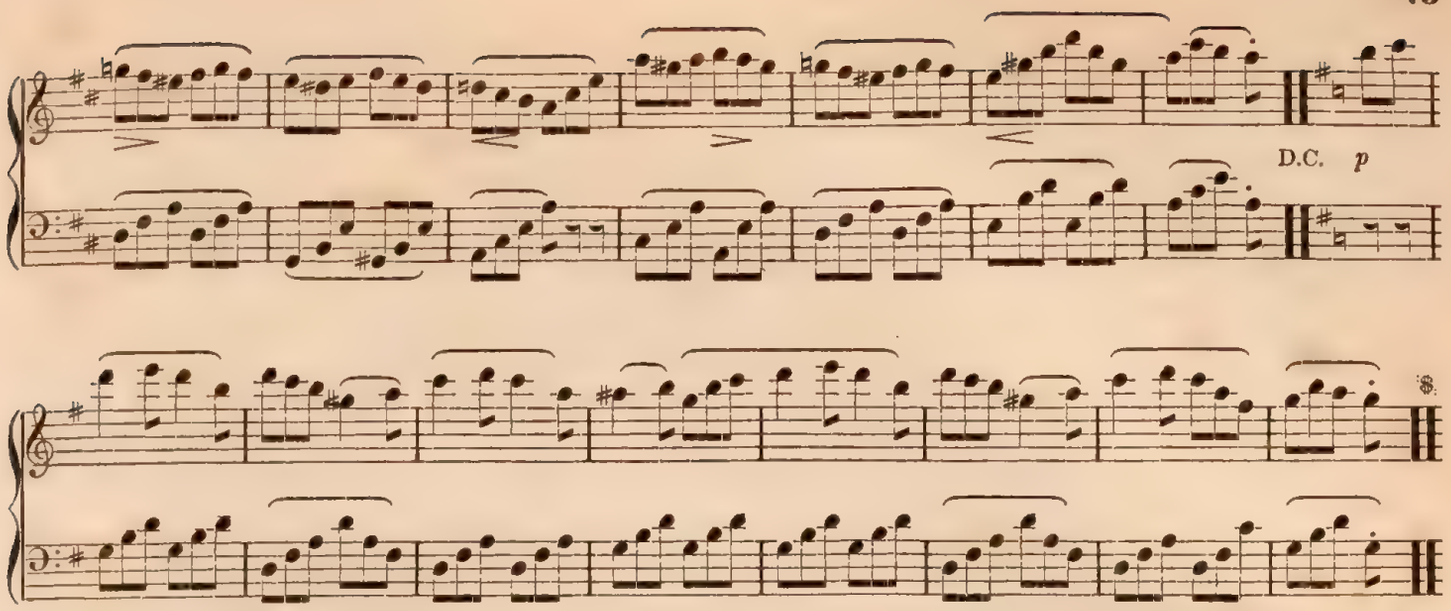
Forward two—Cross over—Chassé and cross to place—Balancé and turn partners.

LA SMOLENSKA.

No. 3.
La Poule.

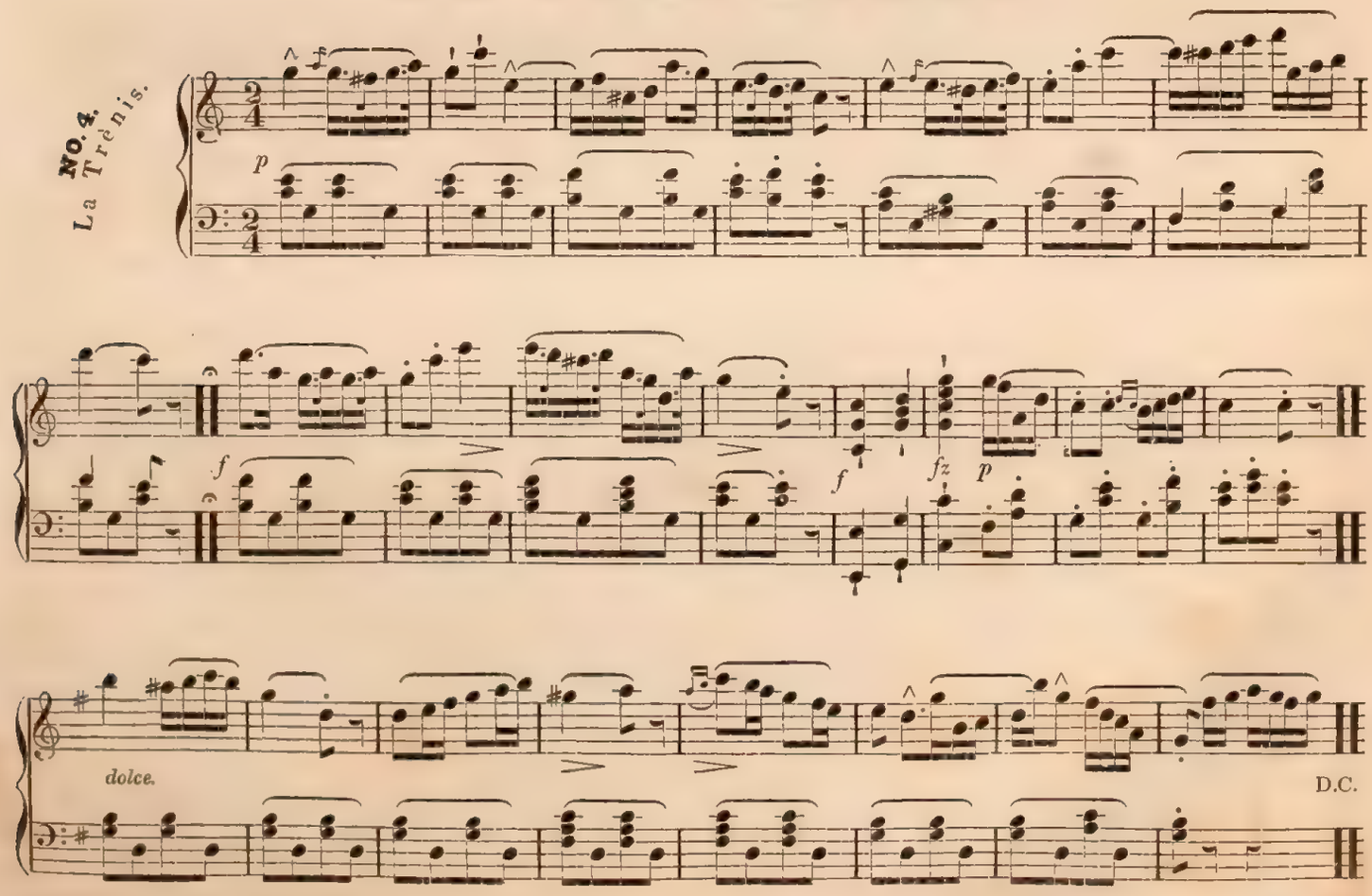
INTRODUCTION

f *ff* *p* *mf*



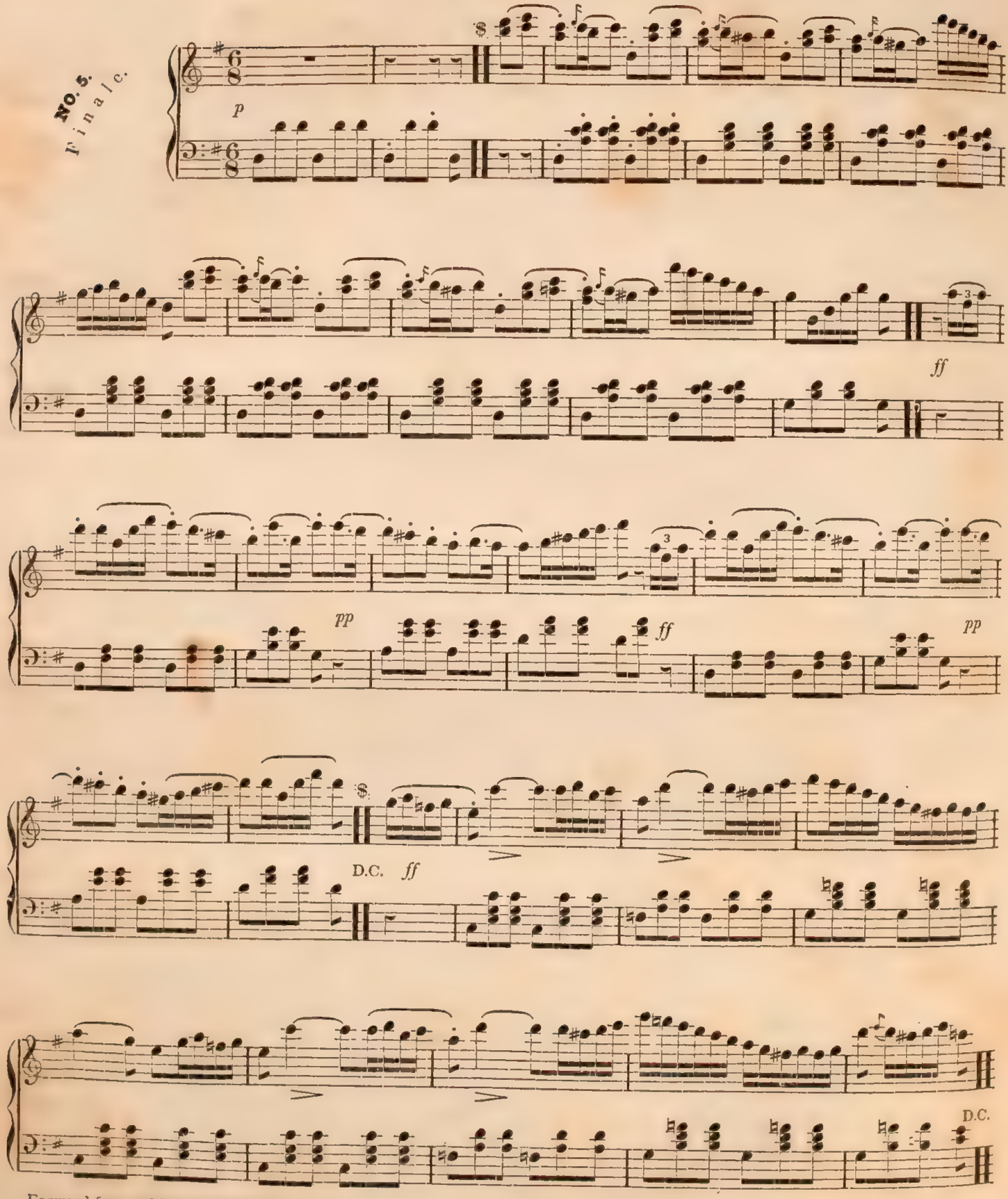
Right hand across, left hand back—Balancé on a line and half promenade—Forward two and back—Half right and left to places—Swing corners.

LA SYLPHIDE.



Forward two—Cross over—Chassé—Cross to places—Balancé and turn partner—Ladies chain—Promenade half round and half right and left to places.

EL JALEO DE JEREZ.

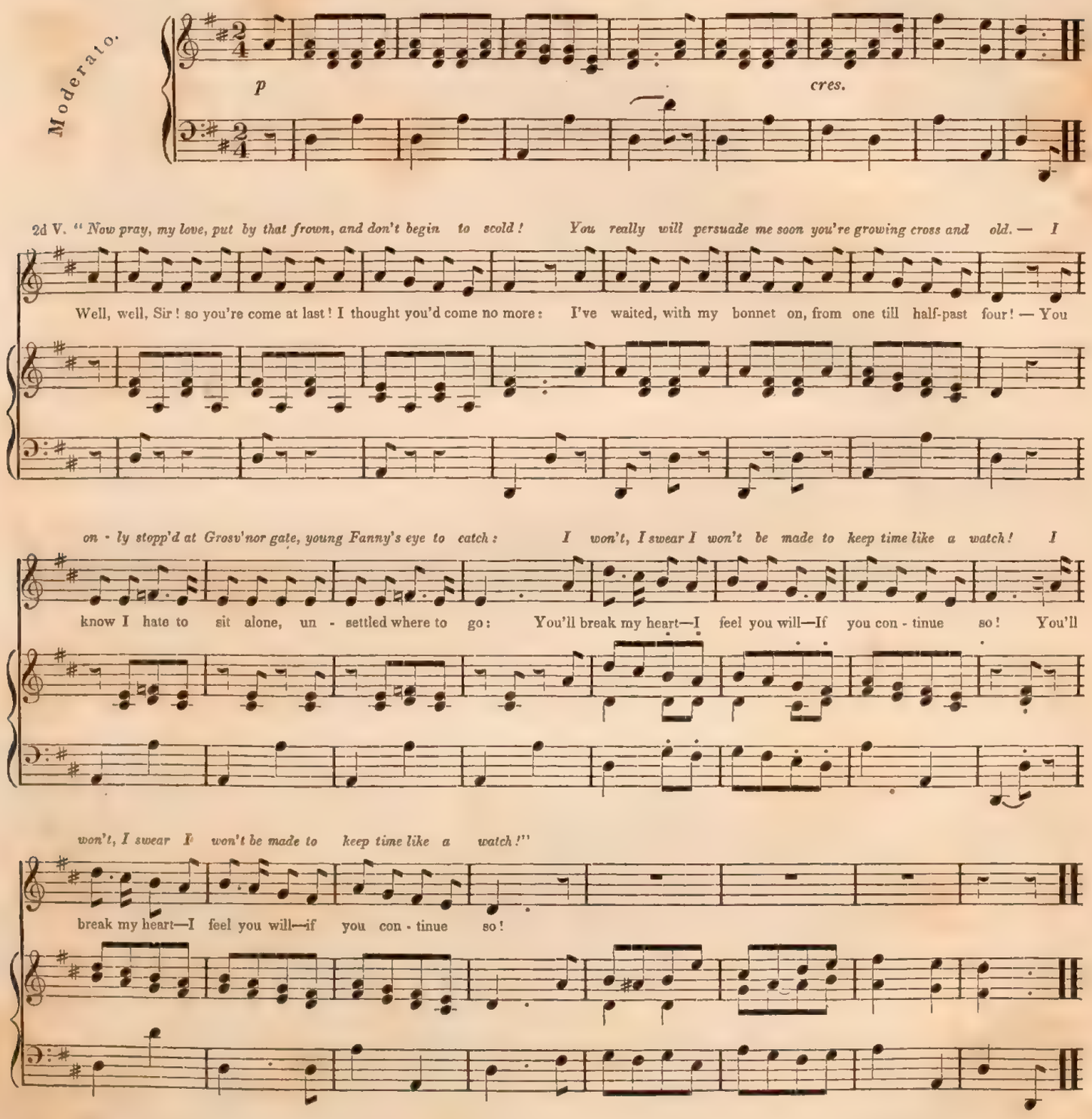


Forward four and back—Half right and left—Side couples the same—Chassé all and change partners—Promenade half round—Repeat till partners meet.

FANNY GREY.

A BALLAD OF REAL LIFE.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.



3d Verse.

It took you, then, two hours to bow? Two hours!—Take off your hat;
I wish you'd bow that way to me;—and apropos of that,—
I saw you making love to her—(You see I know it all!)
||: I saw you making love to her, at Lady Glossop's ball!" :||

4th Verse.

"Now really, Jane, your temper is so very odd to-day!
You jealous,—and of such a girl as little Fanny Grey!
Make love to her! Indeed, my dear, you could see no such thing;
||: I sat a minute by her side, to see a turquoise ring!" :||

5th Verse.

"I tell you that I saw it all, the whisp'ring and grimace,
The flirting and coquetting, in her little foolish face,
Oh! Charles, I wonder that the earth don't open, where you stand—
||: By the heav'n that is above us both, I saw you kiss her hand!" :||

6th Verse.

"I didn't love! Or if I did,—allowing that 'tis true,—
When a pretty woman shows her rings, what can a poor man do?
My life, my soul, my darling Jane! I love but you alone,
||: I never thought of Fanny Grey—(How tiresome she's grown)!" :||

7th Verse.

"Put down your hat,—don't take your stick!—Now prithee, Charles, do stay!
You never come to see me now, but you long to run away;
There was a time, there was a time, you never wish'd to go,—
||: What have I done, what have I done, dear Charles, to change you so?" :||

8th Verse.

"Pooh, pooh, my love! I am not changed—but dinner is at eight;
And my father's so particular, he never likes to wait.
Good bye!" "Good bye! You'll come again?" "Yes, one of these fine days!"
||: "He's turn'd the street—I knew he would—He's gone to Fanny Grey's!" :||

THE MOONLIT DELL.

Song

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

AND AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO MISS ANNIE S. CRAWFORD,

BY M. H. R.

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE BY C. JARVIS.—MUSIC BY G. RIMBAULT.

Light & Graceful.

Hark! hark! the fairy me - lo - dy Softly pealing, softly pealing, O'er the woodland—

fz *p*

o'er the lea, So gently on us stealing. Come let us forth beneath the moon, To

pp *fz* *pp*

view the scene so merry, And hasten, or they'll all be gone, If we should longer tarry; Then

let us seek the moonlit dell, Softly stepping, softly stepping, Not a breath must break the spell That

all the world is keep - ing, keep - ing, all the world is keep - - ing.

8va loco

fz

2d Verse.

See! see, they come—the elfin train,
Tripping lightly—tripping lightly,
On the soft and velvet green,
While stars are shining brightly;
Not a sound must now betray
That mortals near them hover,
A breath would fright the elves away,
If they our forms discover.
Then let us seek, &c.

3d Verse.

The morning dawns—but ere the light
Gently breaking—gently breaking,
Through the darkling shades of night,
The woodland songsters waking,
The dance is o'er—the elves have fled,
Yet still afar are stealing

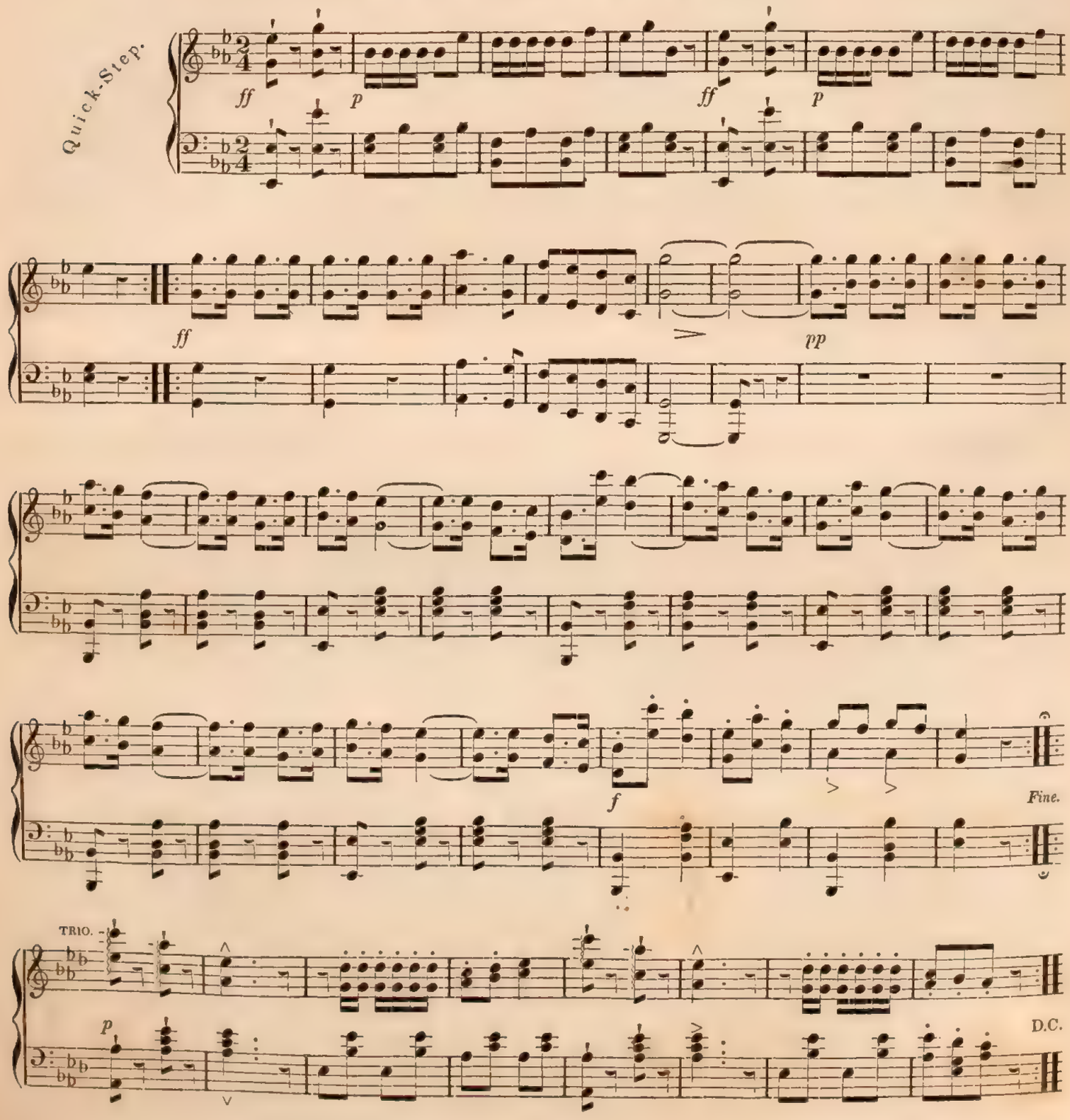
Sweet strains from every mossy bed,
Their hiding-place revealing;
Then let us quit the lonely dell,
They are sleeping—they are sleeping,
Morn hath broke the magic spell
That all the earth was keeping.

MOUNTAIN QUICK-STEP.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO JOSHUA M. MILLER, ESQ. OF BALTIMORE.

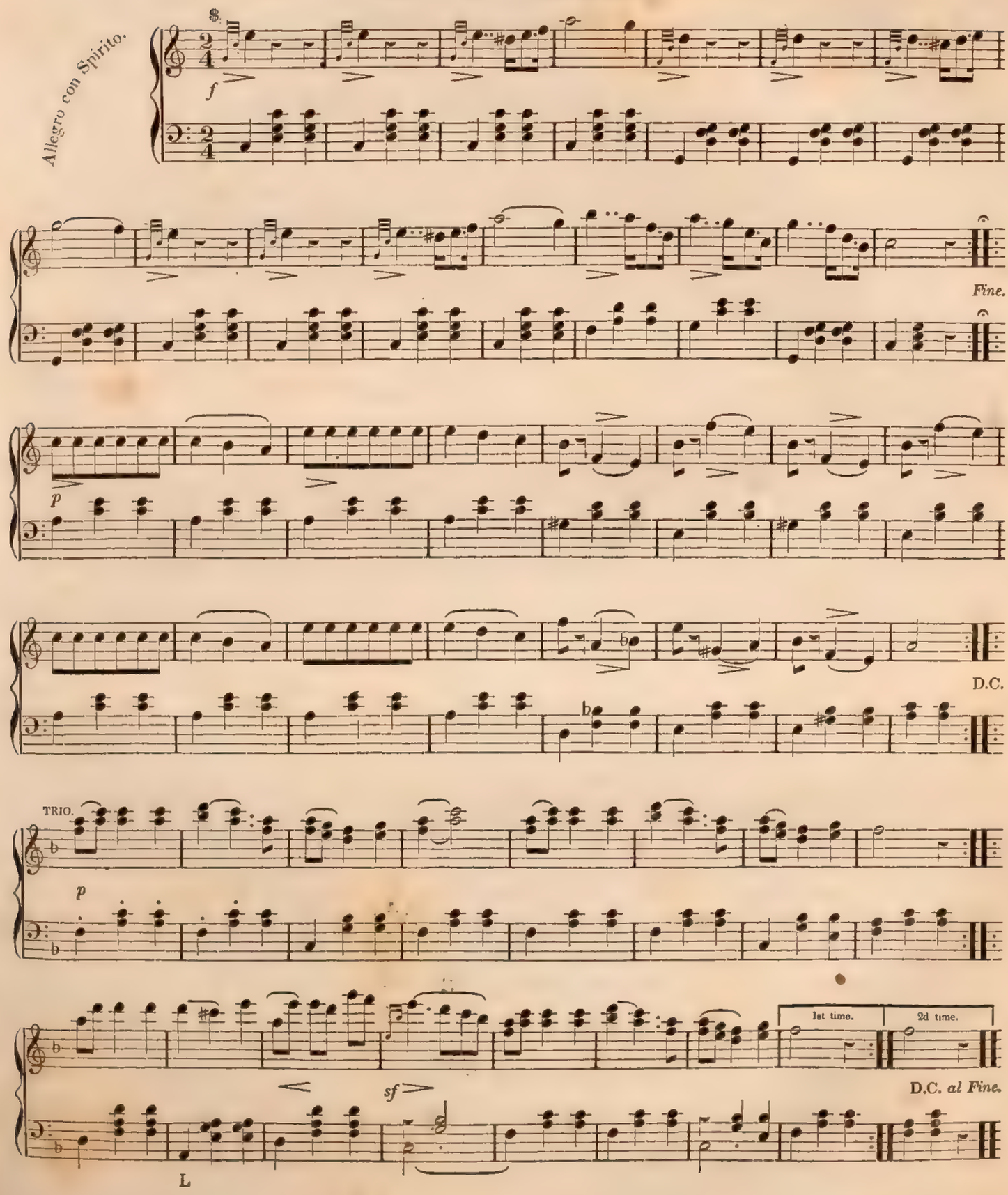
BY M. WIESEL.



LADY WALTZ.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

BY LA PLUME.



RORY O'MOORE.

A Favourite Ballad.

SUNG BY MR. POWER.

WRITTEN AND ADAPTED TO AN IRISH MELODY,

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

Lively.

2d Verse. *"Indeed then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like, For I half gave a promise to*

Young Rory O'Moore courted Kathleen O'Bawn, He was bold as a hawk, and she

Soothering Mike, The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound," "Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground," "Now,

soft as the dawn, He wish'd in his heart pretty Kathleen to please, And he thought the best way to do that was to teaze; "Now

Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go, Sure I dream every night that I'm hating you so!" "Oh!" says Rory, "that same I'm de-

Rory be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry, Re - - proof on her lip, but a smile in her eye, "With your tricks I don't know, in troth,

ad lib.

colla voce.

lighted to hear, For dhrames always go by conthrairies my dear; Oh! Jewel, keep dreaming that same till you die, And bright

what I'm about, Faith you've teazed till I've put on my cloak inside out." "Oh! Jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way You've

espress.

colla voce. *colla voce.*

morning will give dirty night the black lie, And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not to be sure? Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold

thrated my heart for this many a day, And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not to be sure? For 'tis all for good luck," says bold

Rory O'Moore.

Rory O'Moore.

3d Verse.

"Arrah Kathleen, my darlint you've teazed me enough,
And I've thrash'd for your sake Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff,
And I've made myself drinking your health quite a baste,
So I think, after that, I may talk to the priest:"*
Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck,
And he look'd in her eyes that were beaming with light,
And he kiss'd her sweet lips—don't you think he was right?
"Now Rory leave off, Sir—you'll hug me no more,
That's eight times to-day that you've kiss'd me before;"
"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'Moore.

* Paddy's mode of asking a girl to name the day.

THE ORPHAN BALLAD-SINGERS.

A Ballad.

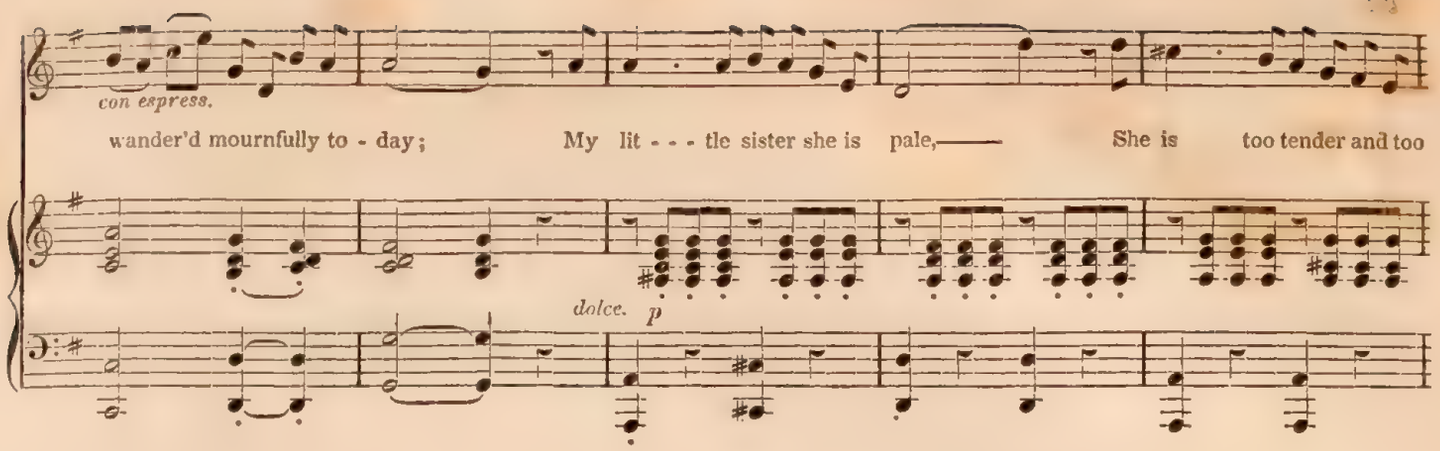
COMPOSED BY HENRY RUSSELL.

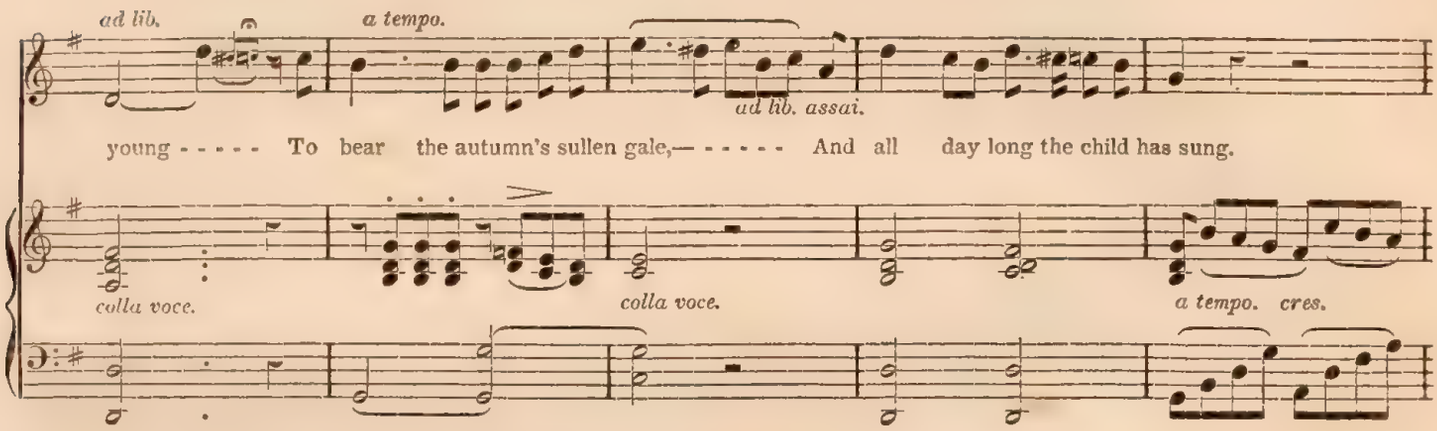
Andante Moderato.

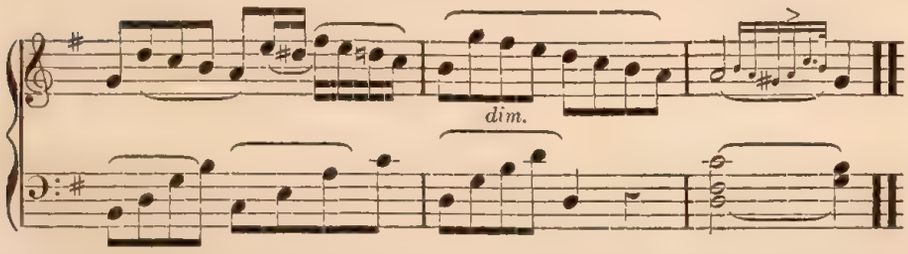
p sostenuto.

Oh, wea - ry wea - ry

are our feet, And wea - - ry weary is our way,— - - - - Through ma - ny a long and crowd - ed street We've







2d Verse.

She was our mother's favourite child,
  Who loved her for her eyes of blue,
And she is delicate and mild,
  She cannot do what I can do.
She never met her father's eyes,
  Although they were so like her own;
In some far distant sea he lies,
  A father to his child unknown.

3d Verse.

The first time that she lisp'd his name,
  A little playful thing was she:
How proud we were—yet that night came
  The tale how he had sunk at sea.
My mother never raised her head;
  How strange, how white, how cold she grew!
It was a broken heart they said—
  I wish our hearts were broken too.

4th Verse.

We have no home—we have no friends,
  They said our home no more was ours,
Our cottage where the ash-tree bends,
  The garden we had fill'd with flowers.
The sounding shells our father brought,
  That we might hear the sea at home;
Our bees, that in the summer wrought
  The winter's golden honeycomb.

5th Verse.

We wander'd forth mid wind and rain,
  No shelter from the open sky;
I only wish to see again
  My mother's grave, and rest, and die.
Alas, it is a weary thing
  To sing our ballads o'er and o'er;
The songs we used at home to sing—
  Alas! we have a home no more!

DO NONE REMEMBER ME.

WRITTEN BY T. H. BAYLY, ESQ.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MISS REBECCA M. GASKILL,

BY CHARLES JARVIS.

Andante e Affettuoso.

dolce. pp

(Soft Ped.)

pp

dim.

It was a Sabbath morn, The bell had chimed for church; And the young and gay were gather - ing A - -

pp

ad lib.

- - round the rustic porch, There came an a - ged man, In a soldier's garb was he And

a tempo.

colla voce.

a tempo.

gazing round the group, he cried, "Do none re - member me!" And gazing round the group, he cried, "Do

ad lib.

cadenza.

none re - member me!"

a tempo.

colla voce.

mf

Ending for 1st & 2d Verse.

3d Verse.

cres.

dim.

fz

ppp

dolce. *pp*

pp

dim.

(*Soft Ped.*)

2d Verse.

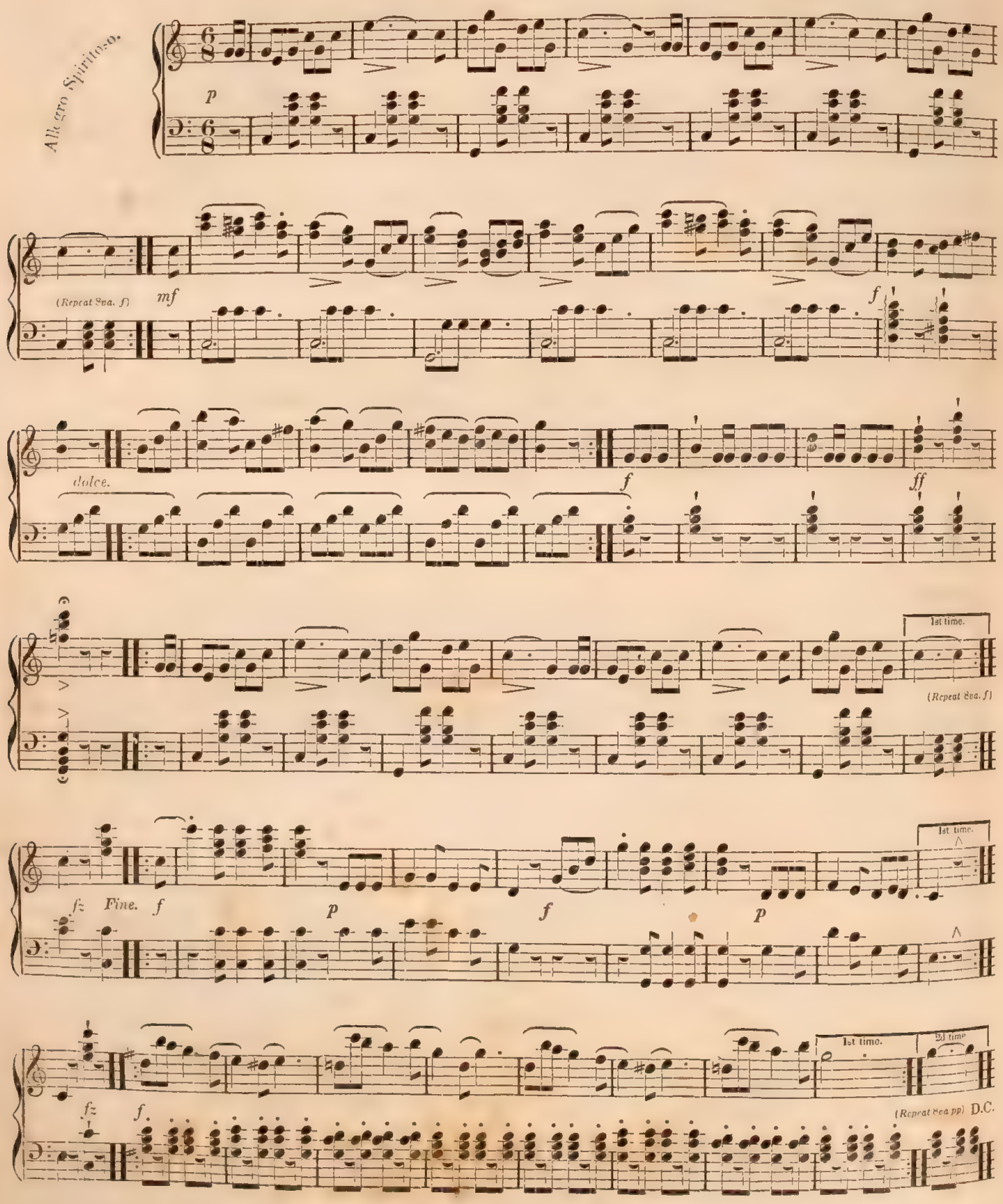
The veteran forgot
His friends were changed or gone,
The manly forms around him there
As children he had known.
He pointed to the spot
Where his dwelling used to be,
Then told his name, and smiling said,
"You now remember me."

3d Verse.

Alas! none knew him there;
He pointed to a stone
On which the name he breathed was traced,
A name to them unknown.
And then the old man wept,
"I am friendless now," cried he,
"Where I had many friends in youth,
Not one remembers me."

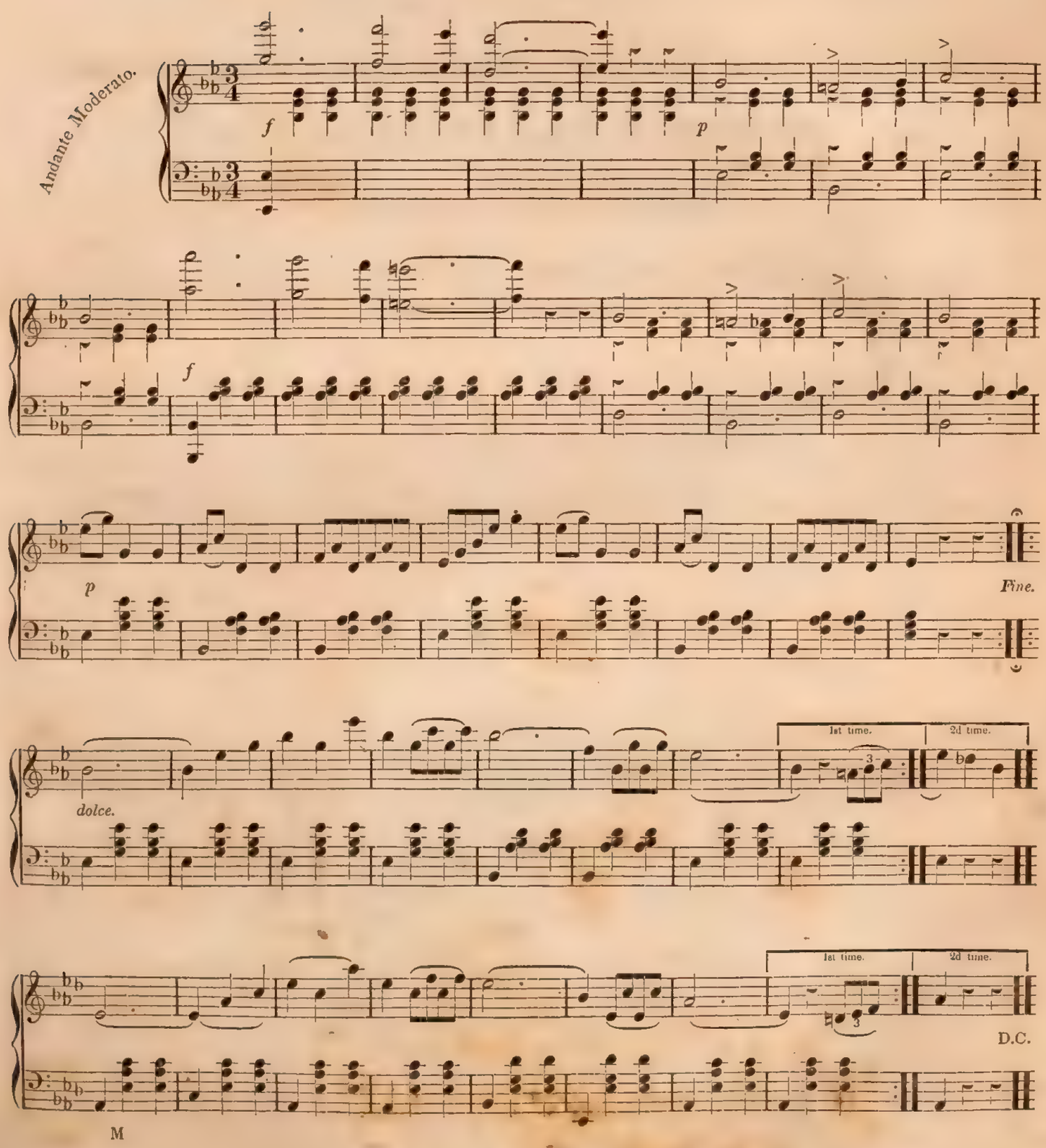
PRINCE ALBERT'S BAND MARCH.

COMPOSED BY STEPHEN GLOVER.



INAUGURATION WALTZ.

COMPOSED BY KALLIWODA.



THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS,

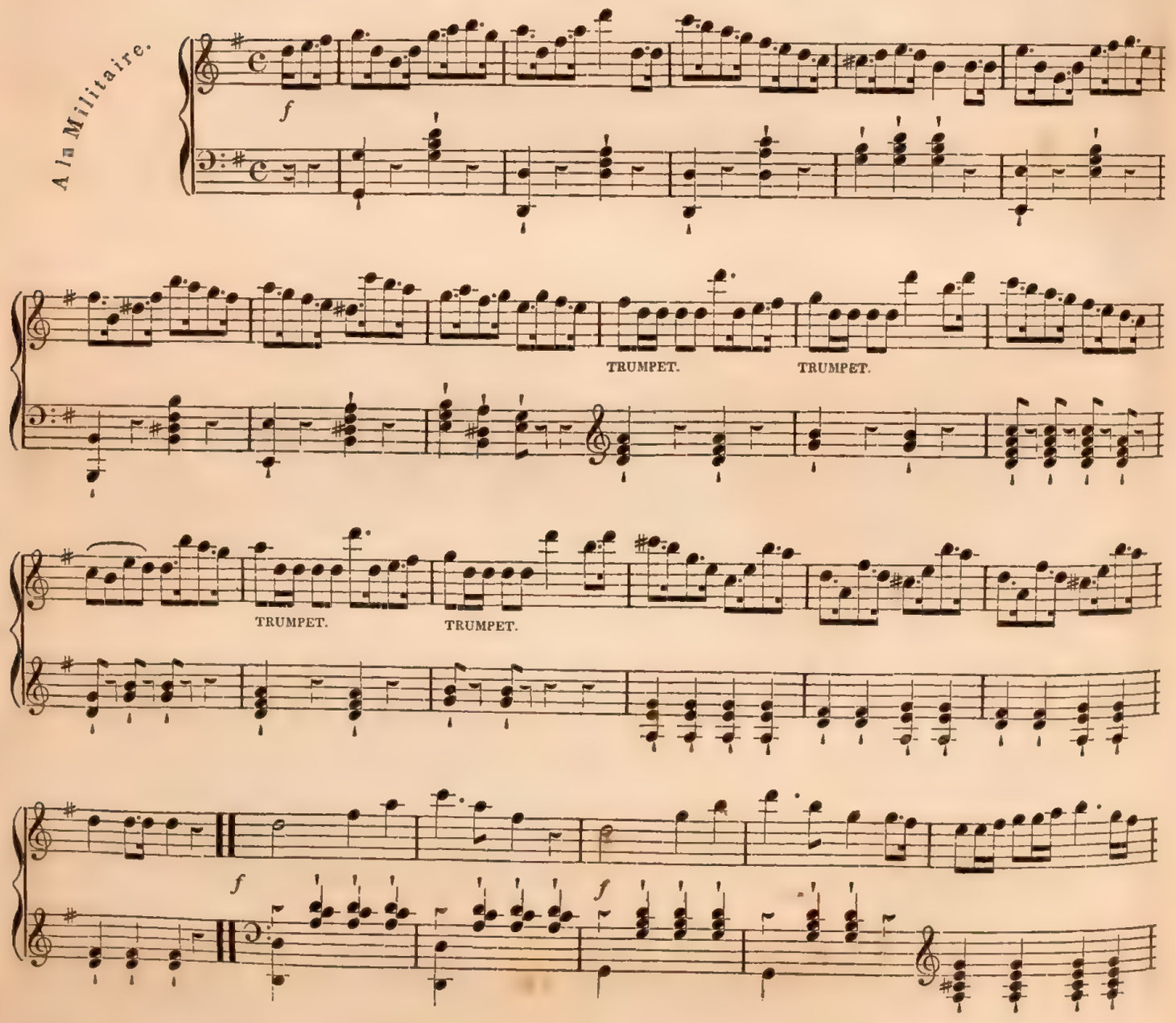
PARADE MARCH AND QUICK-STEP,

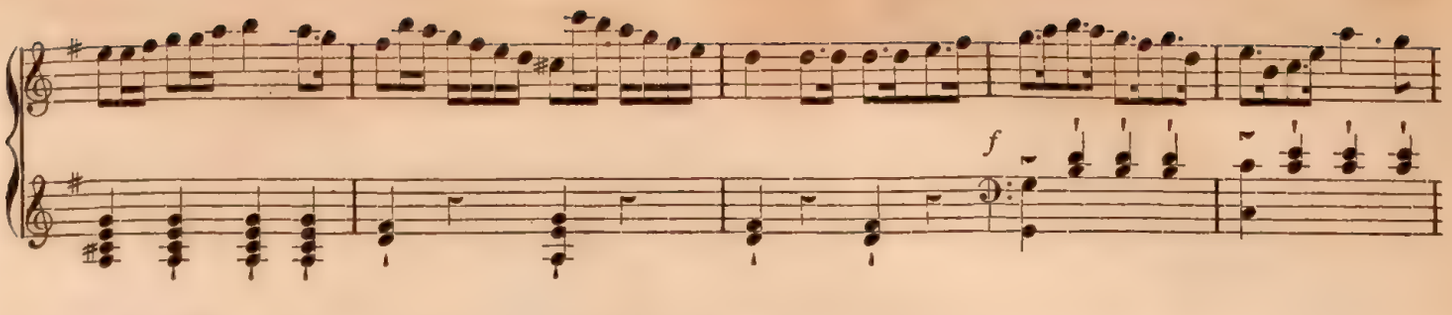
INTRODUCING RORY O'MOORE.

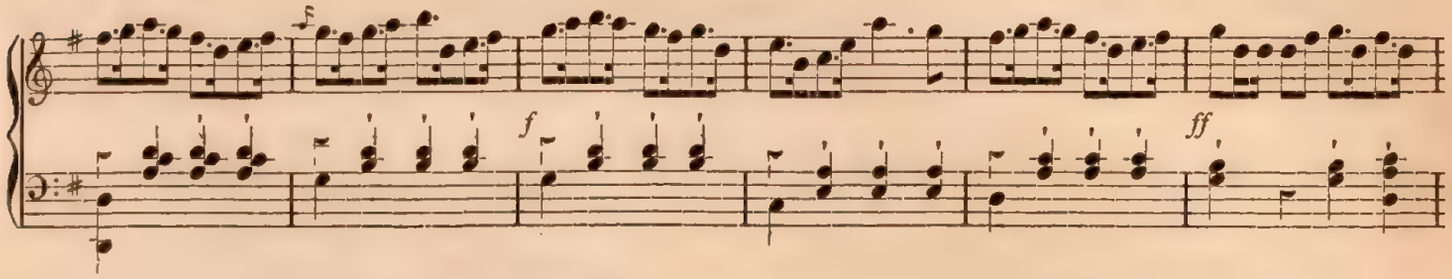
COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR, AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THEIR COMMANDER,

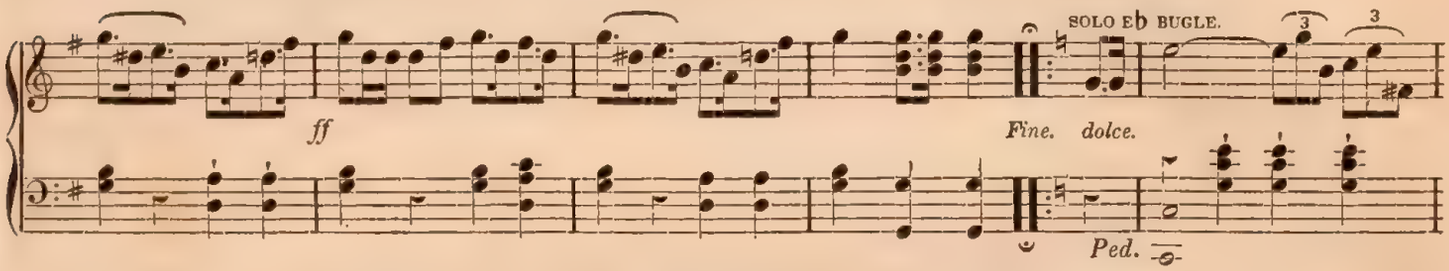
CAPTAIN JAMES GOODMAN.

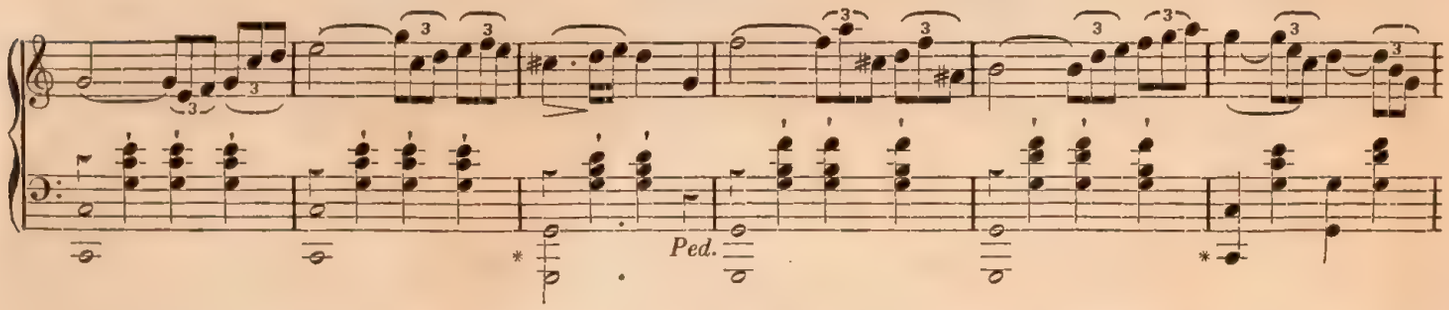
BY FRANCIS JOHNSON.

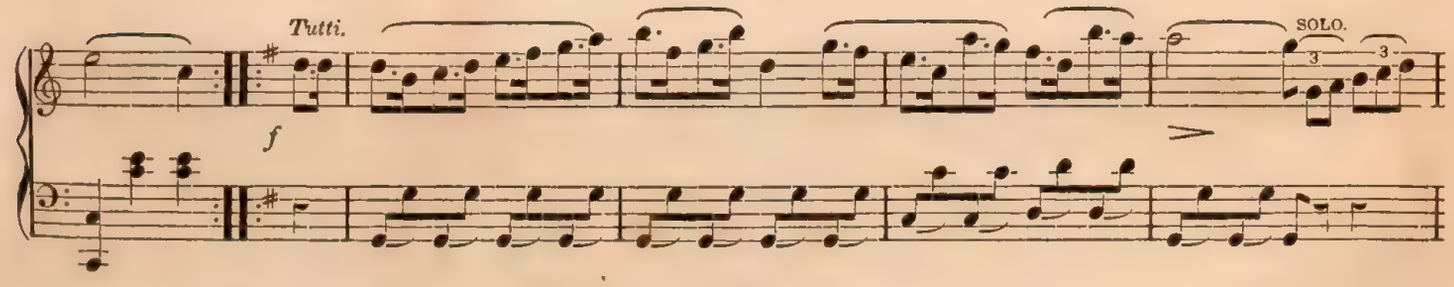


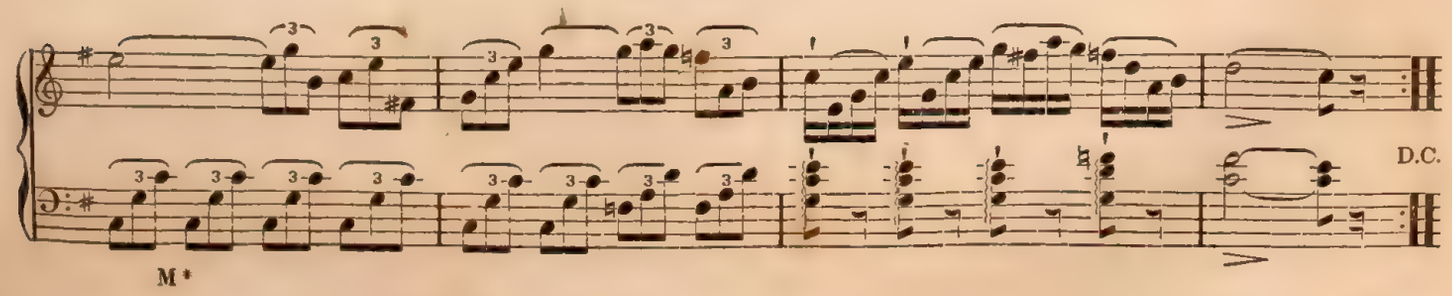

f


f
ff

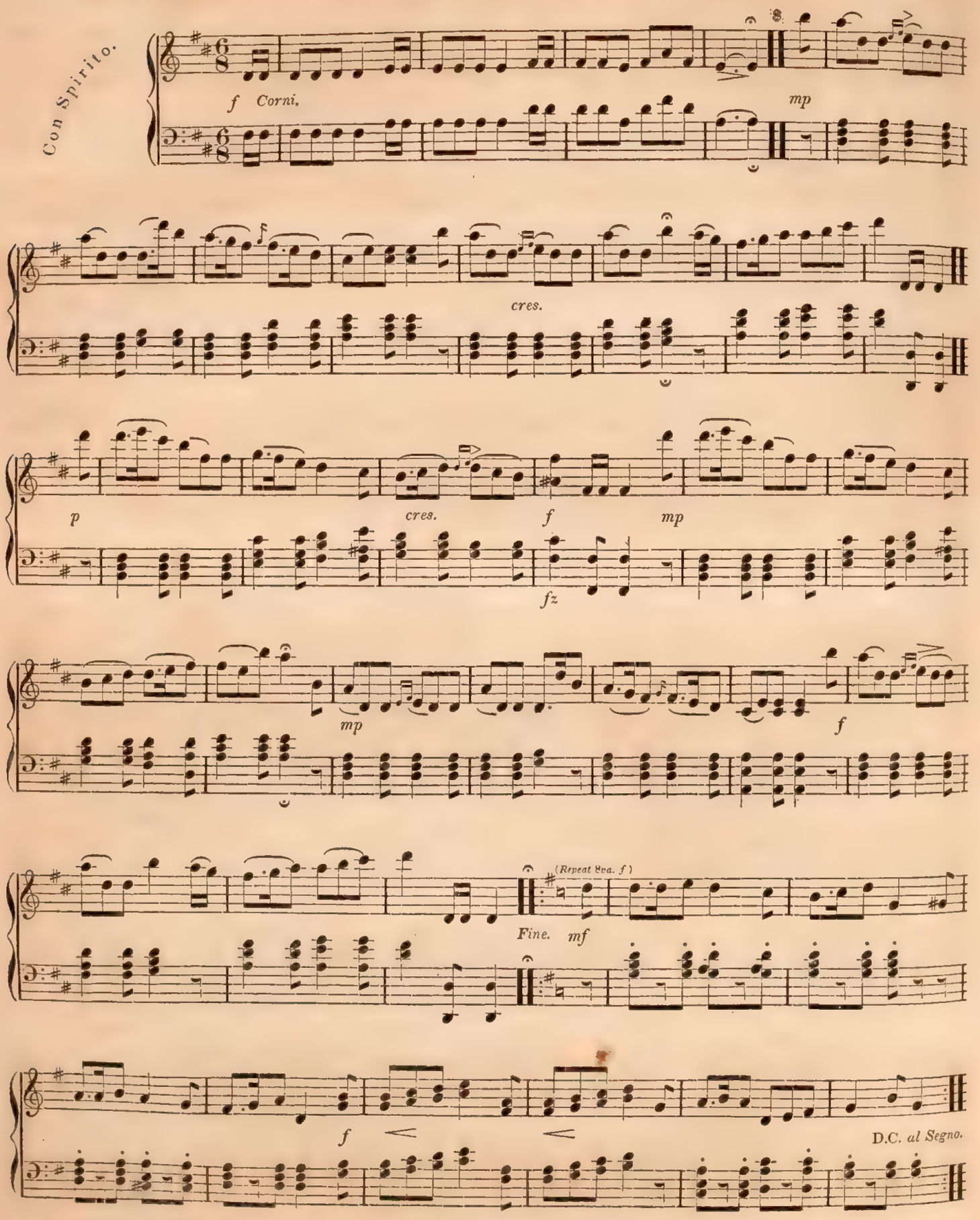

ff
SOLO Eb BUGLE.
Fine. dolce.
Ped.


Ped.


Tutti.
f
SOLO.


D.C.
M*

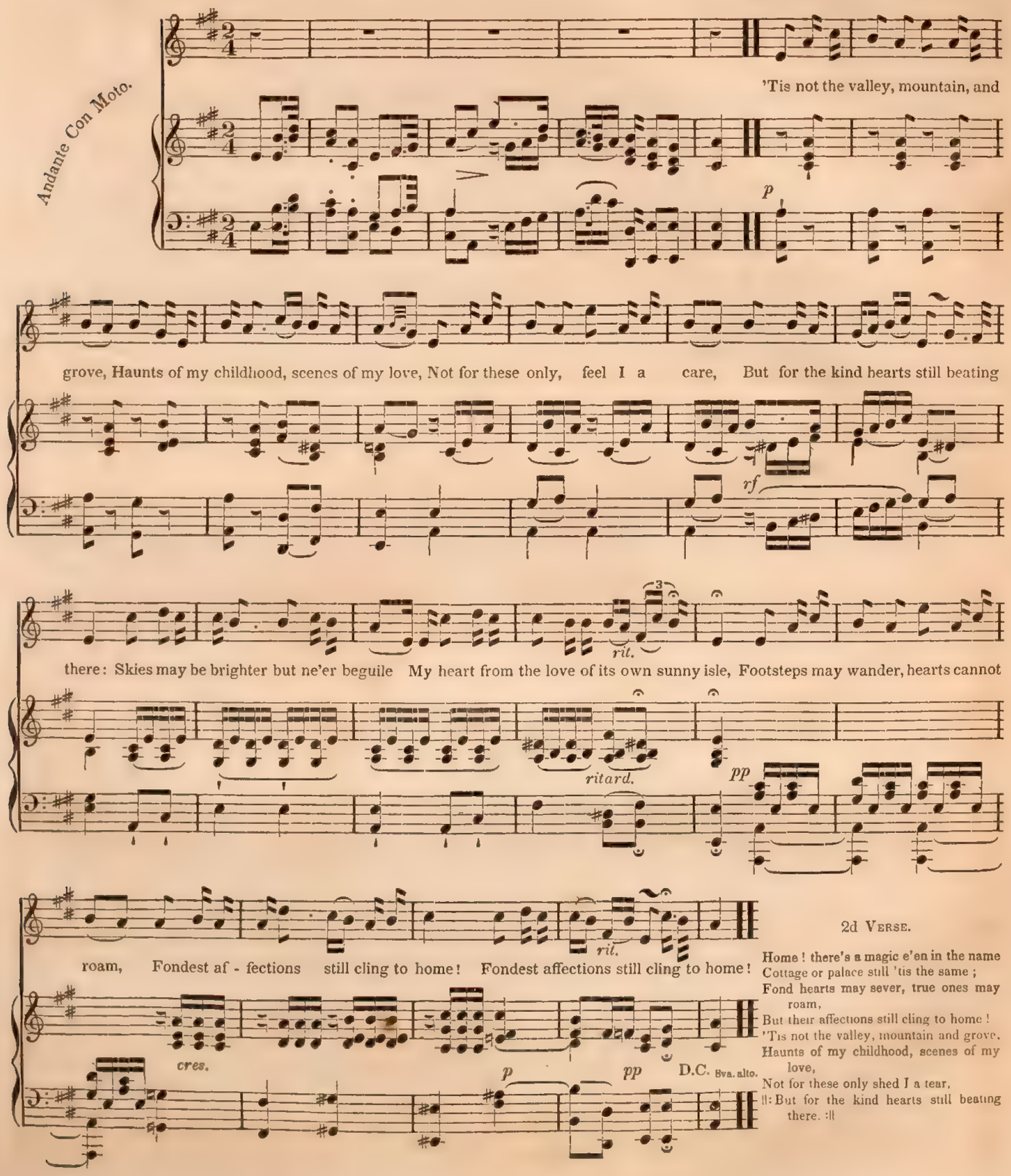
MICKEY FREE'S QUICK-STEP.



FONDEST AFFECTIONS STILL CLING TO HOME.

FROM THE OPERA OF THE AMBASSADRESS.

COMPOSED BY D. F. E. AUBER.



2d Verse.

Home! there's a magic e'en in the name
Cottage or palace still 'tis the same;
Fond hearts may sever, true ones may roam,
But their affections still cling to home!
'Tis not the valley, mountain and grove,
Haunts of my childhood, scenes of my love,
Not for these only shed I a tear,
||: But for the kind hearts still beating there. :||

THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

Romance.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK BY M. H. R.

ARRANGED BY CHARLES JARVIS.

COMPOSED BY MADEMOISELLE LOISA PUGET.

Allegretto piu Andantino.

f *p* *mf*

p e leggiero.

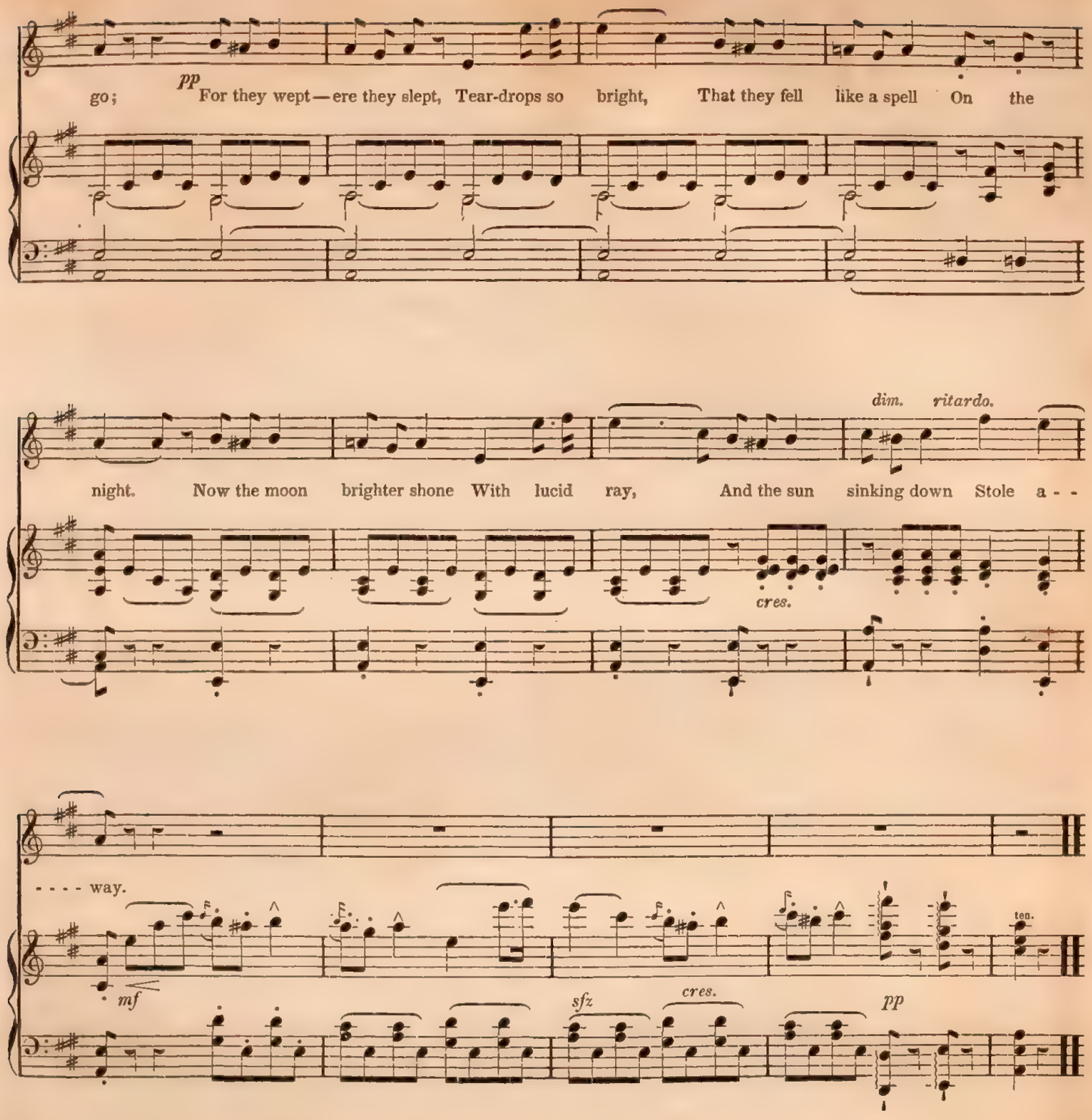
'Twas a love - ly summer's eve, And the sun was sink - ing

ten. *sfz* *p*

cres. *dim.*

low, All the flow' - rets seem'd to grieve As they saw his glo - - ries

cres. *dim.*



2d Verse.

All in vain the orb of night
  Shed her lustre far and wide—
All in vain the stars so bright
  Came out twinkling by her side,
Closely sealed o'er the field
    Each tiny cup
Dews so wet—closer yet
    Shut them up.
While the sun brightly shone
    How glad were they,
But, alas! how they pass
    Soon away.

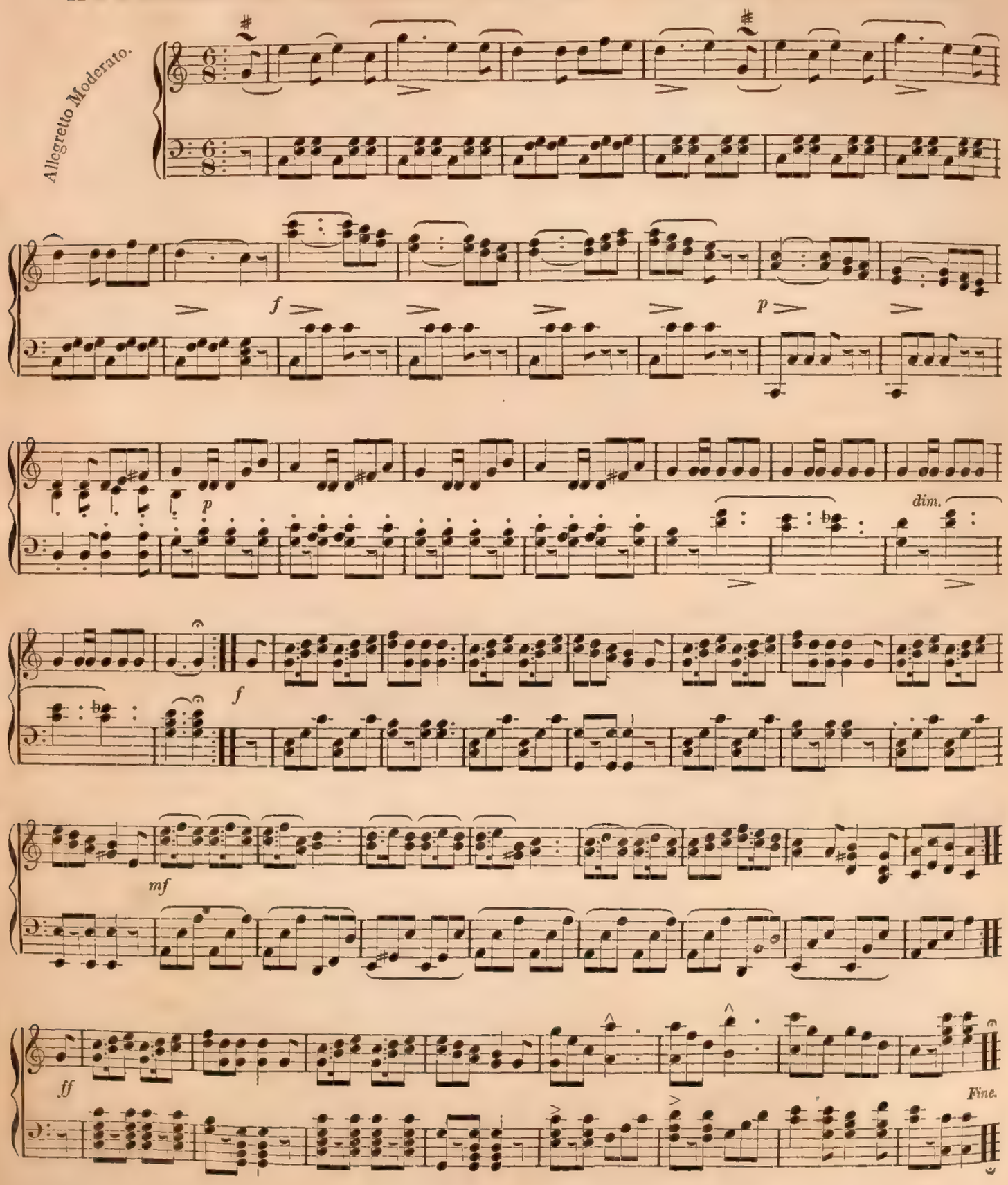
3d Verse.

But there is a simple flower
  That avoids the sunny glare,
And at this all-peaceful hour
  Sheds her fragrance in the air;
There is one—only one—
    She loves the night,
Modestly hideth she
    From the light,
Winning one, let us shun
    Like thee the glare
Seek for worth not in earth,
    'T is not there.

LA CHASSE.

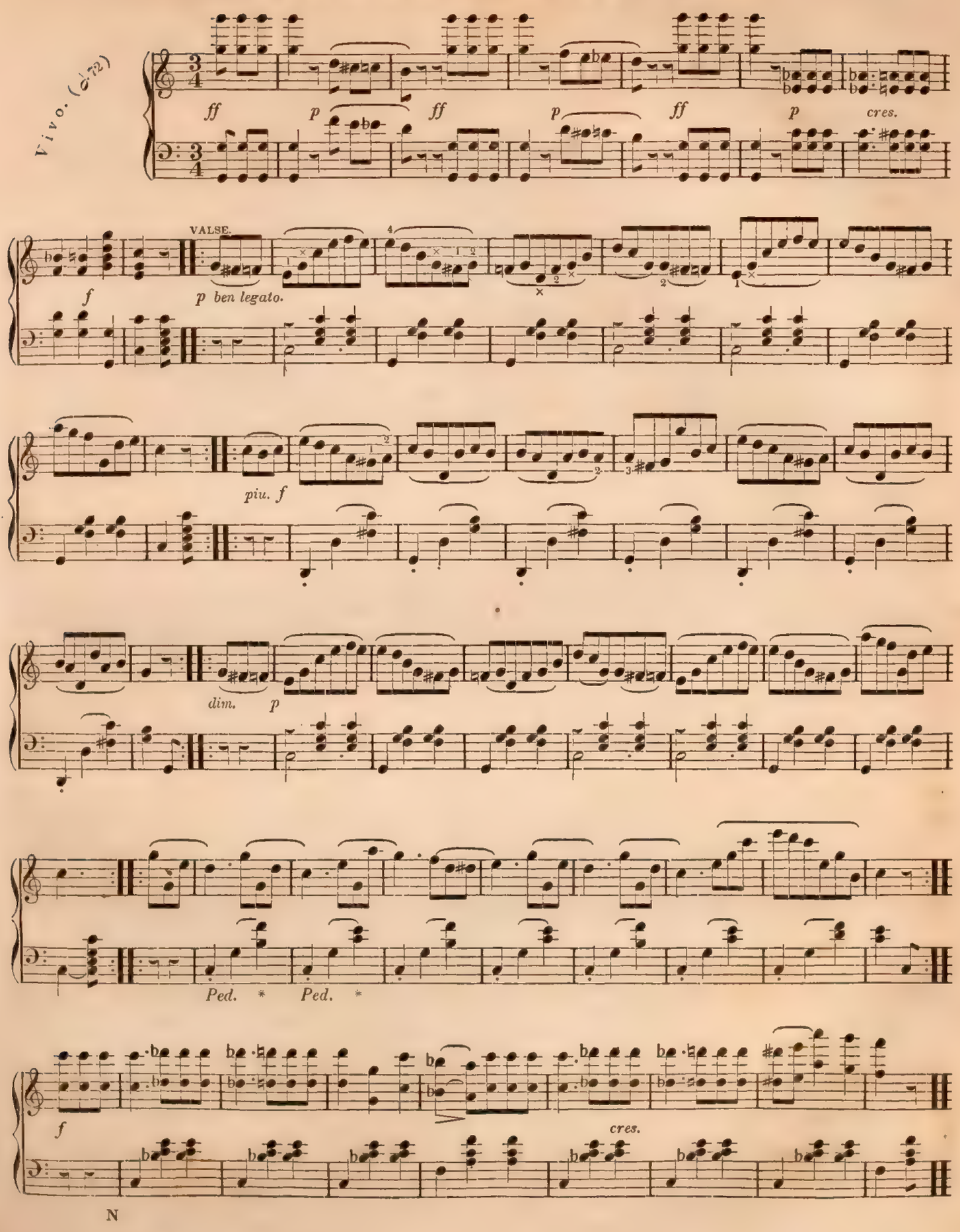
FROM THE CELEBRATED OPERA OF ZANETTA.

ARRANGED BY CHARLES JARVIS.—COMPOSED BY AUBER.



GISELLE WALTZ.

F. BURGMÜLLER.



SONG OF THE TEE-TOTALLER.

WRITTEN BY THE REV. GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D.D.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO LEWIS C. LEVIN, ESQ.

BY CHARLES JARVIS.

[FROM THE LADY'S MUSICAL LIBRARY.]

A TEMPO DI MARCIA.

Animato e Moderato.

mf *vigoroso.*

cres.

Let others praise the ru - by bright In the red wine's sparkling

Fine. *marcato.* *cres.*

glow, But dearer to me is the diamond light Of the fountain's clearer flow: The feet of earthly

p sotto voce. *p*

men have trod The juice from the bleeding vine, But the stream comes pure from the hand of God To fill this cup of mine.

f *cres.*

TREBLE. (1st time Solo, *mp* 2d time Chorus, *ff*)

ALTO.

Then give me the cup of cold water! The clear, sweet cup of cold water; For his arm is strong, tho' his

TENOR.

BASS.

Then give me the cup of cold water! The clear, sweet cup of cold water; For his arm is strong, tho' his

(1st time *p* 2d time *f*)

toil be long, Who drinks but the clear cold wa - ter, Who drinks but the clear cold wa - ter.

toil be long, Who drinks but the clear cold wa - ter, Who drinks but the clear cold wa - ter.

ff D.C.

2d Verse.

The dew-drop lies [in the*] floweret's cup,
How rich [is its] perfume now!
[And the] fainting Earth with joy looks up,
When Heaven sheds rain [on her] brow:
The brook goes forth with a pleasant voice
To gladden the vale along,
And the bending trees on her banks rejoice,
To hear her quiet song:
Then give me the cup of cold water!
The clear, sweet cup of cold water;
For bright is his eye, and his spirit high,
Who drinks but the clear cold water!

3d Verse.

The lark soars up [with a] lighter strain
When the wave has washed her wing,
[And the] steed flings back his 'thundering mane'
In might [of the] crystal spring:
This was the drink of Paradise,
Ere blight on her beauty fell,
And the buried streams of her gladness rise
In every moss-grown well:
Then here's to the cup of cold water!
The pure, sweet cup of cold water;
For Nature gives to all that lives
But a drink of the clear cold water.

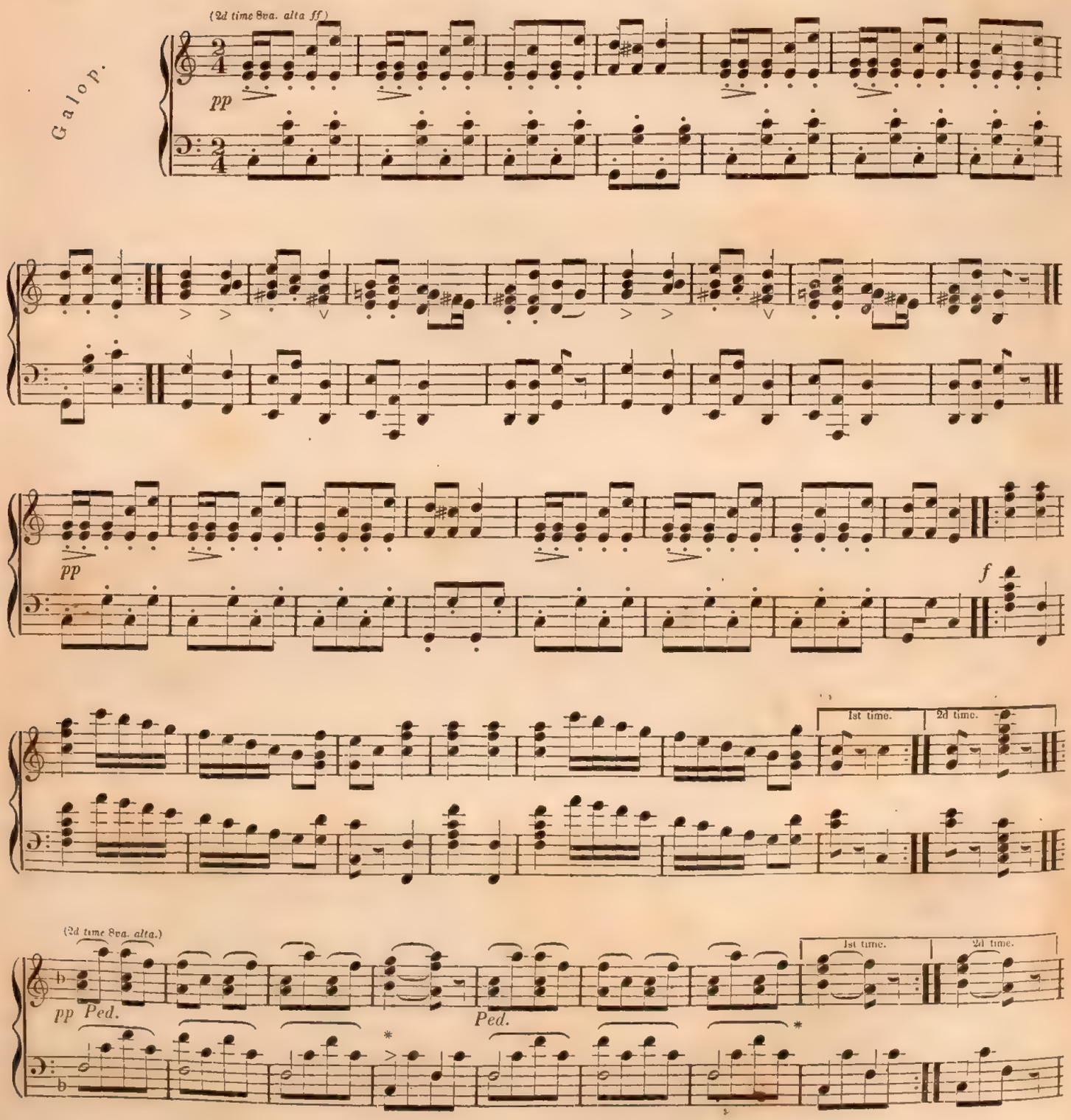
N *

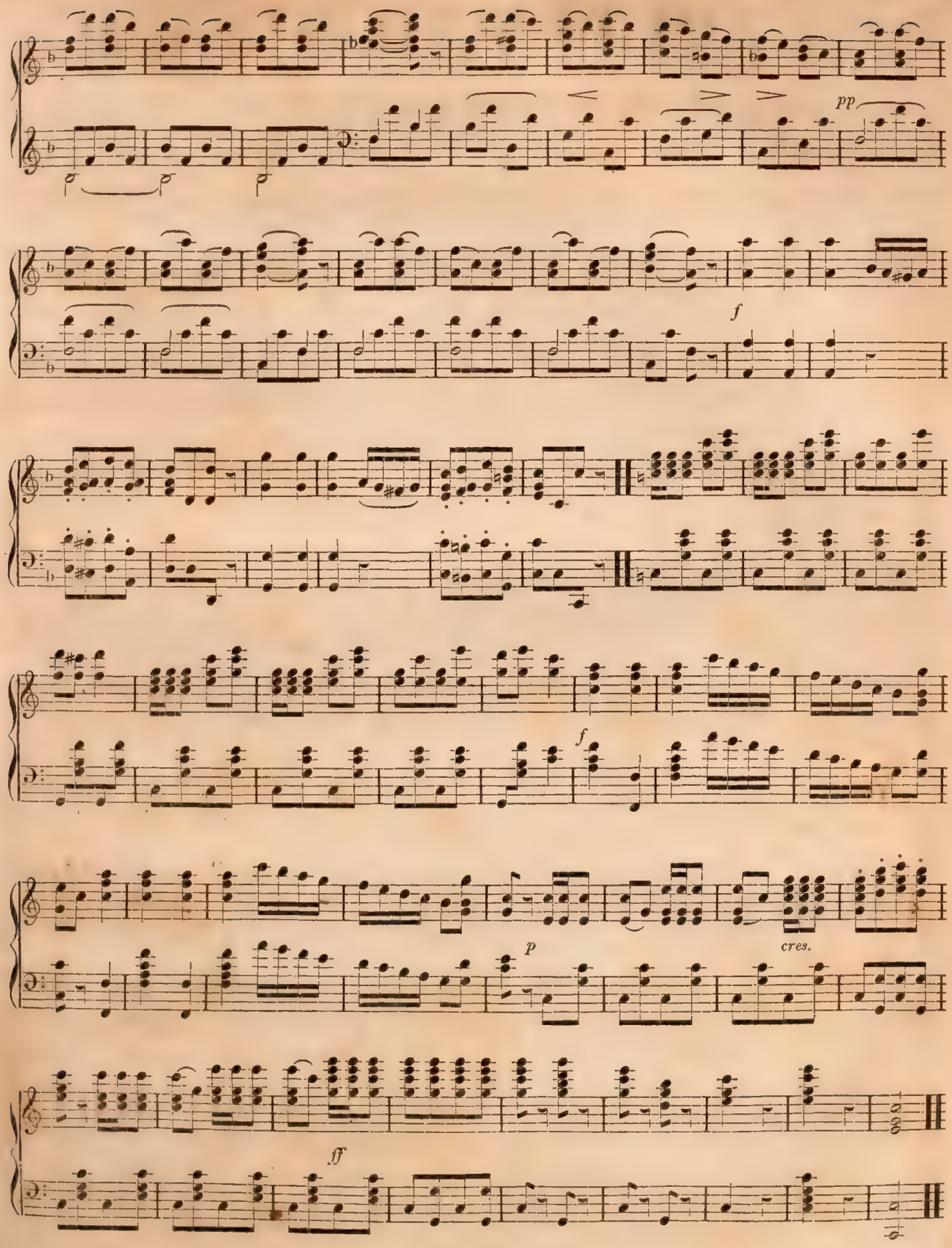
* All words enclosed thus [ ] are to be sung to one note.

GALOPADE,

FROM THE CELEBRATED BALLET GISELLE.

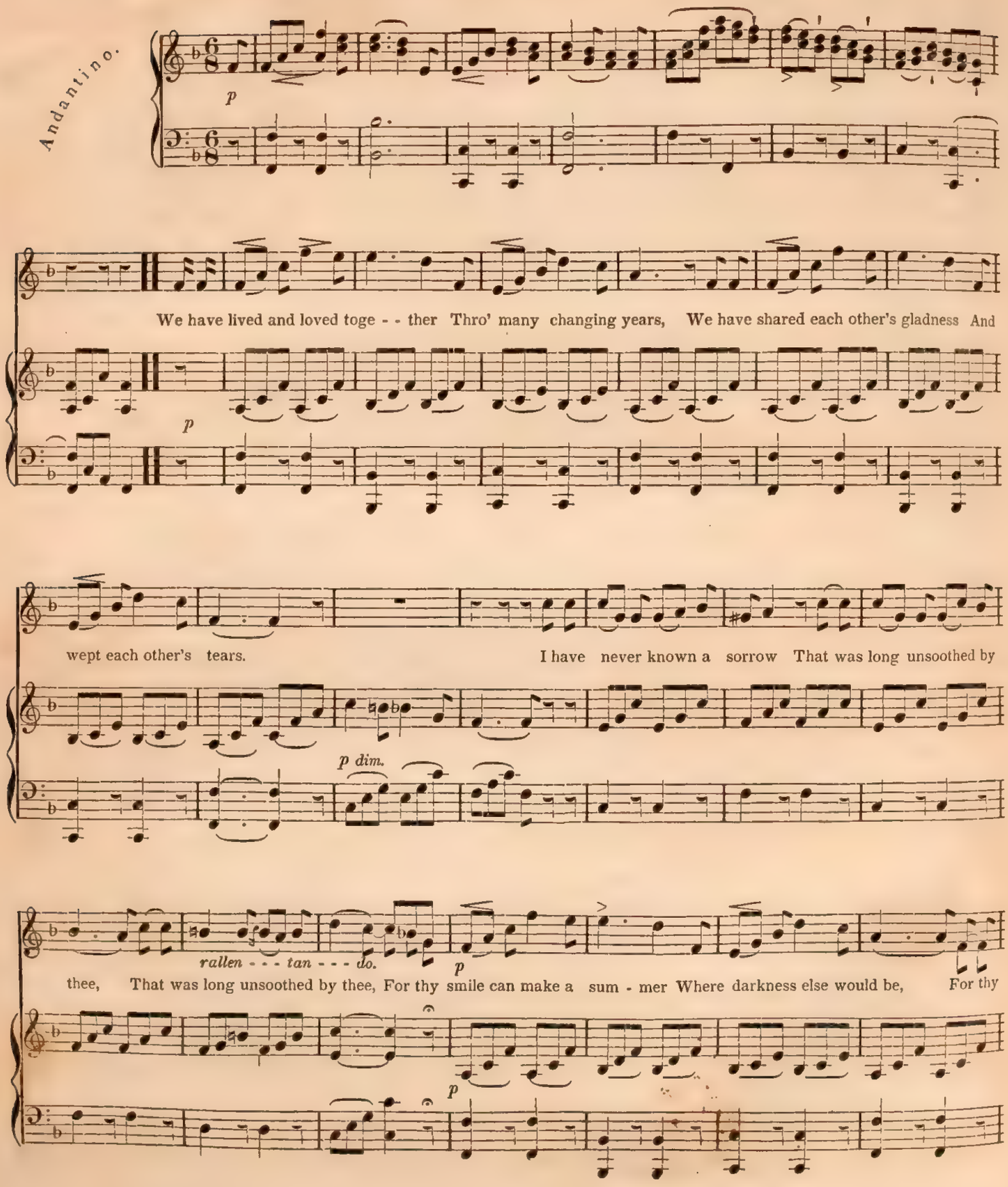
COMPOSED BY ADAM.

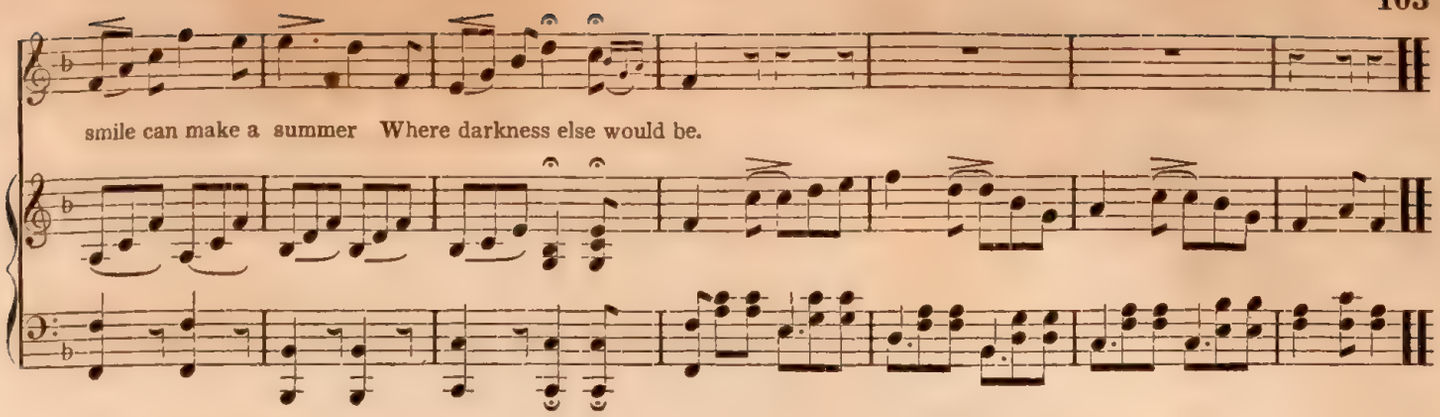



pp
f
f
p
cres.
ff

THE HAPPY COUPLE.

COMPOSED BY HENRI HERZ.





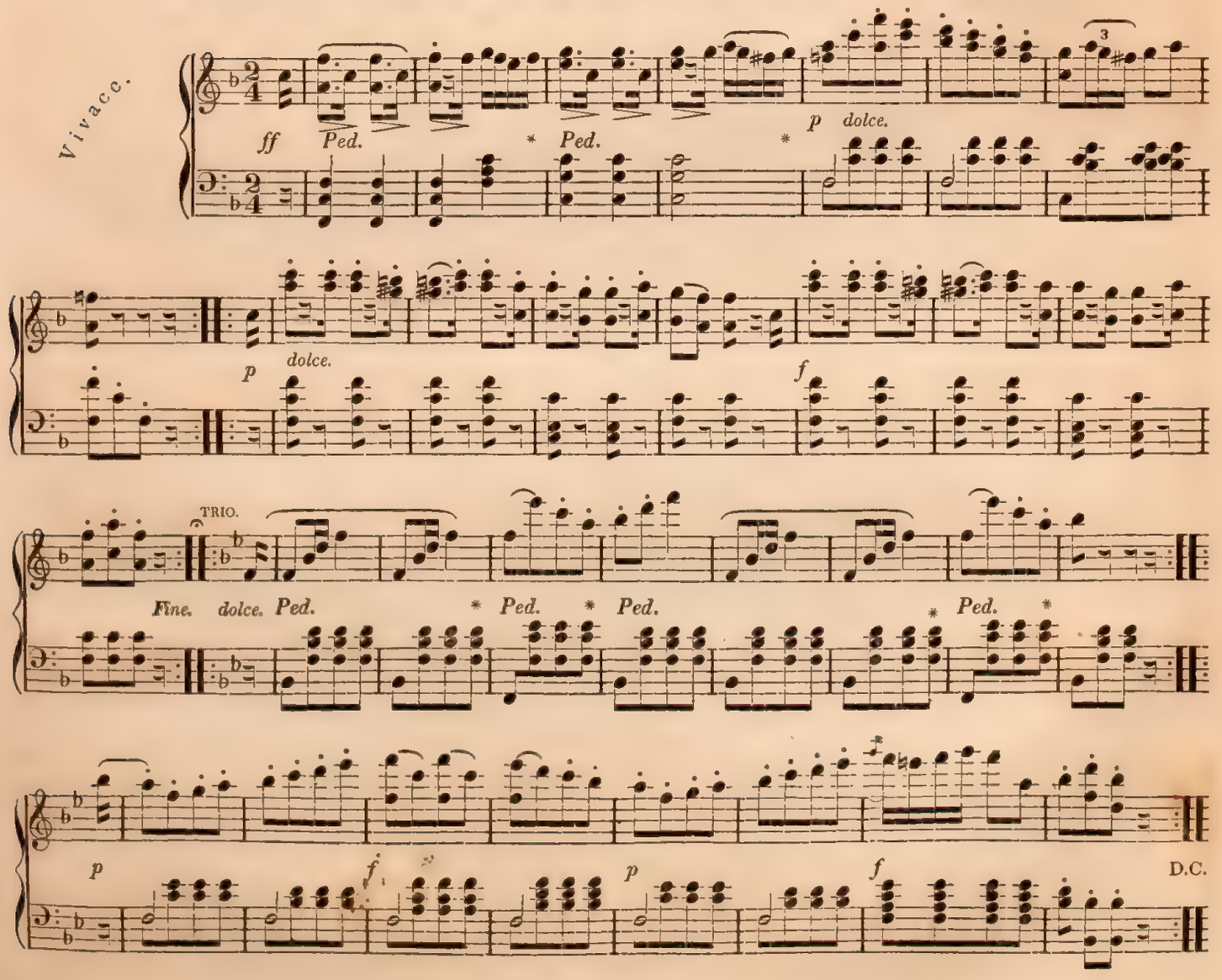
2d Verse.

Like the leaves that fall around us
In Autumn's fading hours,
Are the traitor-smiles that darken
When the cloud of sorrow low'rs.
And tho' many such we've known, love,
:||: Too prone, alas! to range :||:
We both can speak of one, love,
Whom Time could never change.

3d Verse.

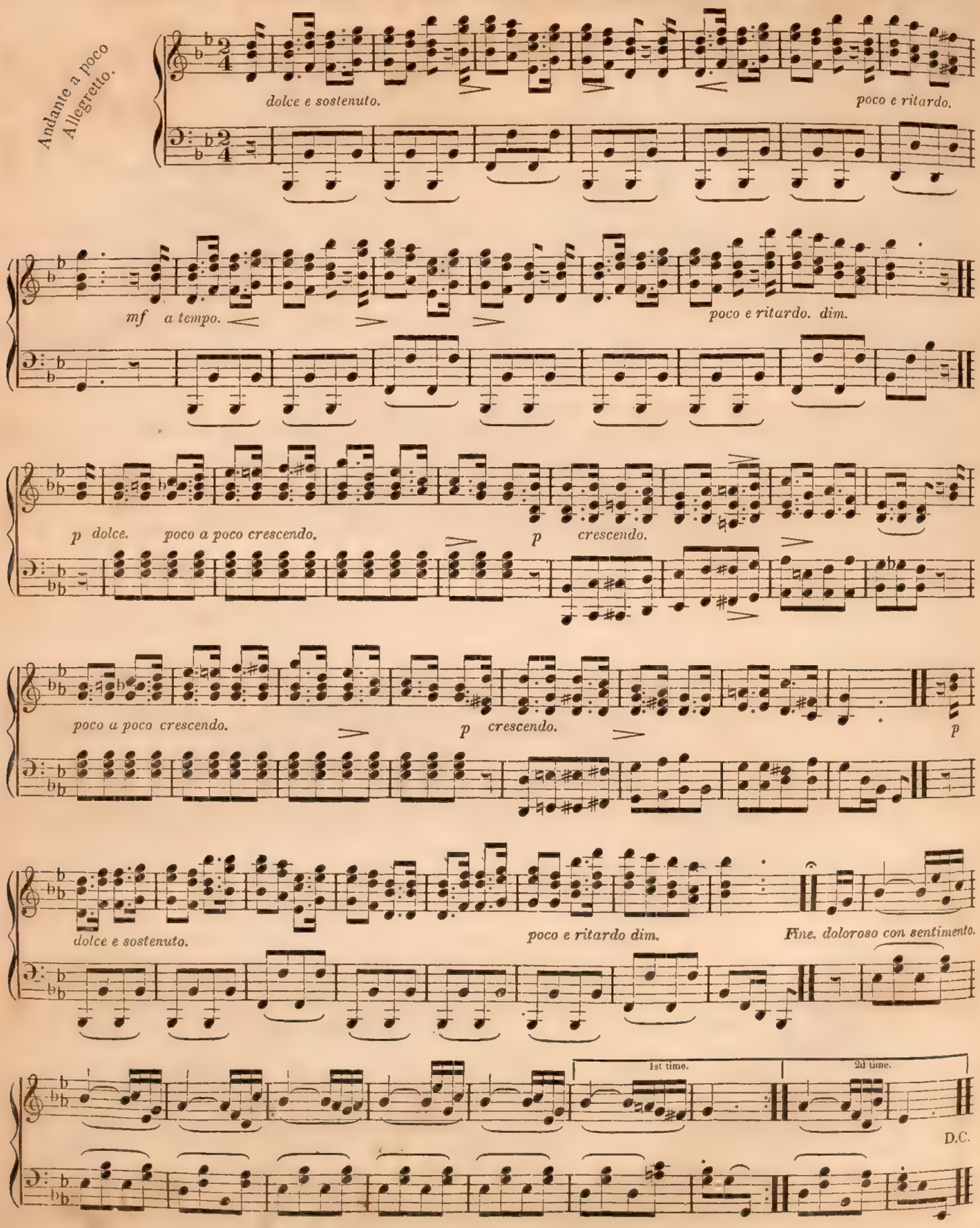
We have lived and loved together
Through many changing years,
We have shared each others' gladness,
And wept each other's tears,
And let us hope the future,
:||: As the past has been, will be, :||:
I will share with thee thy sorrows,
And thou thy joys with me.

THE PRATER GALOPADE.



THE REMEMBRANCE OF HOME.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK, BY CHARLES JARVIS.



POOR BIRD.

THE POLISH HARP-GIRL'S SONG,

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE HARP OR PIANO FORTE,

AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

Mrs. Dr. R. H. Cabell, of Richmond, Va.

BY MRS. C. G. BURKE.

Andantino Affettuoso.

mp *rit.* *dim.* *tempo.* *mf*

At dawn of day its ma - - tin lay - A bird all blithe - - ly sung and

p

ad lib. *tempo.* *ad lib.*

gay; Ere noon its song had died a - way; Poor, poor bird.

colla voce. *tempo.* *dolce.*

cres. 8va *loco* *rit.* *dim.*

O

2d Verse.

It has no nest to take its rest,
It roves all harmless and unblest,
Far from the spot it loves the best,
Poor bird.

3d Verse.

Its wings wave slow, they weary grow,
Its wounded heart is sick and low,
Is there no resting-place for woe!
Poor bird.

MY MOTHER DEAR.

Ballad.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.

Tenderly.

p *mf* *p*

There was a place in child - hood that I remember well, And there, a voice of

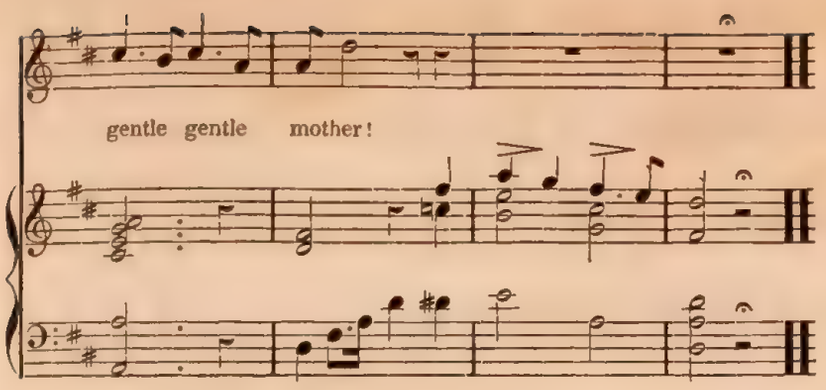
dim. *rall.* *p*

sweetest tone, bright fairy tales did tell, And gen - tle words and fond embrace were giv'n with joy to me, When

p *cres.* *p*

molto espress.

I was in that happy place, Up - on my mother's knee. My mother dear! My mother dear! My



2d Verse.

When fairy tales were ended, "good night," she softly said,
And kiss'd and laid me down to sleep within my tiny bed,
And holy words she taught me there, methinks I yet can see
Her angel eyes, as close I knelt beside my mother's knee,
Oh mother dear! — Oh mother dear!
My gentle gentle mother!

3d Verse.

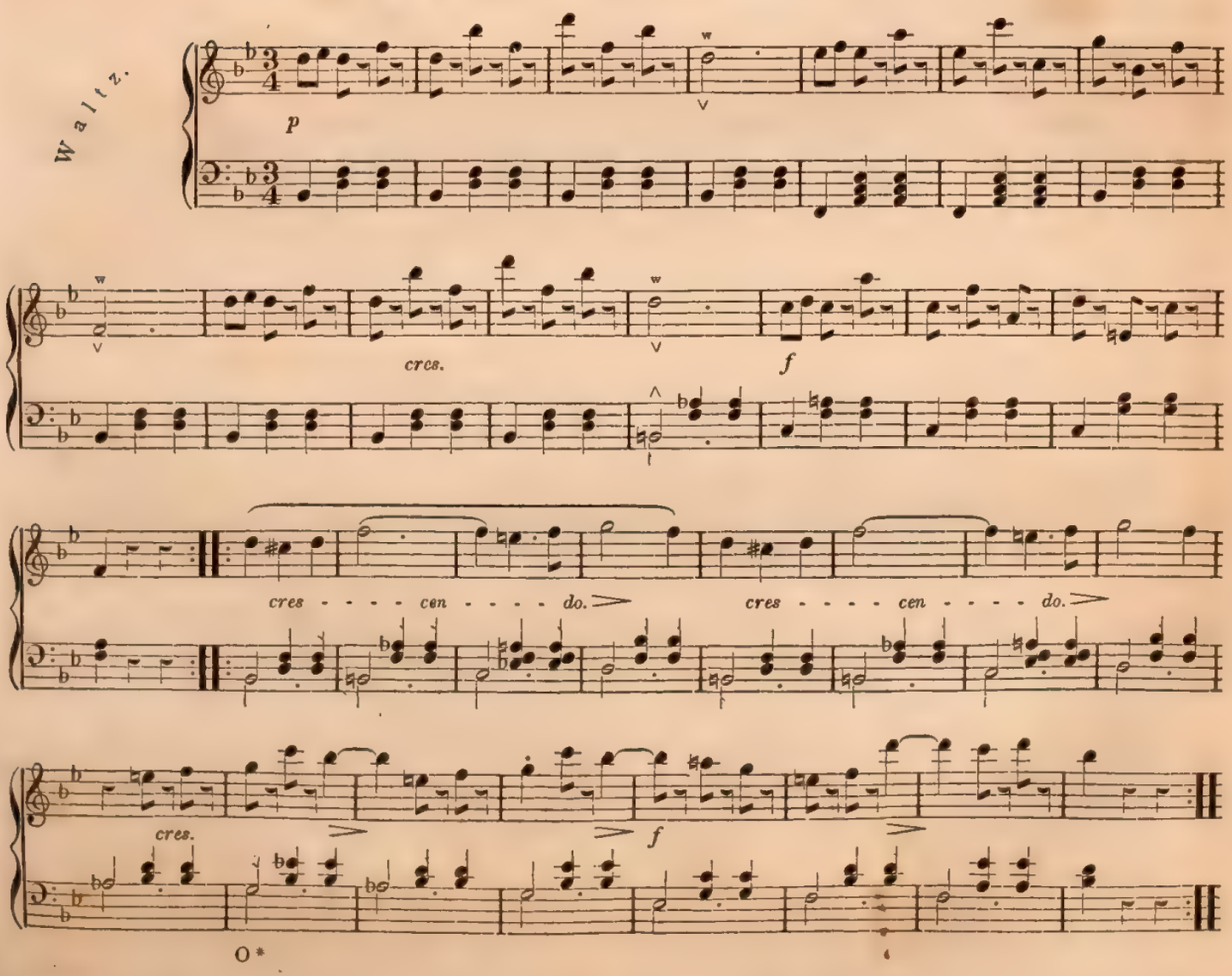
In the sickness of my childhood, the perils of my prime,
The sorrows of my riper years, the cares of ev'ry time,
When doubt or danger weigh'd me down, then pleading all for me,
It was a fervent pray'r to Heav'n that bent my mother's knee,
My mother dear! — My Mother dear!
My gentle gentle mother!

THE LEMON BLOSSOM WALTZ.

SELECTED FROM THE "LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS."

(DISCRETION.)

COMPOSED BY LANNER.

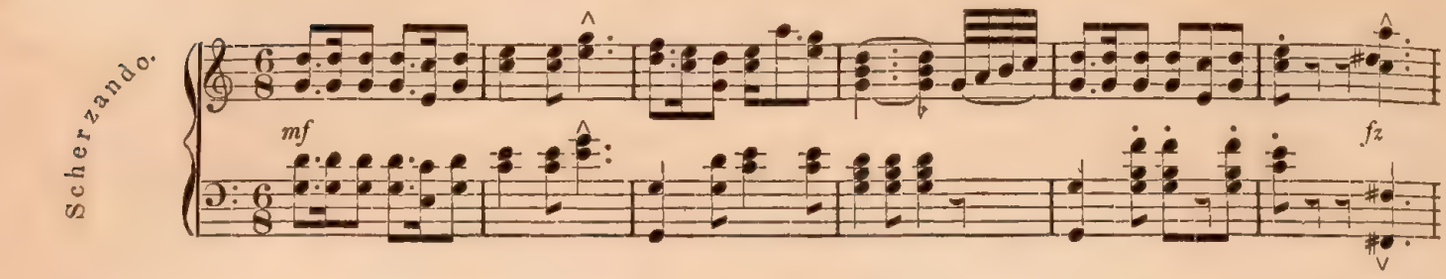


WIDOW MALONE.

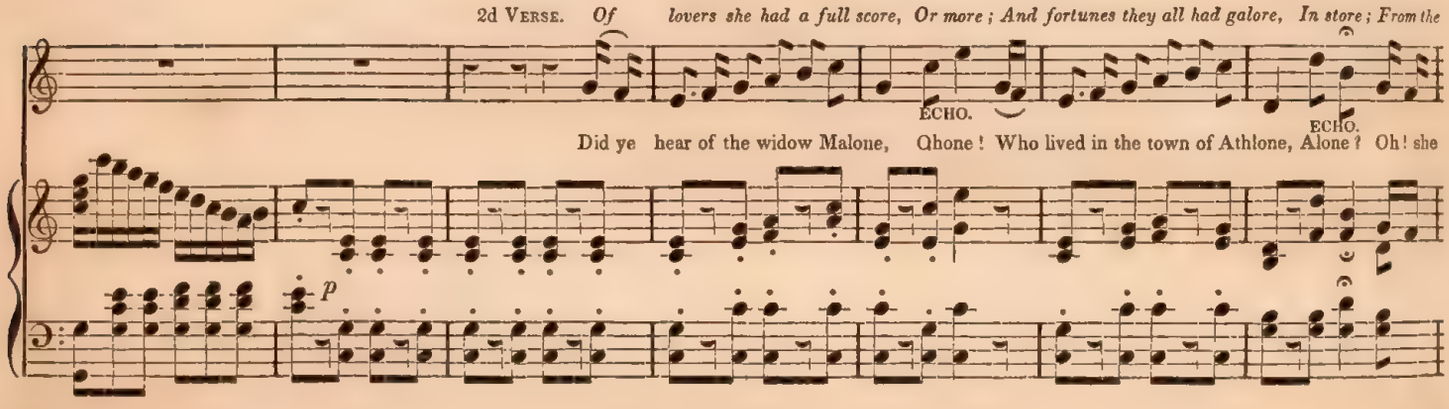
A SONG, FROM CHARLES O'MALLEY, THE IRISH DRAGOON.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE, BY

CHARLES JARVIS.

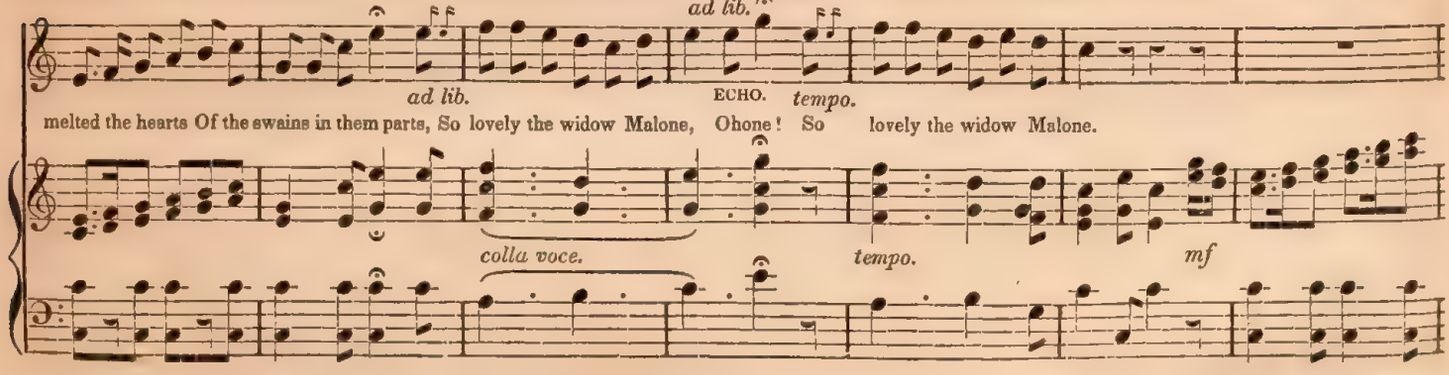


2d VERSE. *Of lovers she had a full score, Or more; And fortunes they all had galore, In store; From the*

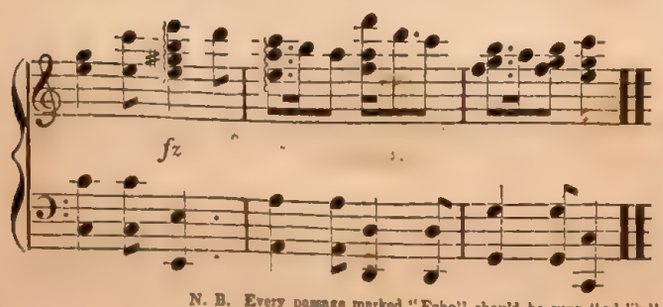


Did ye hear of the widow Malone, Ohone! Who lived in the town of Athlone, Alone? Oh! she

minis - ter down To the clerk of the town, All were courting the widow Malone, Ohone! All were courting the widow Malone.



melted the hearts Of the swains in them parts, So lovely the widow Malone, Ohone! So lovely the widow Malone.



N. B. Every passage marked "Echo" should be sung "ad lib."

3d VERSE.

But so modest was Mrs. Malone,
'T was known
No one ever could see her alone.
Ohone!
Let them ogle and sigh,
They could ne'er catch her eye,
So bashful the widow Malone,
Ohone!
So bashful the widow Malone.

4th VERSE.

'Till one Mister O'Brien from Clare,
How quare!
It's little for blushin' they care
Down there;
Put his arm round her waist,
Gave ten kisses, at laste,
'Oh!' says he, 'you're my Molly Malone,
My own;'
'Oh!' says he, 'you're my Molly Malone.'

5th VERSE.

The widow they all thought so shy,
My eye!
Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh.
For why?
But 'Lucius,' says she,
'Since you've made now so free,
You may marry your Mary Malone,
Ohone!
You may marry your Mary Malone.'

6th VERSE.

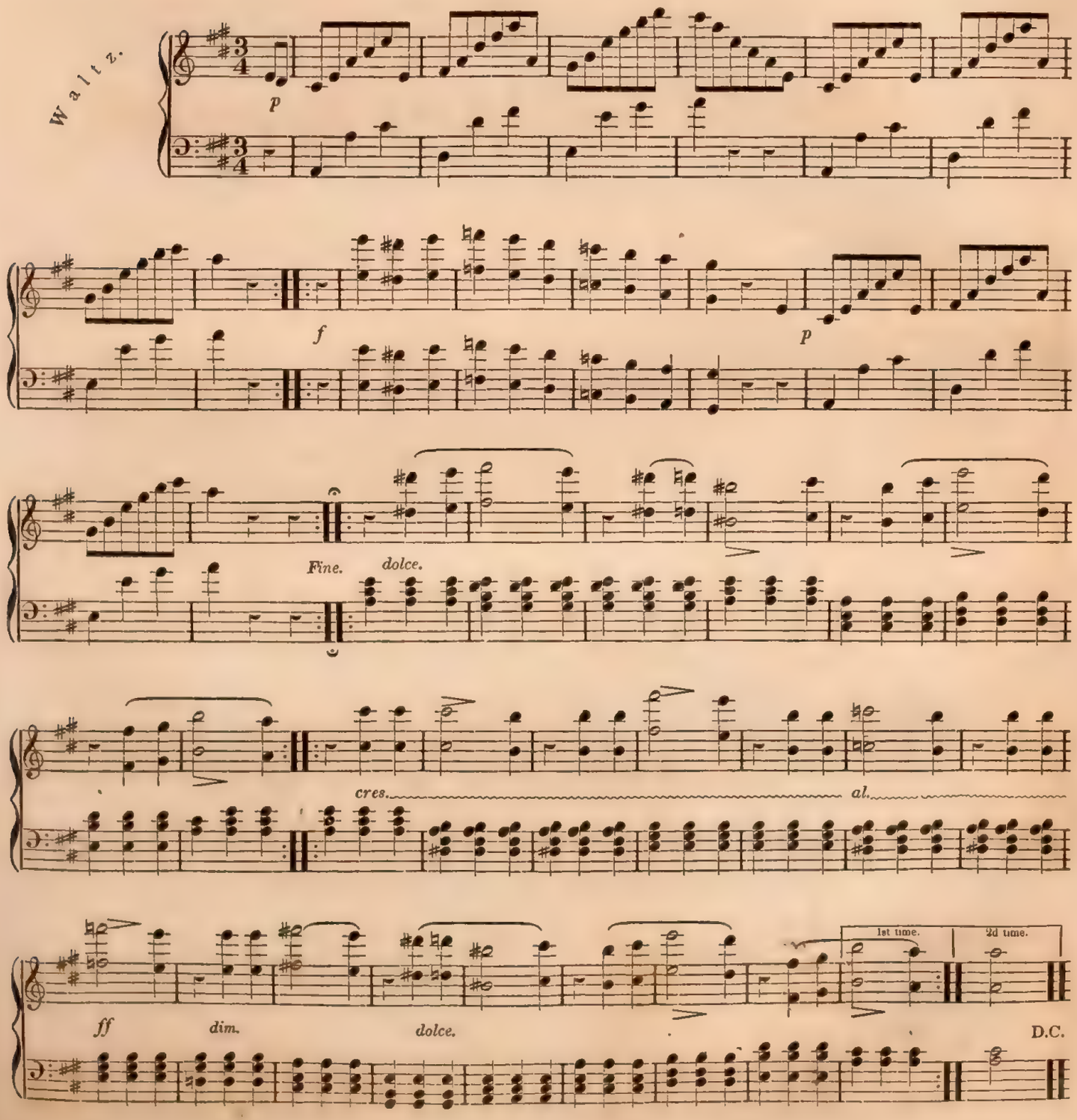
"There's a moral contain'd in my song,
Not wrong;
And one comfort it's not very long,
But strong;
If for widows you die,
Larn to *kiss*, not to *sigh*;
For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone,
Ohone!
For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone.

BEETHOVEN'S DREAM.

Waltz.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE BY

BEETHOVEN.

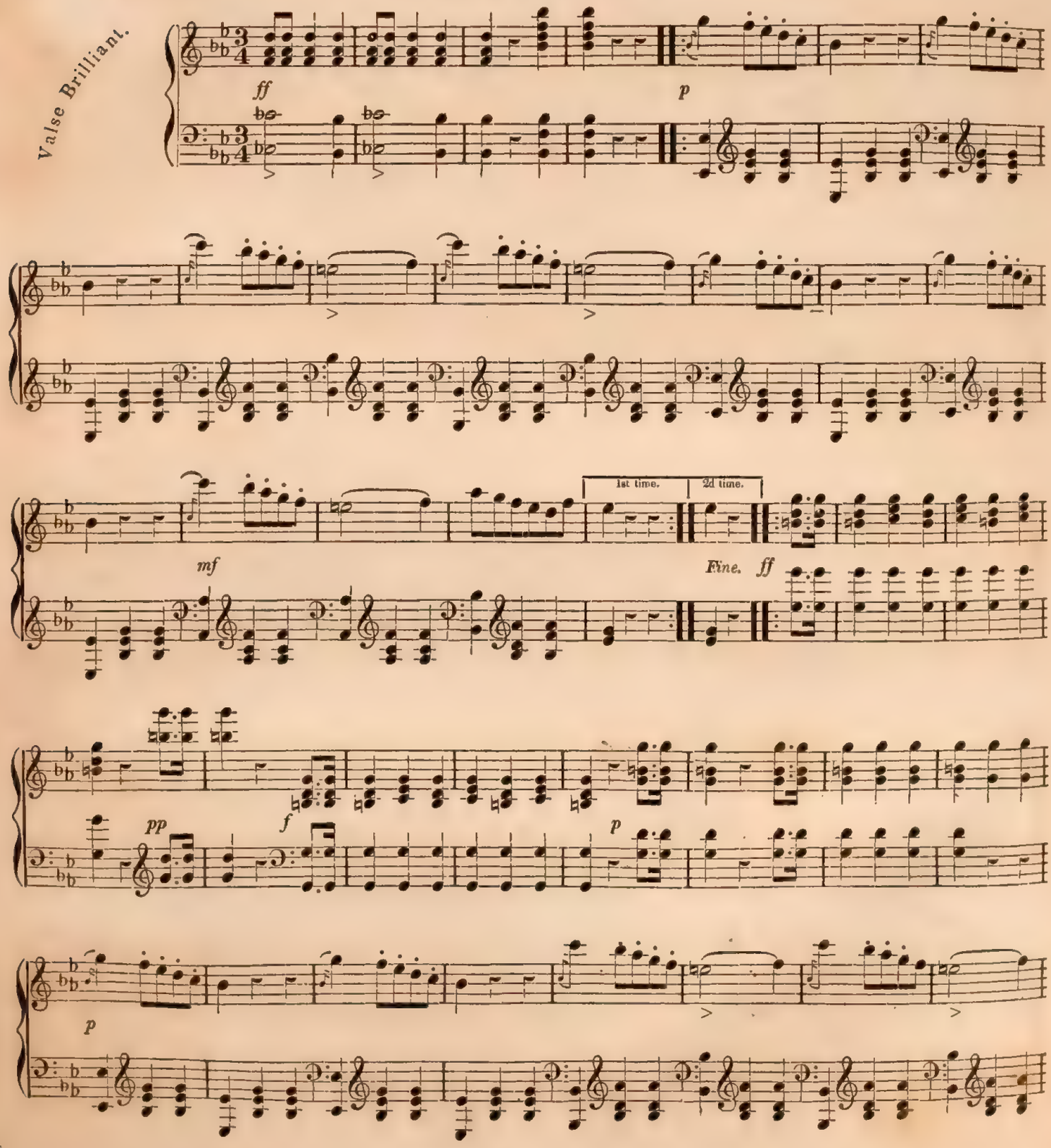


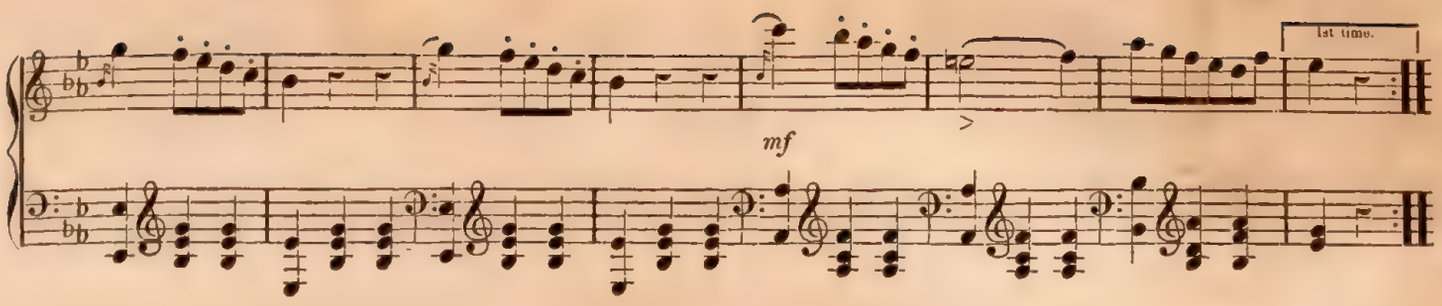
THE MAY WALTZ.

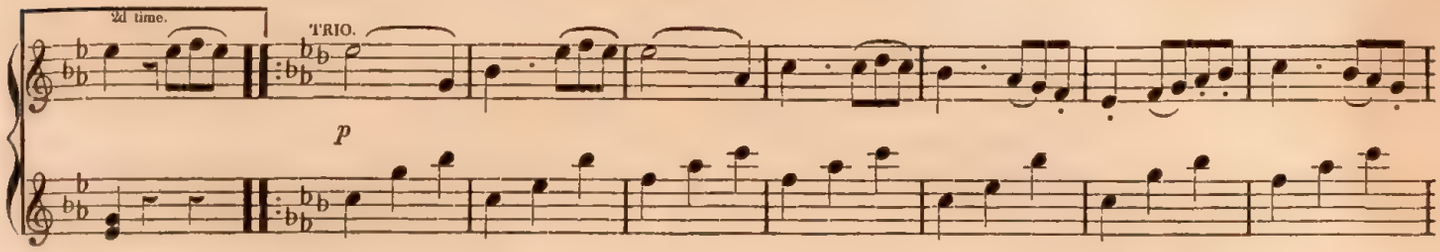
COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK, AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

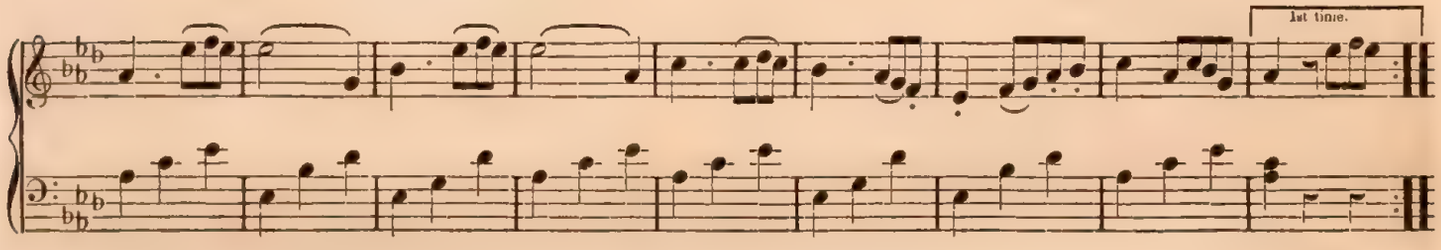
TO MISS HARRIET A. PIGMAN.

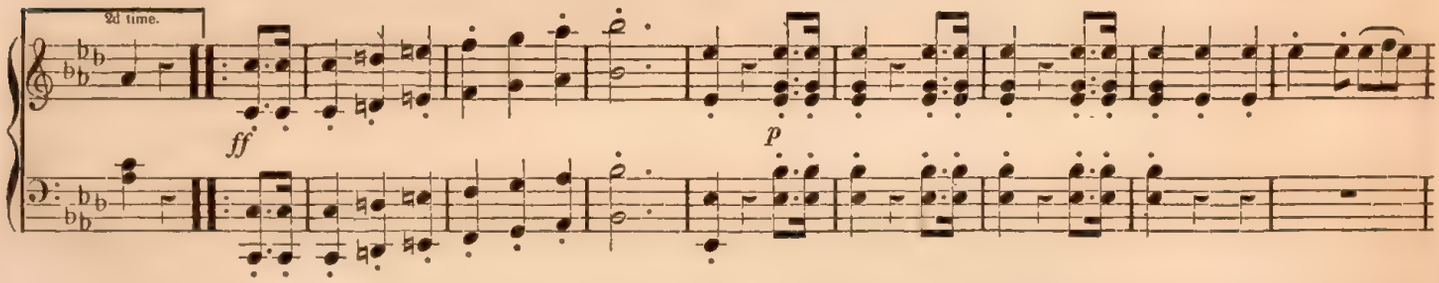
BY M. WIESEL.

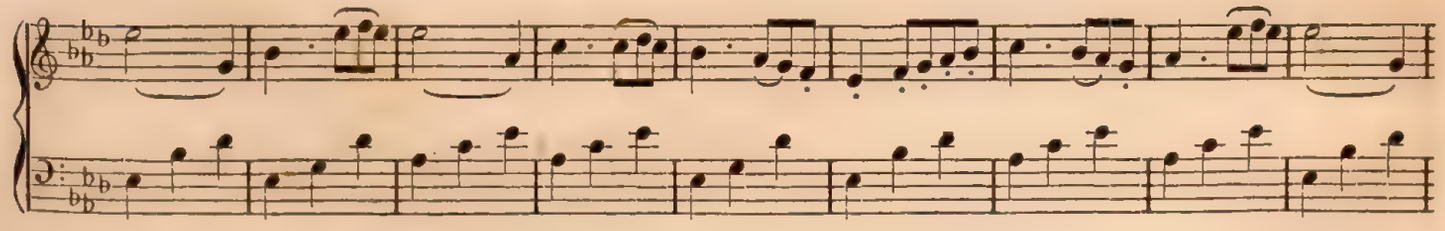


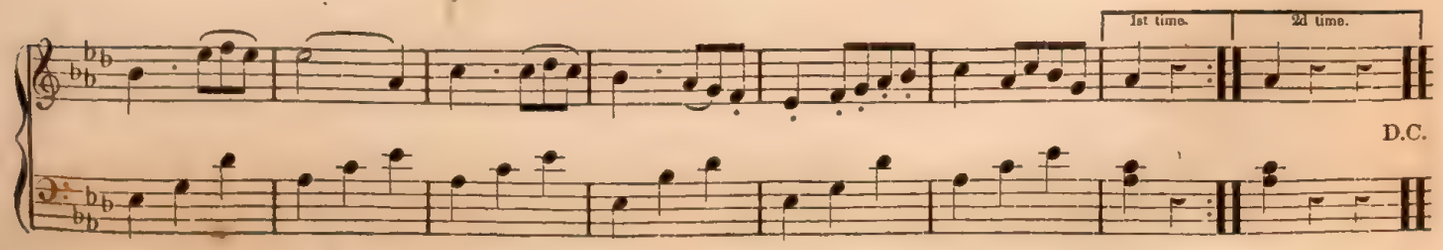

1st time.
mf


2d time.
TRIO.
p


1st time.


2d time.
ff
p

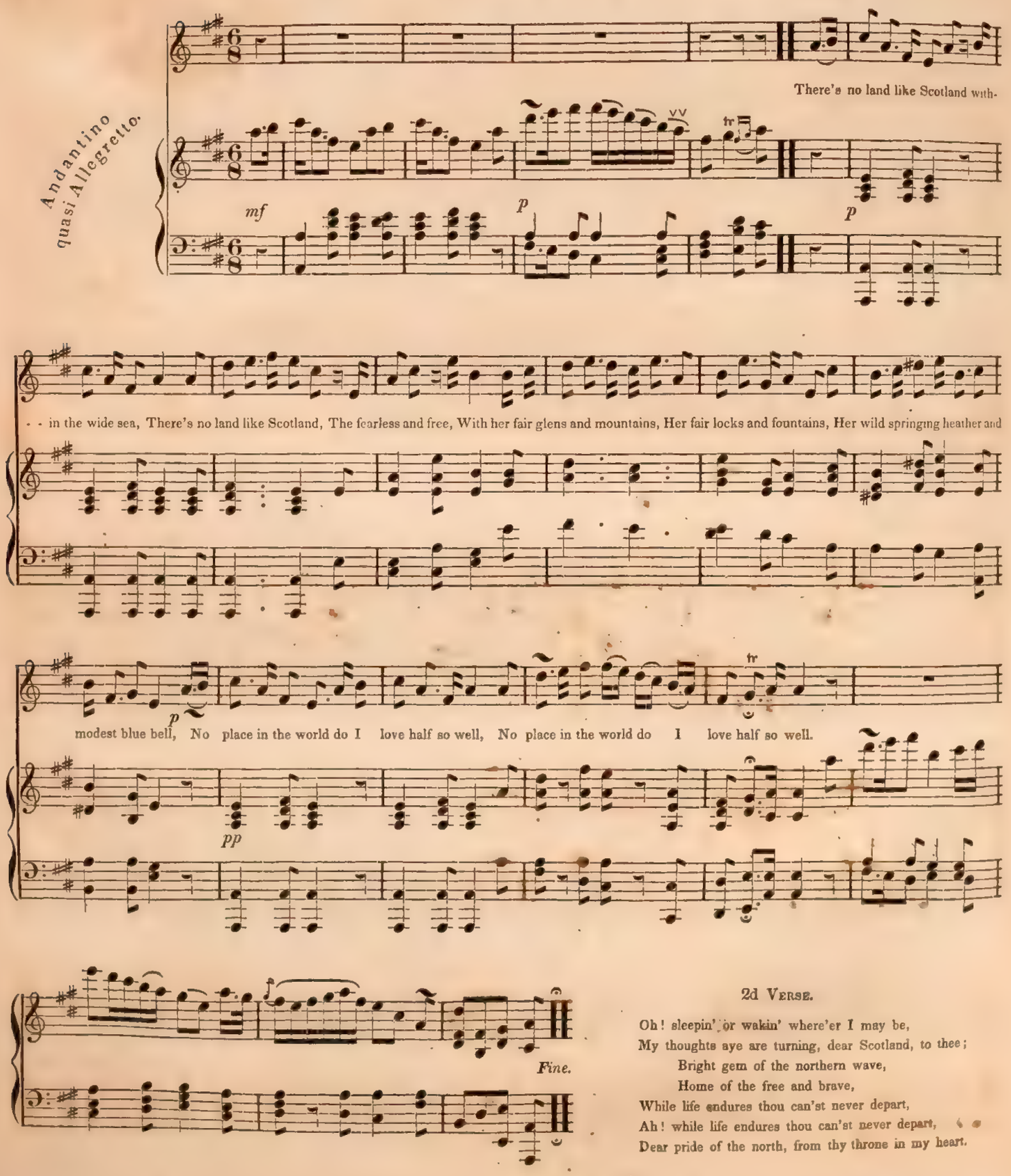



1st time.
2d time.
D.C.

THERE'S NO LAND LIKE SCOTLAND.

A Ballad.

COMPOSED BY EDWARD J. LODER.



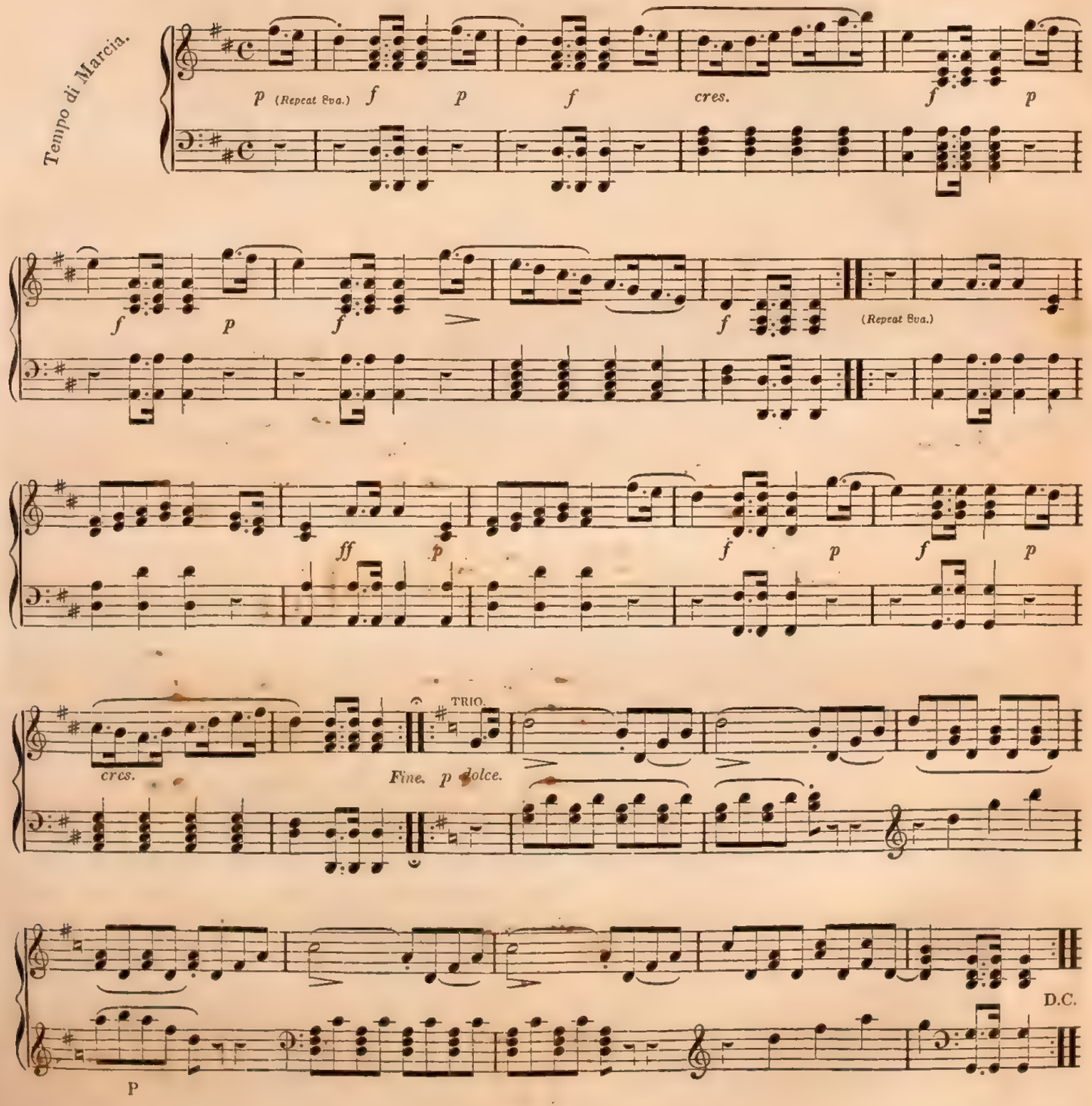
2d Verse.

Oh! sleepin' or wakin' where'er I may be,
My thoughts aye are turning, dear Scotland, to thee;
Bright gem of the northern wave,
Home of the free and brave,
While life endures thou can'st never depart,
Ah! while life endures thou can'st never depart,
Dear pride of the north, from thy throne in my heart.

WOODSTOCK MARCH.

Respectfully Dedicated to

MISS E. T. LATIMER, BY THE AUTHOR.



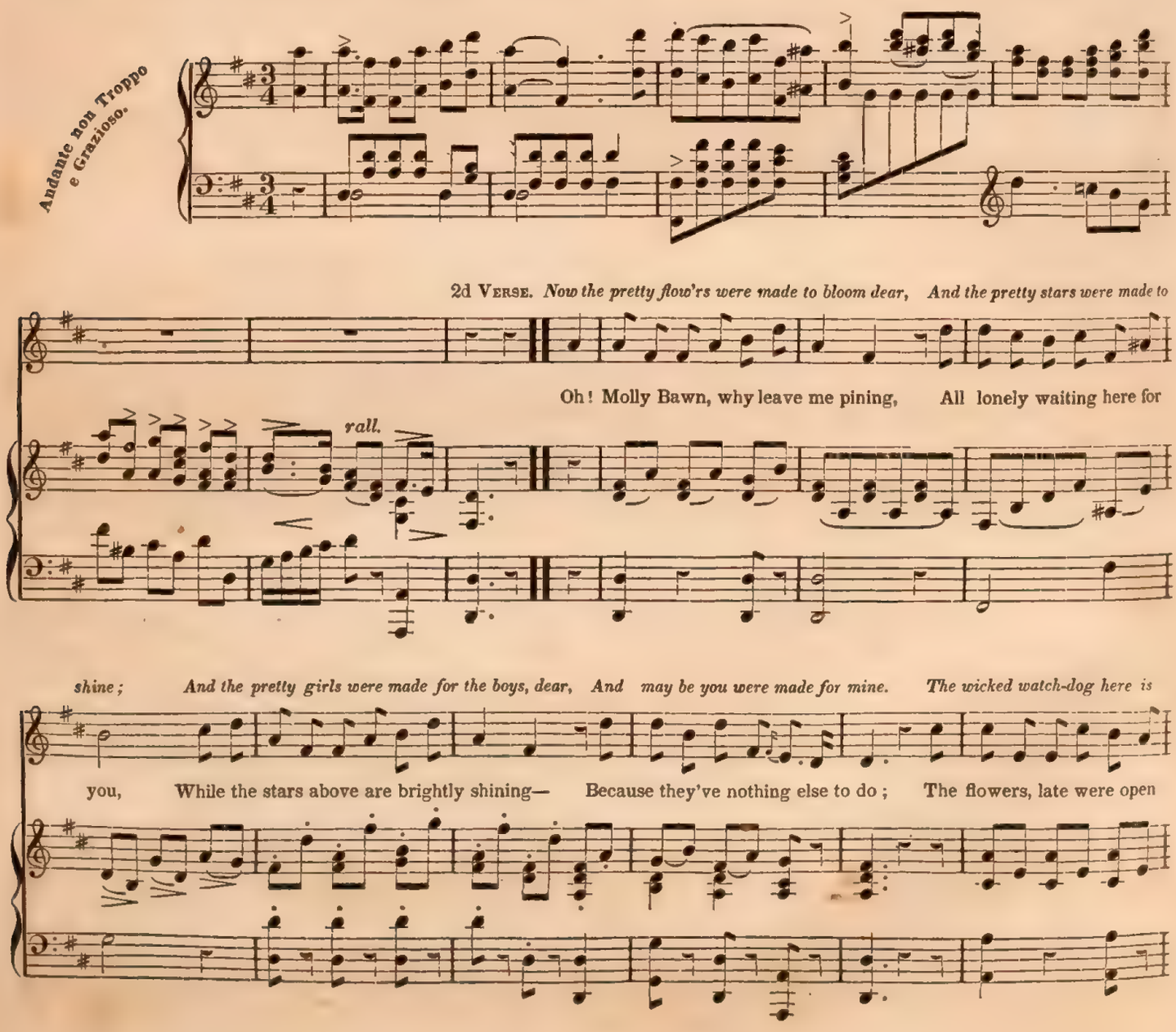
MOLLY BAWN.

Irish Ballad.

SUNG BY M. BALFE, IN THE COMIC OPERETTA OF

Il Paddy Whack in Italia.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.



snarling, He takes me for a thief, you see, For he knows I'd steal you Molly darling— And then transported I should

rall.

keeping, To try a rival blush with you, But their mother, Nature, set them sleeping, With their rosy faces wash'd with

p

colla voce.

be. Oh! Molly Bawn, why leave me pi - - ning, All lonely waiting here for you, The

ad lib. tempo.

dew. Oh! Molly Bawn, why leave me pi - - ning, All lonely waiting here for you, The

tempo.

stars above are brightly shi - - ning, Because they've nothing else to do; Molly Bawn, Molly

stars above are brightly shi - - ning, Because they've nothing else to do; Molly Bawn, Molly

colla voce.

Bawn!

Bawn!

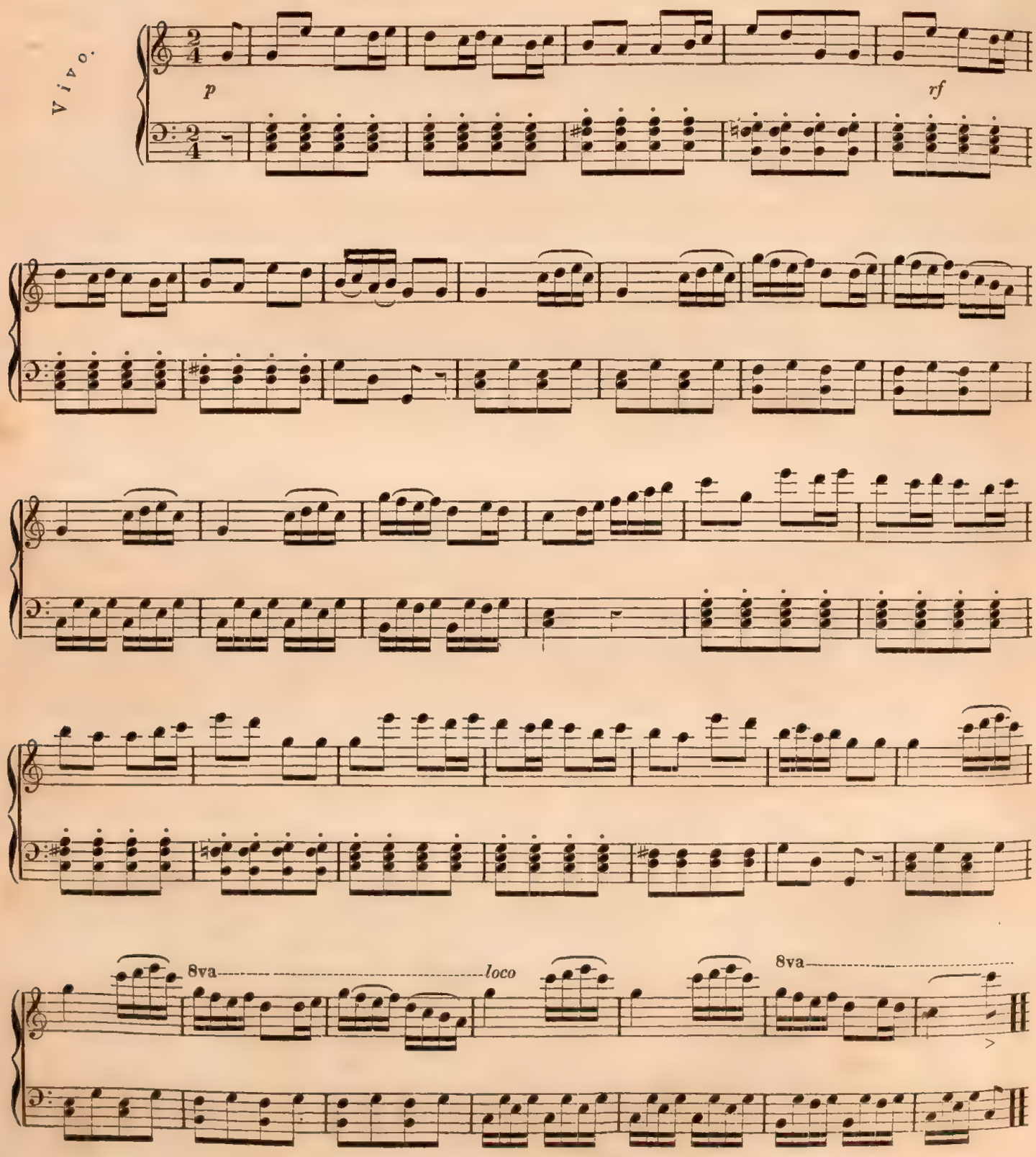
pp

P*

THE MARKET CHORUS,

from

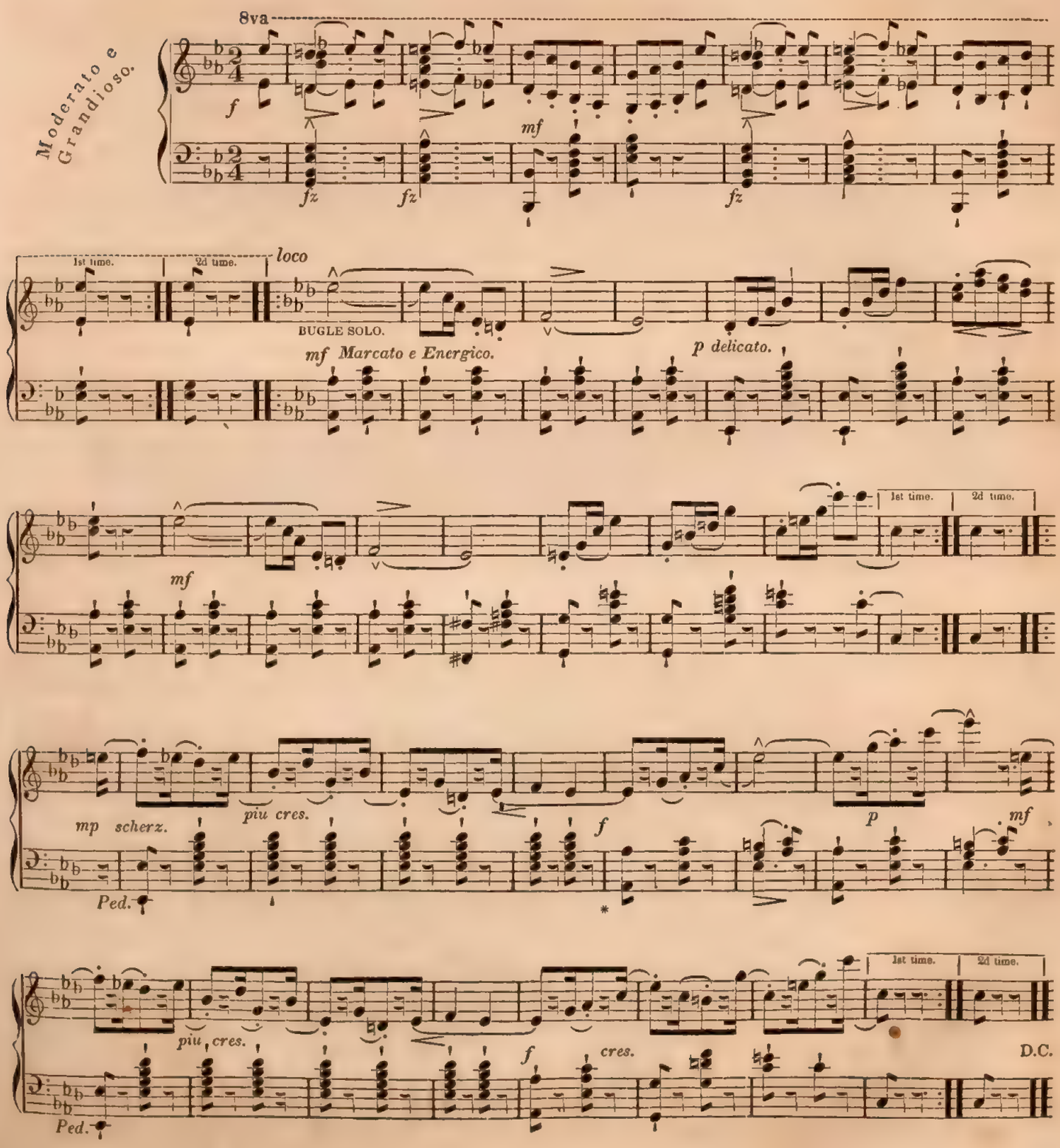
MASANIELLO, ARRANGED BY T. VALENTINE.



FIELD-DAY QUICK-STEP.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

BY CHARLES JARVIS.



PRAYER.—Quartette.

WRITTEN BY F. W.—COMPOSED BY ROSSINI.

ANDANTE.

SOPRANO.

Hear! oh kind and gra - cious Saviour, Hear the prayers to thee we raise;

2d VERSE. *Let our prayers, like fra - grant in - - cense, Rise to thine e - - - ter - - nal throne;*

ALTO, or 2d SOPRANO.

Hear! oh kind and gracious Saviour, Hear the prayers to thee we raise;

Let our prayers, like fragrant in - cense, Rise to thine e - - - ter - nal throne;

TENORE.

Hear! oh kind and gracious Saviour,

Let our prayers, like fragrant in - cense,

BASSO.

Hear! oh kind and gracious Saviour,

Let our prayers, like fragrant in - cense,

Piano-forte.

f *p*

Grant to us thy con - - - - stant raise;

Give thy Ho - - - - ly Spir - - - - it's throne;

Grant to us thy con - - - - stant raise;

Give thy Ho - - - ly Spir - - - - it's throne;

Hear the prayers to thee we raise; Grant to us thy con - - - - stant raise;

Rise to thine e - - ter - nal throne; Give thy Ho - - - - ly Spir - - - - it's throne;

Hear the prayers to thee we raise; Grant to us thy con - - - - stant raise;

Rise to thine e - - ter - nal throne; Give thy Ho - - - - ly Spir - - - - it's throne;

p

fa - - vor, While we bow to pray and praise.
pre - sence, That we may be thine a - lone.

fa - - vor, While we bow to pray and praise, to pray and praise. While we
pre - - sence, That we may be thine a - lone, be thine a - lone. That we

fa - - vor, While we bow to pray and praise, to pray and praise, While we bow to
pre - - sence, That we may be thine a - - - - lone, be thine a - - lone, That we may be

fa - - vor, We bow to pray and praise, to pray and praise. We bow to
pre - - sence, We may be thine a - - - lone, be thine a - lone. Be thine a - - -

While we bow to pray and praise, to pray and praise, to pray - - - - - and praise.
That we may be thine a - lone, be thine a - lone, be thine a - lone.

bow to pray and praise, to pray and praise, to pray and praise, to pray - - - and praise.
may be thine a - lone, be thine a - lone, be thine a - lone, be thine a - lone.

pray and praise, to pray and praise, to pray and praise, We bow to pray and praise, and praise.
thine a - - lone, be thine a - lone, be thine a - lone, be thine a - lone, be thine a - lone.

pray and praise, to pray and praise, and praise, to pray - - - - - and praise.
- - lone, be thine a - - lone, a - - lone, be thine a - - - lone, a - - lone.

pp

pp

pp

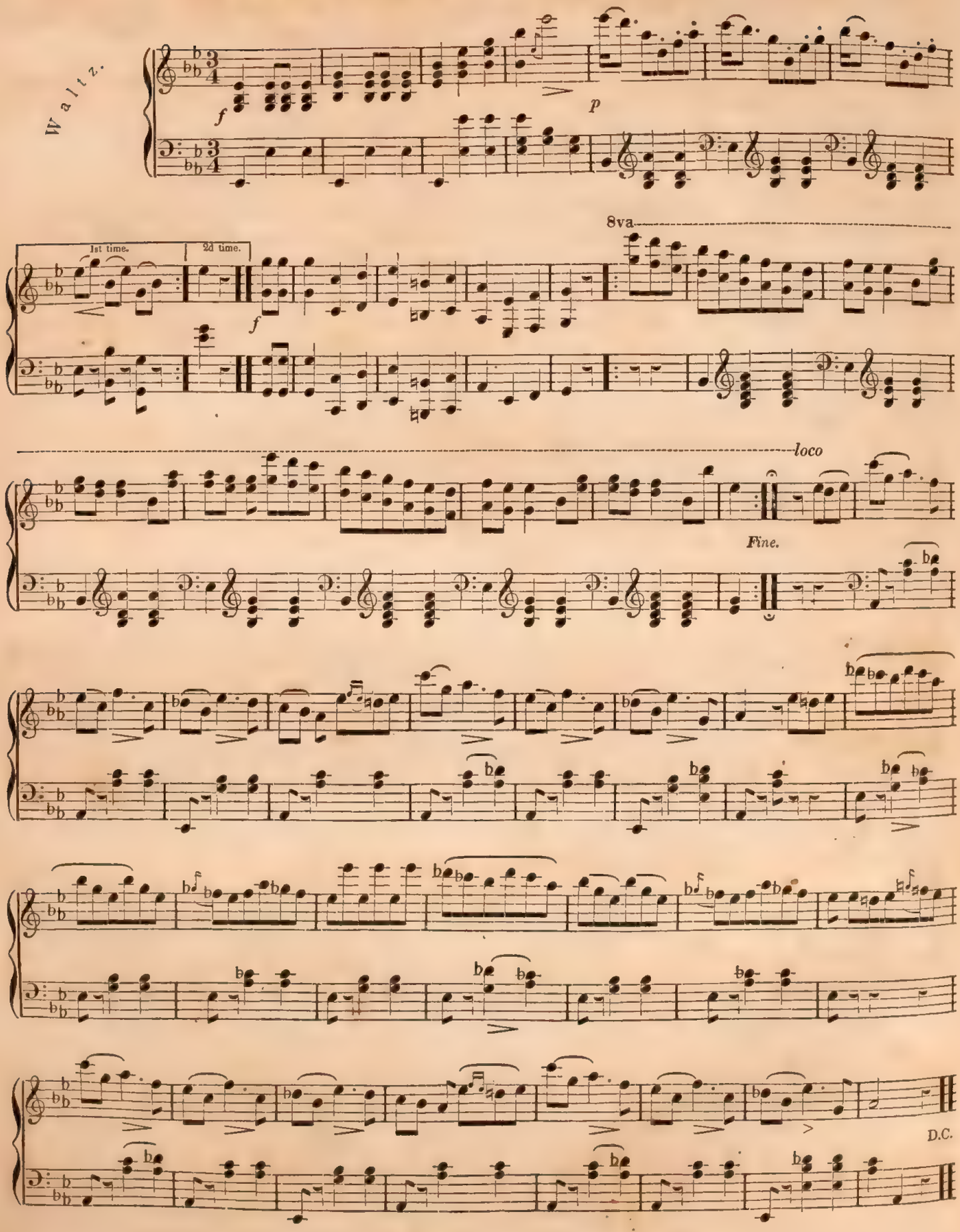
pp

ppp

dim.

KEEPSAKE WALTZ.

ROSSINI.



THE NORMA QUADRILLES,

By Ch. Czerny.

NORMA.

No. 1.
Pantalon.

f

Fine. *p*

f

p

D.C.

Right and left—Balancez and turn partners—Ladies chain—Half promenade—Half right and left.

CLAUDIAN.

No. 2
L'Ete.

f

Fine. *p*

cres. *f* 8va

loco

D.C.

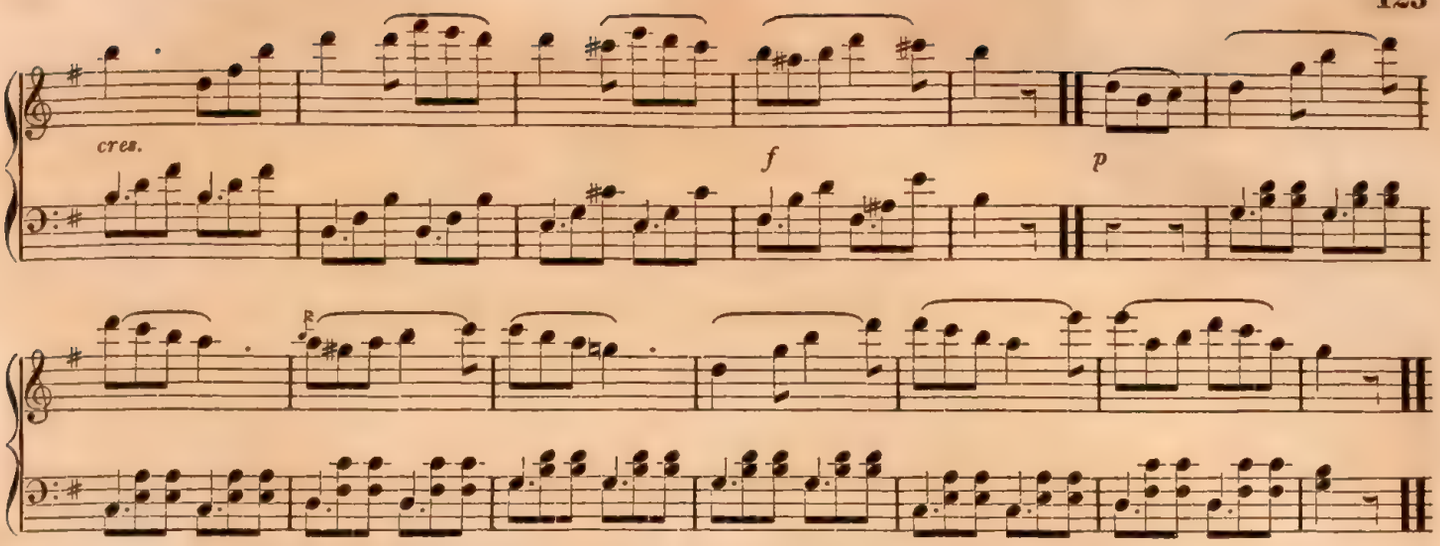
Forward two—Cross over—Chassez dechassez—Cross back and turn partners.

THE DRUID'S CHORUS.

No. 3.
Poule.

p

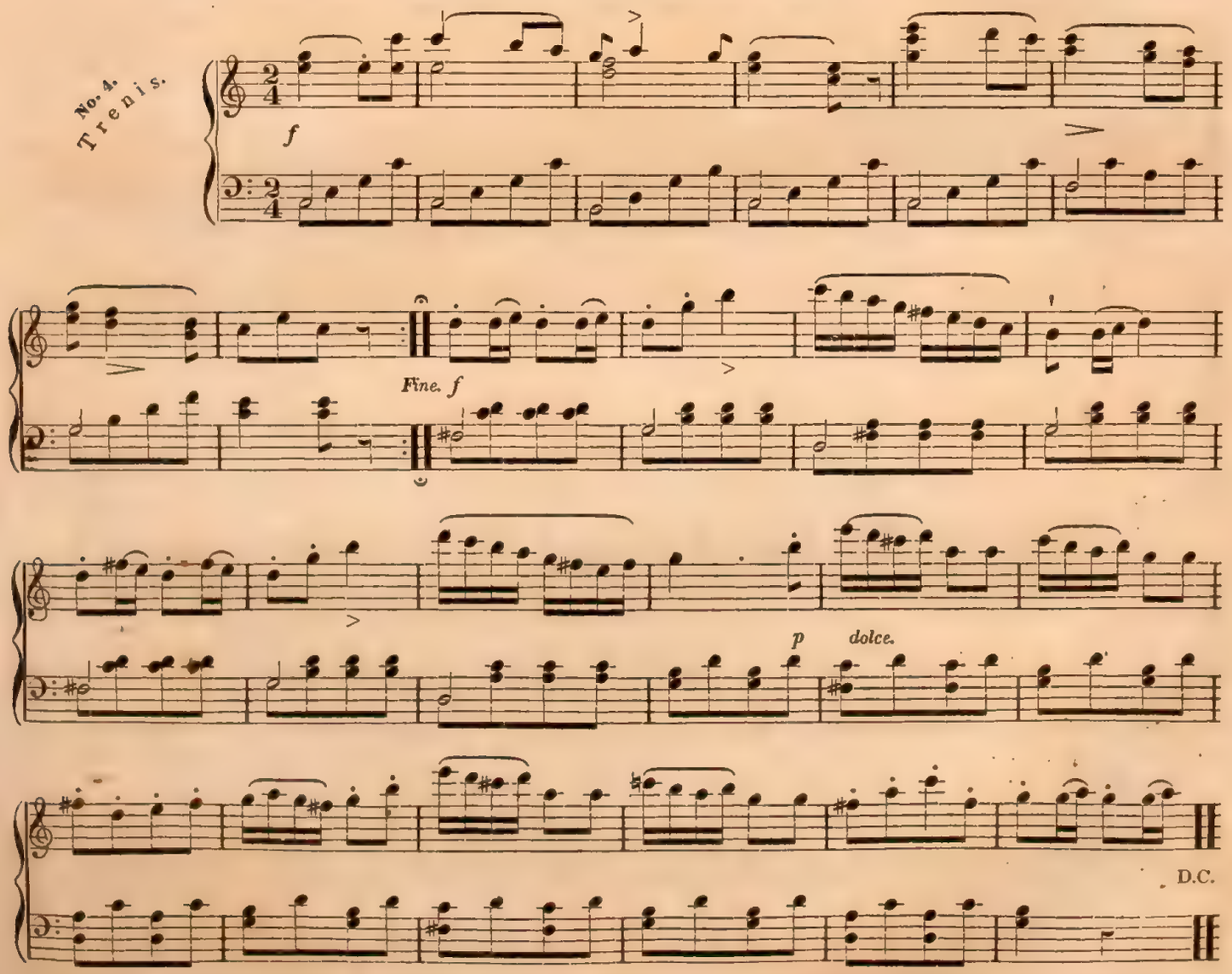
p



Right hand cross—Left hand back—Balancez on a line—Promenade half round—Forward two—Back to back—Forward four to places.

ELBERTA.

No. 4. Trenis.



Forward four and turn partners, the gentleman leading his partner to the left of the opposite gentleman and retire—Forward three and back—The gentleman forward twice, and four hands half round, and right and left to places.

FLAVIUS.

No. 5.
Finale.

p

f

Fine.

f

8va

f

loco

ff

D.C.

Chassez across four—Forward two—Cross over—Chassez dechassez—Recross to place—Ballancé and turn partners.

THE ROVING LOVERS.

Duet.

WRITTEN BY M. H. R.—ARRANGED BY CHARLES JARVIS.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY ROSSINI.

Andantino con Espressivo e Sostenuto.

2d Verse. *Ah! that faint grey streak appearing, Warns us quickly to be gone, See the*

(*1st Voice.*) O'er the slumb'ring waves extending See the floods of silver light, Now in - -

dolce. pp *pp*

stars, the day-god fearing, Melting in the blush of morn, (*2d V.*) *Now our watch of love is o - - ver, Yet when o'er the qui - et*

- - - - to our bark de - scending, We will rove the seas to-night, (*2d Voice.*) Yes, while all beside are sleeping Thro' the si - lent midnight

main starry night again shall ho - ver, We will seek the waves a - gain, We will seek the waves a - - -

(*Together.*)

hour, We a - lone our vi - gil - keeping, We a - lone may feel its pow'r, We a - - lone may feel its

pp *p*

M

1st VOICE. *Andante piu Allegretto ma non troppo.*

gain. - - - - - The wave shall bear us on While rocks and caves shall echo back the strain Of soft - - - en'd

2d VOICE.

pow'r. - - - - The wave shall bear us on While rocks and caves shall echo back the strain Of soft - - - en'd

pp *mp* *cres* - - - *cen* -

mu - sic till the early dawn, Shall steal across the main, - - - - - Oh! who could slumber now, When

mu - sic till the early dawn, Shall steal across the main, - - - - - Oh! who could slumber now, When

- - - *do.* *mf*

that bright orb of love is riding high, And casts a veil on all below The lovely compass of the sky;

that bright orb of love is riding high, And casts a veil on all below The lovely compass of the sky;

crea - - - - *cen* - - - - *do.*

Animato piu mosso.

(*Together in unison.*)
Let them slum - ber, we are wak - ing, They can - not feel this

f

scene o. bliss. - - We will rove till morning light Shall break the spell of love and night,

scene of bliss. - - We will rove till morning light Shall break the spell of love and night,

mp

We will rove till morning light Shall break the spell of love and night.

We will rove till morning light Shall break the spell of love and night.

mf

cres.

f

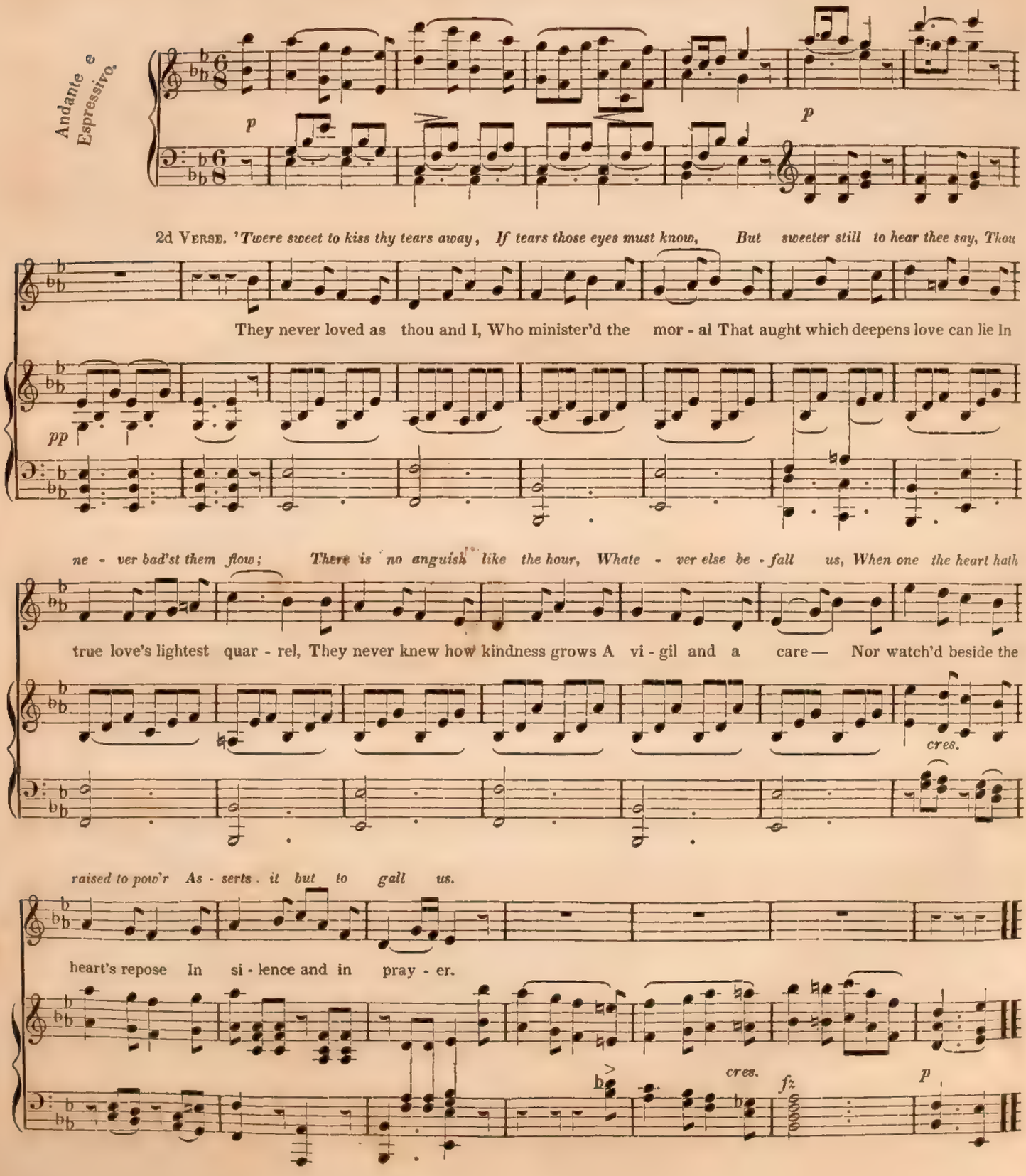
M *

THEY NEVER LOVED AS THOU AND I.

POETRY BY BULWER.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

By C. Hommann.

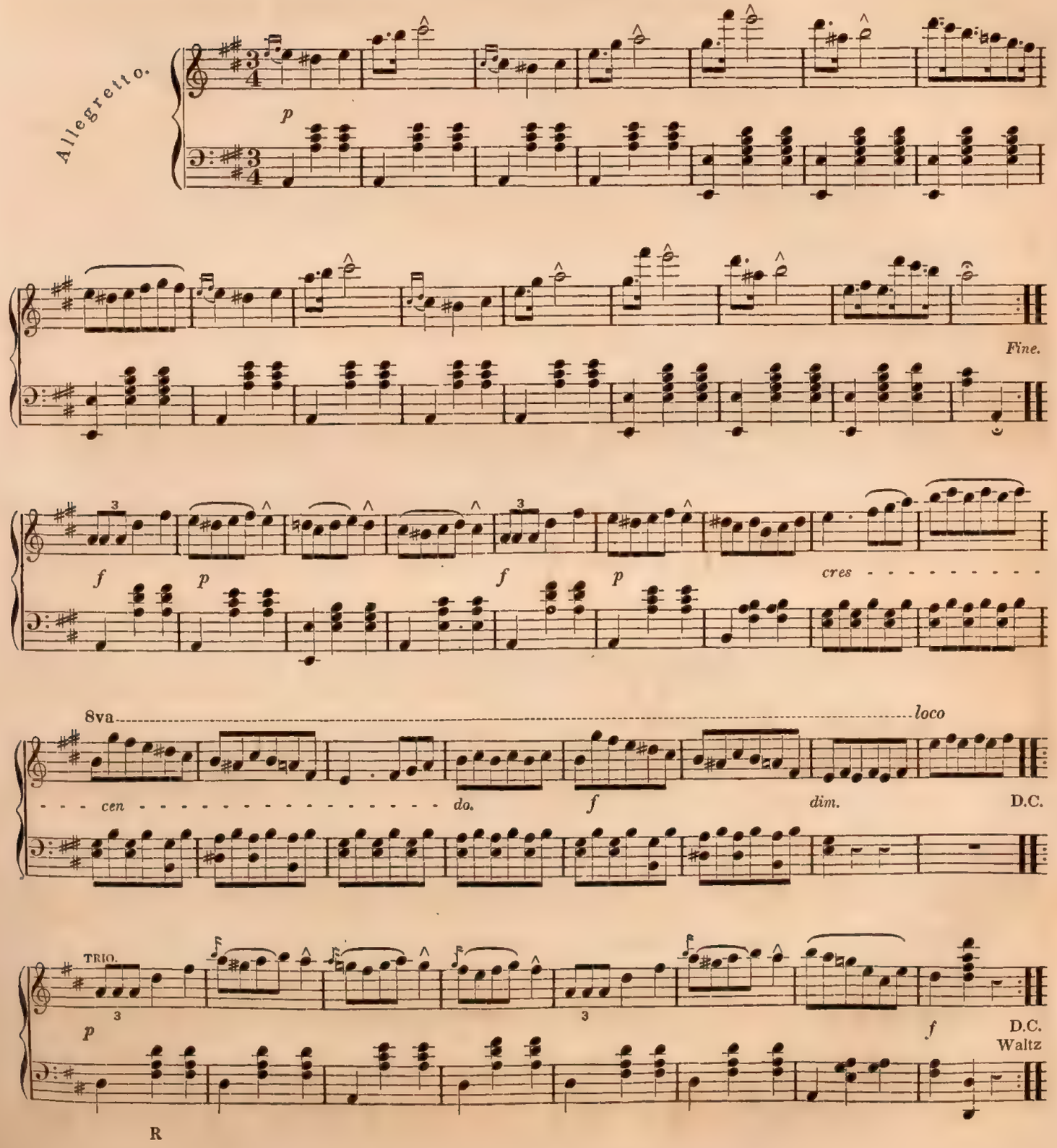


THE BELLE WALTZ.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

BY J. A. GETZE.

PROFESSOR OF MUSIC



THERE IS NO HOME LIKE MY OWN.

An Admired Tyrolean.

COMPOSED AND SUNG BY MADAME MALIBRAN.

Allegretto Moderato.

p *f*

2d Verse. *I have cross'd the proud Alps, I have sail'd down the Rhone, And there*

1st Verse. In the wild chamois track, at the break - ing of day, With a

f *Fine.* *p*

is no spot Like the simple cot And the hill and the val - ley I call my own. Tra la la la la la la la la

hunter's pride, O'er the mountain side, We are led by the sound of the Al - pine horn, Tra la la la la la la la la

la; There the skies are bright, And our hearts are light, Our bo - soms without a fear - - - - - ; For our

la; O that voice to me Is a voice of glee, Where e - - ver my footsteps roam - - - - ; And I

mf

toil is play And our sport the fray With the mountain roe or the forest deer. In the, &c.

rall. *a tempo.*

long to bound When I hear that sound A - - gain to my mountain home - - - - - - ; In the wild chamois track at the

p a tempo.

breaking of morn With a hunter's pride, O'er the mountain side, We are led by the sound of the Al - pine horn, Tra la la

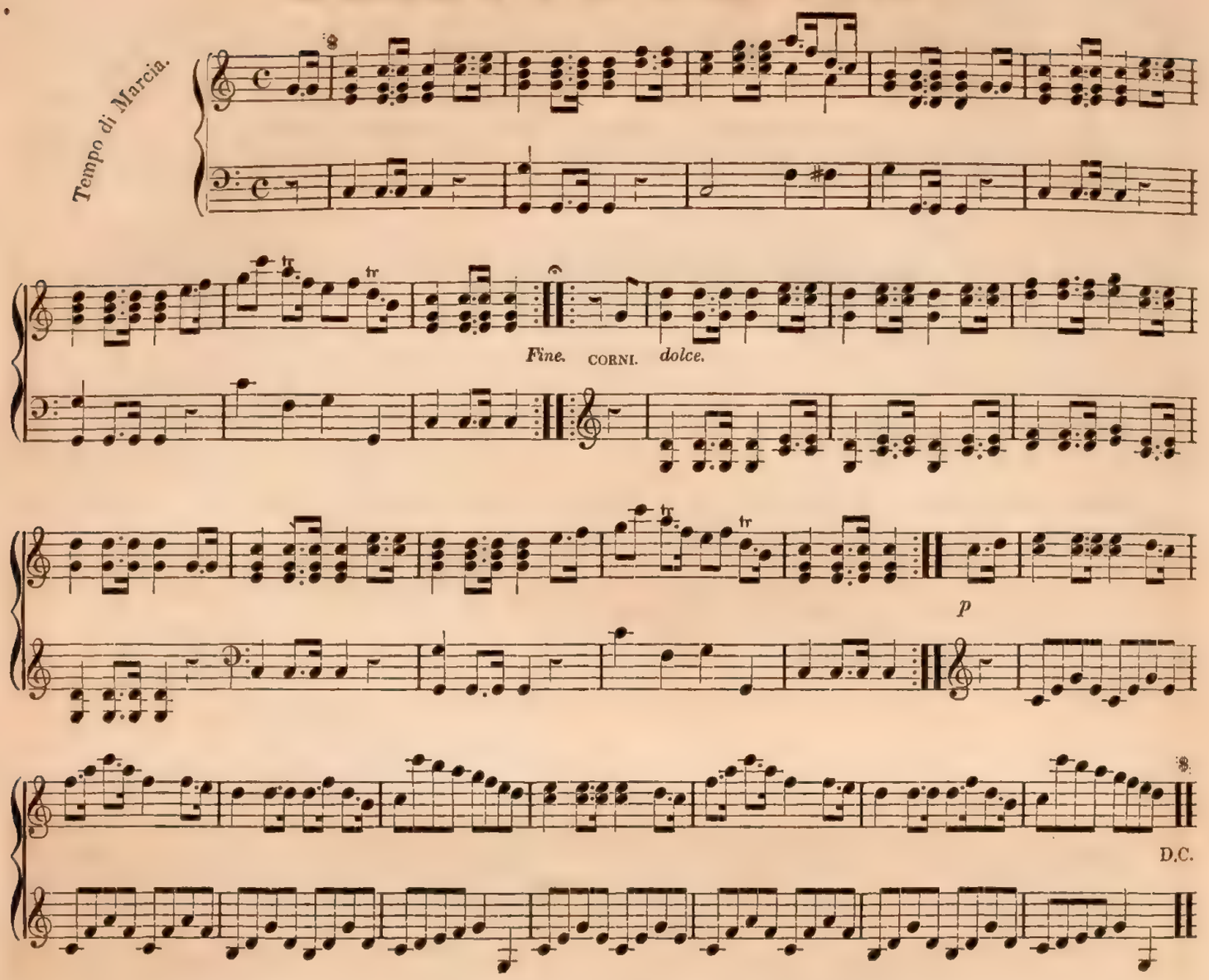
rallent.

la la la la la la la Tra la la la la la la la la la. D.C.

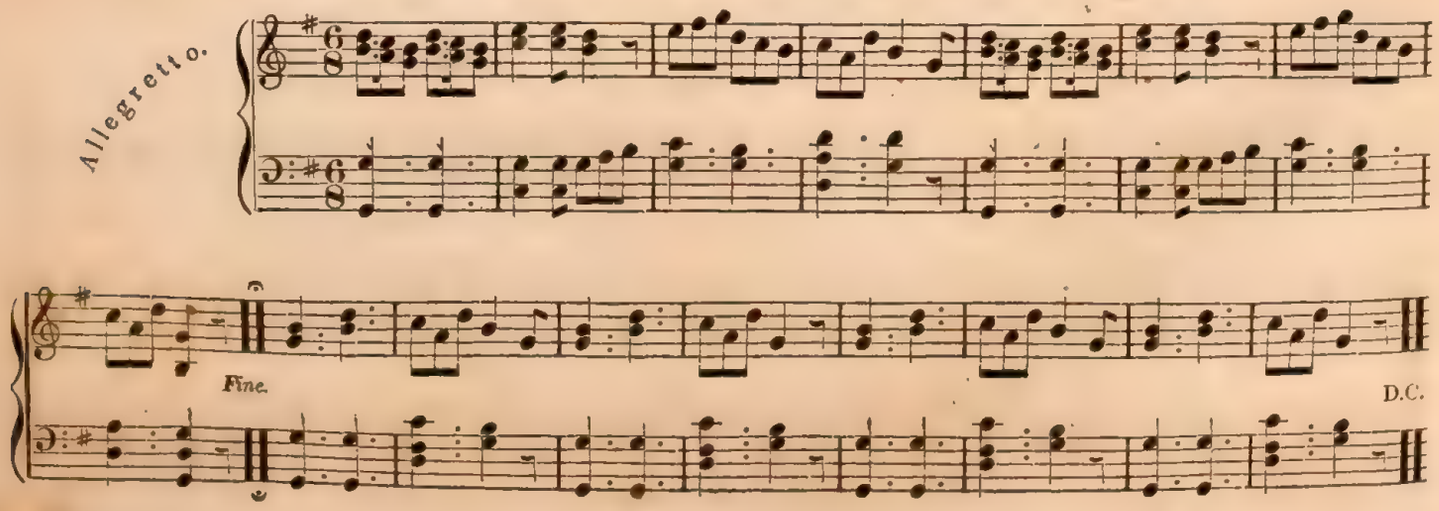
colla voce. D.C.

R *

BRISTOL MARCH.

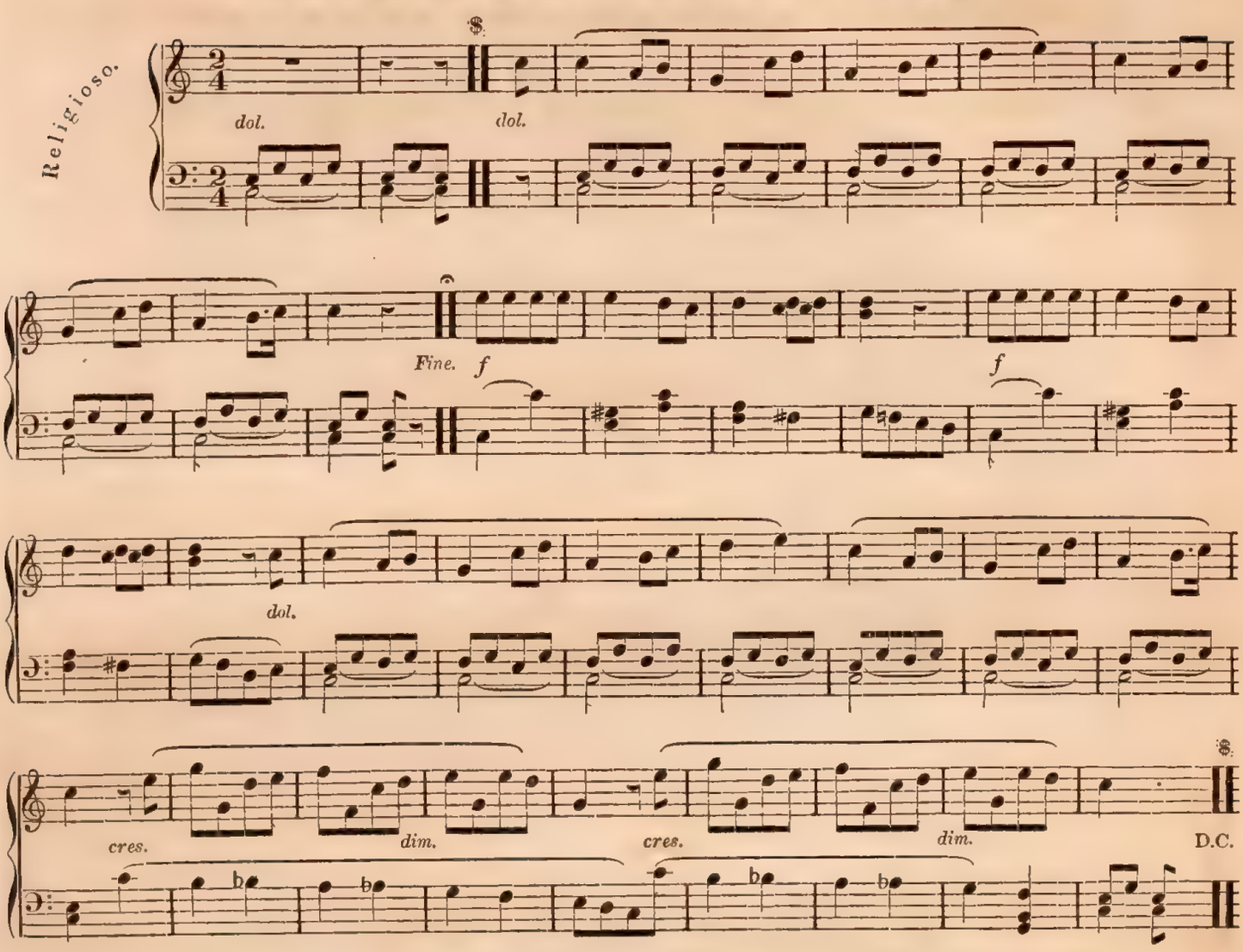


HERR CLINE'S DANCE.

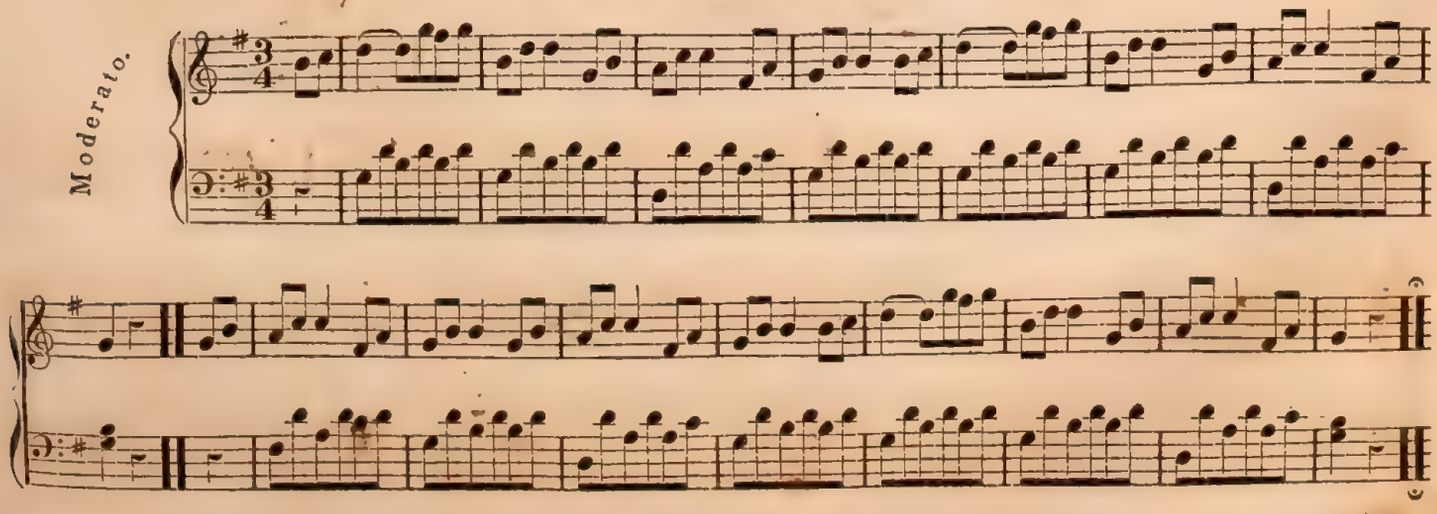


AVE MARIA.

COMPOSED BY LOISA PUGET.



SPANISH DANCE.



THE BANSHEE.

SONG,

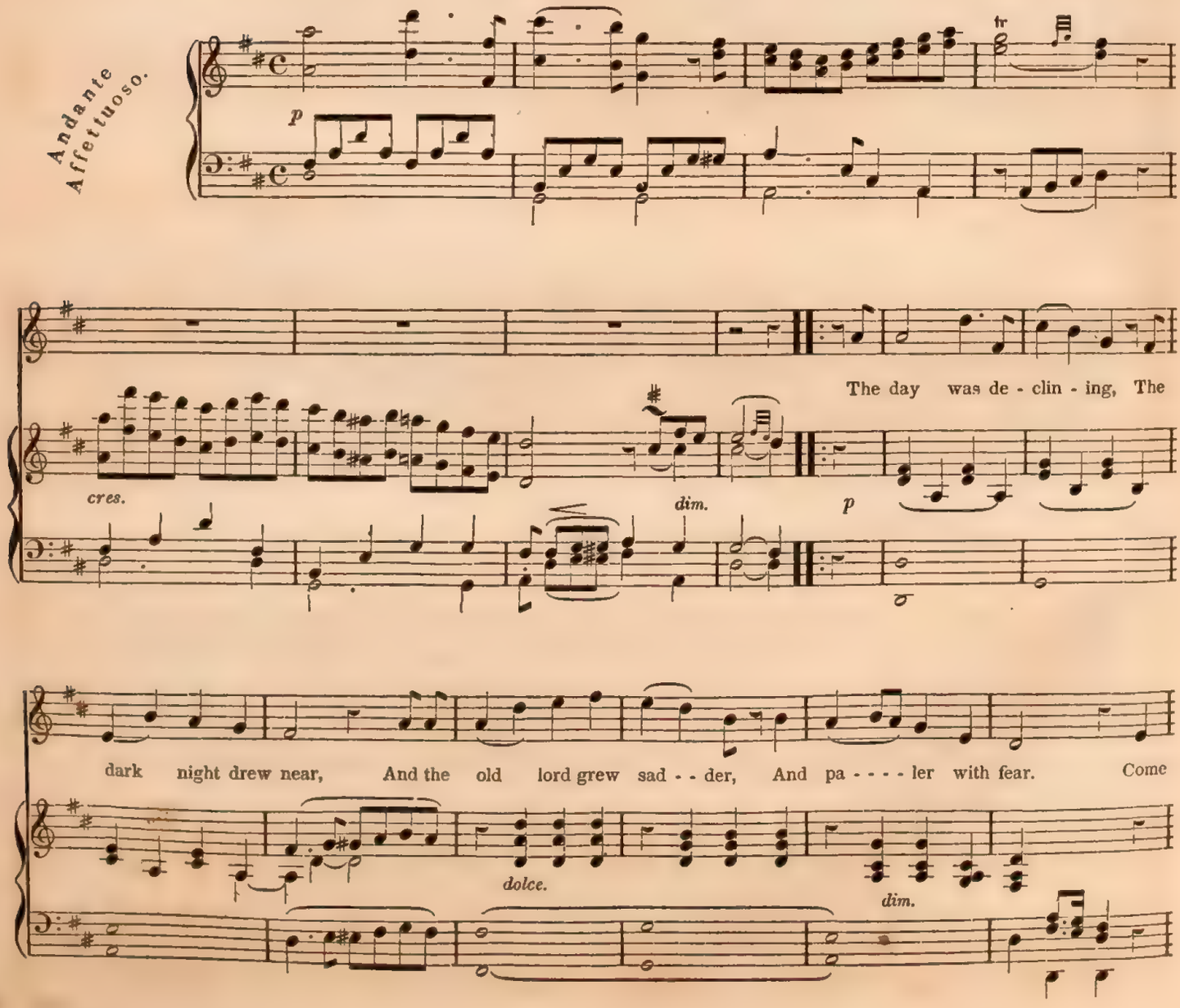
FROM CHARLES O'MALLEY, THE IRISH DRAGOON.

WRITTEN BY HARRY LORREQUER.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE,

AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE FRIENDS OF OULD ERIN,

BY CHARLES JARVIS.



lis - - - - - ten, my daugh - - ter, Come near - - - - er — O! near, It's the wind on the

f *dim.* *dim.* *pp*

wa - - - - - ter That sighs in my ear.— It's the wind on the wa - - - ter That

dim. *ad lib.* *cres.* *dim.*

sighs in my ear.

dim. *poco.* *cres.* *dim.*

1st & 2d time. 3d time.

After the last verse. *pp* *dim.*

2d Verse.

[Not the] wind nor the water
Now stirr'd the night air,
But a warning far sadder—
The banshee was there,
Now rising, now swelling,
[On the] night wind it bore
One cadence, still telling,
I want thee, Rossmore!

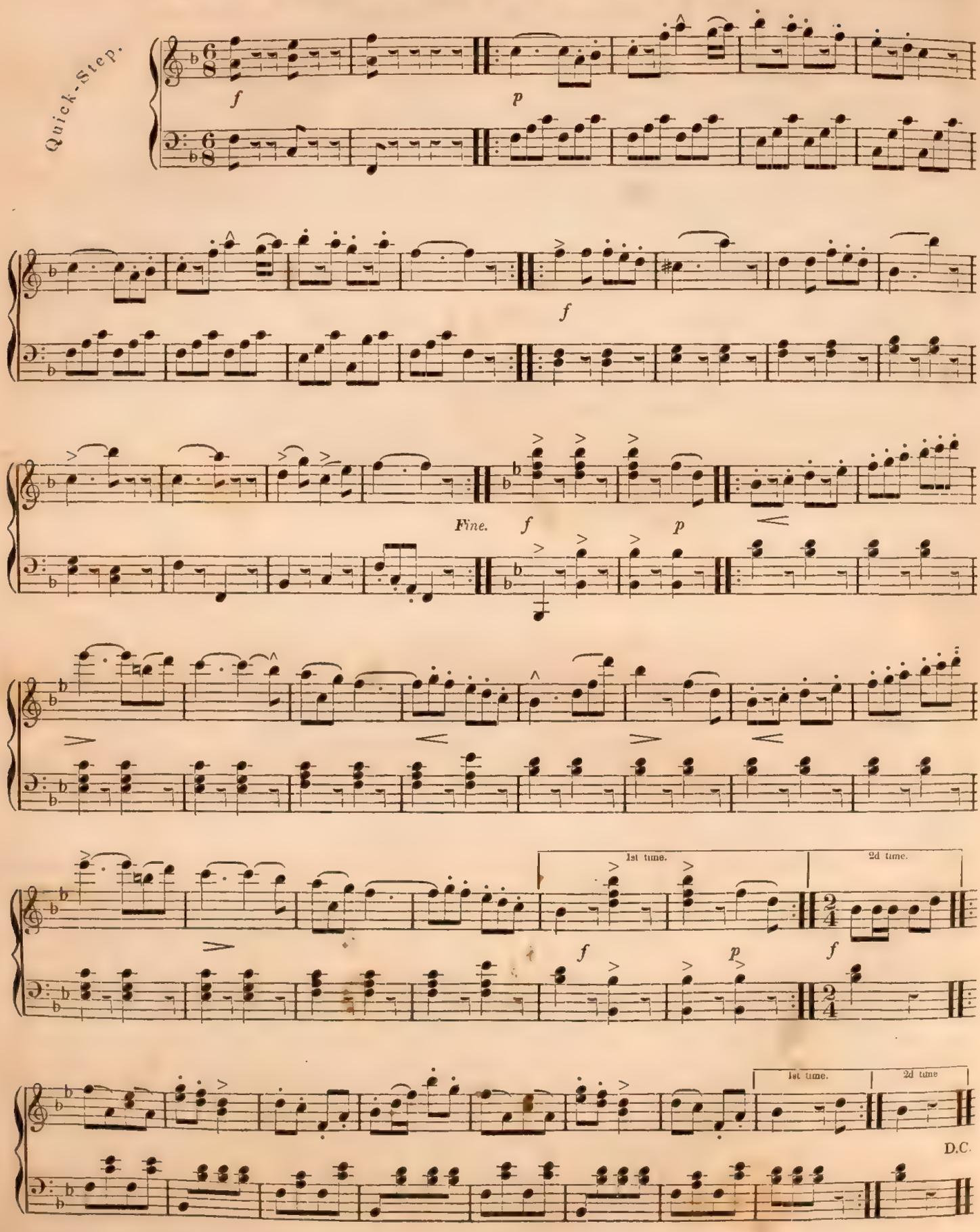
3d Verse.

Then fast came his wasting breath,
More fix'd grew his eye;
And the shadow of chilling death
Told his hour was nigh.
[Ere the] dawn of that morning
The struggle was o'er,
For when thrice came the warning—
A corpse was Rossmore!

* All words enclosed thus [ ] to be sung to one note.

WISSAHICCON QUICK-STEP.

C. F. RUDOLPH.



THE FAMILY QUADRILLES.

COMPOSED, AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

Miss Martha Lewis,

BY AN AMATEUR.

LA CATHARINA.

No. 1. La Pantalon.

mf p mf p

Fine. Animato e Scherzando.

MINOR. D.C. f

p f p D.C.

Right and Left—Balancé and turn partner—Ladies chain—Promenade half round—Right and Left to place.

L'ELLENA.

No. 2. L'Etc.

mf *f*

Fine. *Dolce p*

8va

D.C.

Forward two and cross over—Chassez right and left—Cross to place—Balancé and turn to place.

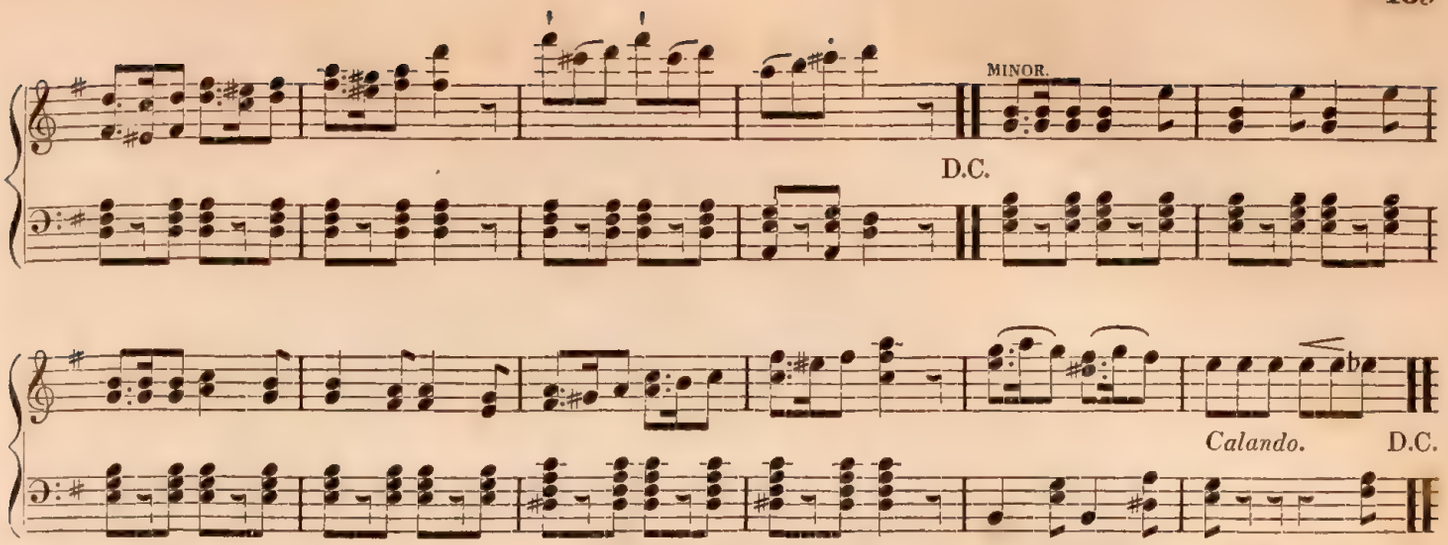
LA BELLE MARIE.

No. 3. La Poule.

p

8va *loco*

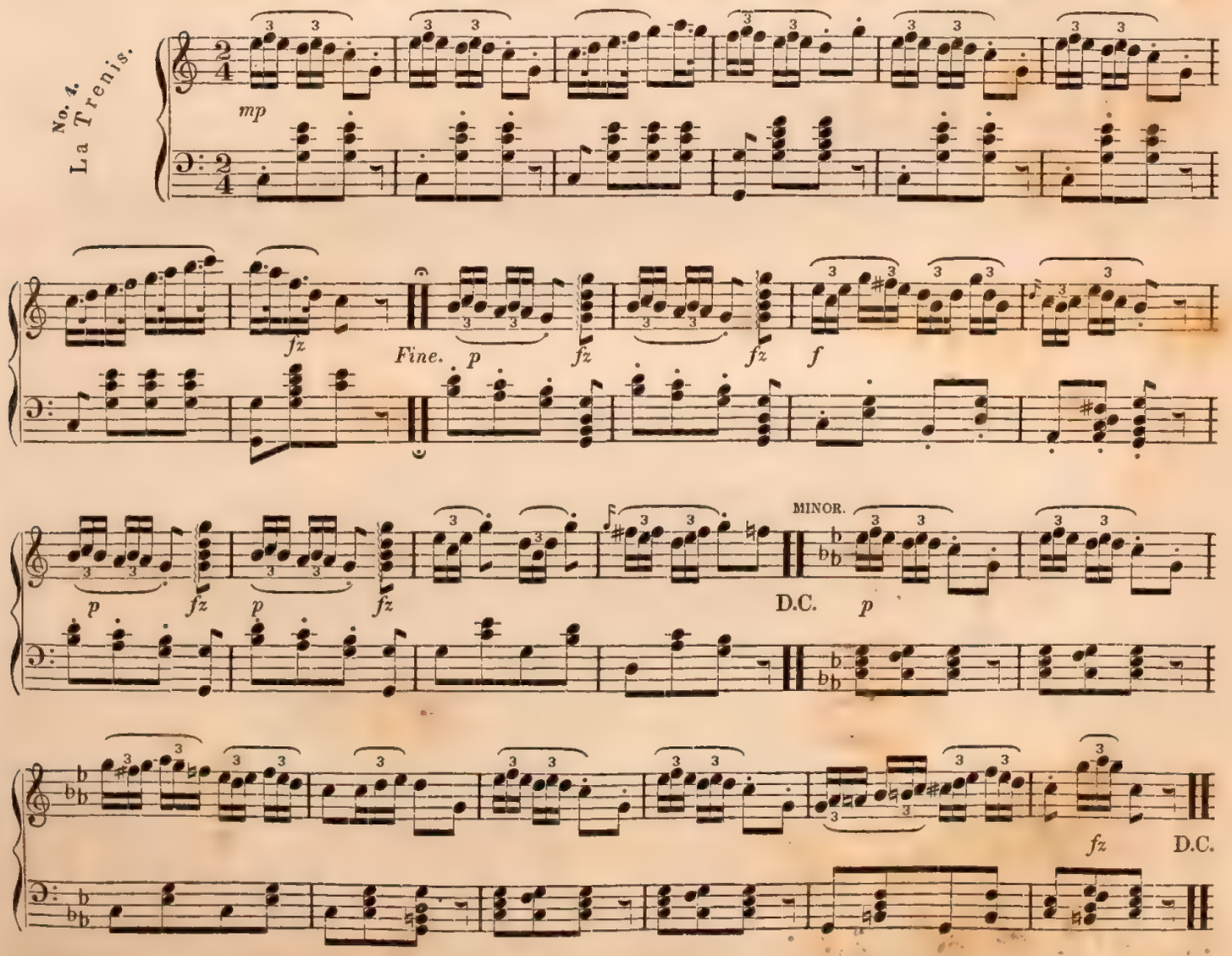
Fine. *ff*



Right hand across, left hand back—Balancé four and promenade half around—Forward two and back—forward four and right and left to place.

PATTIE LA BLONDE.

No. 4.
La Trenis.



Forward four and back—Forward two and twice leaving lady on the opposite side—Forward three twice, hands around and right and left to places.

HIGHLAND GALOP.

COMPOSED AND DEDICATED TO COUSIN KATE,

BY AN AMATEUR.

No. 5.
La Grand Ronde.

f

Fine. *mf* *f* *p* D.C.

Chassez across four—Forward two—Cross over—Chassez—Cross to place and Balancé.

THE EUNOMIAN MARCH.*

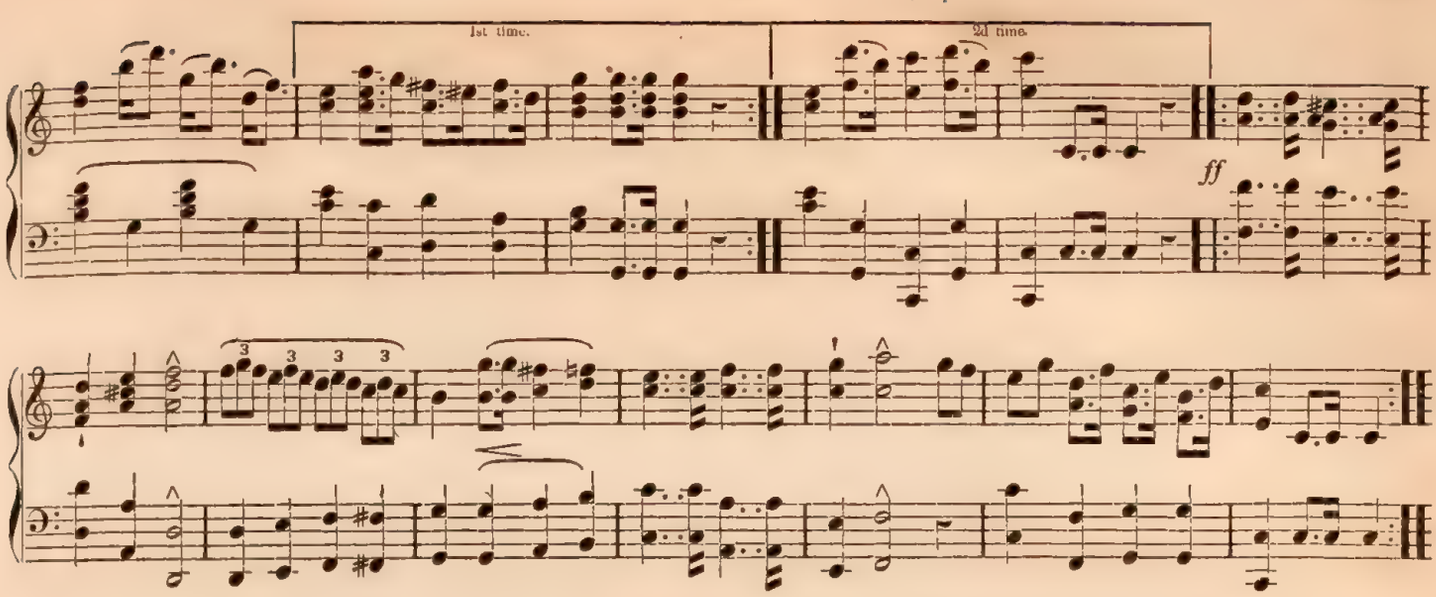
COMPOSED BY AN AMATEUR.

March.

f *p* *f*

Dolce. 8va *loco*

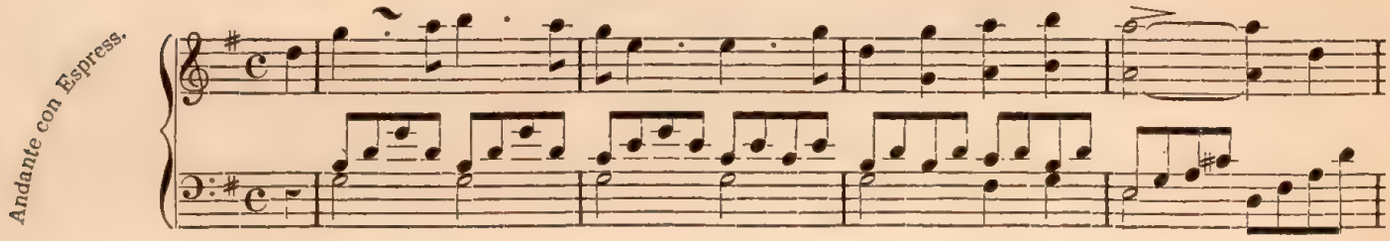
* Composed for the Eunomian Society.

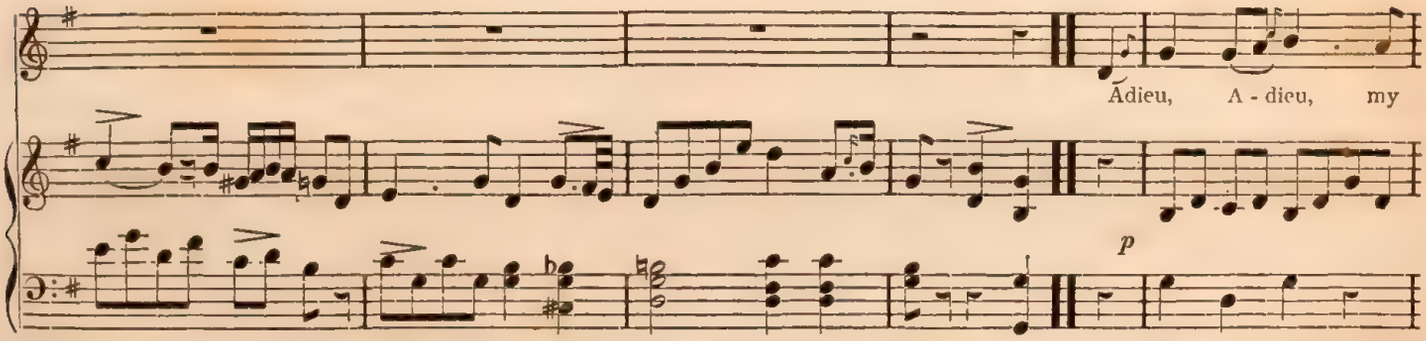


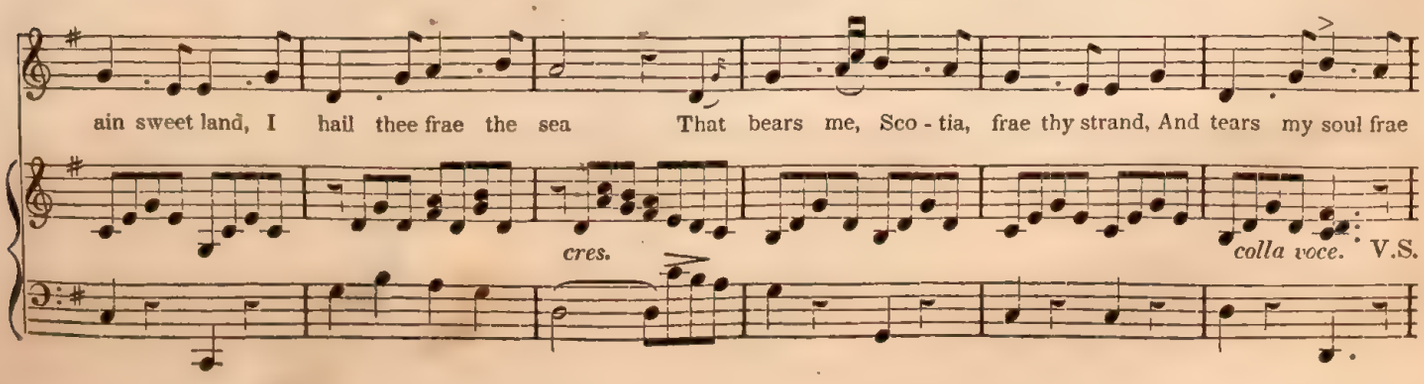
ADIEU, ADIEU, MY AIN SWEET LAND.

The Words and Air by D. K. Mitchell.

THE SYMPHONY AND ACCOMPANIMENT BY J. WATSON.







thee. The hills may tow'r in brighter skies, Where foams the In - dian main, And fair - er flow'rs and

forests rise, To grace a grander plain;

f *cres.*

2d VERSE.

But, oh! I'll vainly search below For that all glorious guise That Wisdom, Valour, Beauty, throw a-

p *cres.*

cross thy clouded skies, The soul of ge - nius lifts thy hills That a' the airth may see, And wakes the meanest

o' thy rills To im - mortal - i - ty.

cres. *f* *cres.*

3d VERSE.

Where'er, while liv - ing, I may be, Dear land, when death is nigh, I can't the hope to gaze on thee To my lone heart de-

p *cres.*

ny. Then fare thee weel, but no for aye, Thou land o' soul and glee, Ro - mantic land, where'er I stray, My

ff *f*

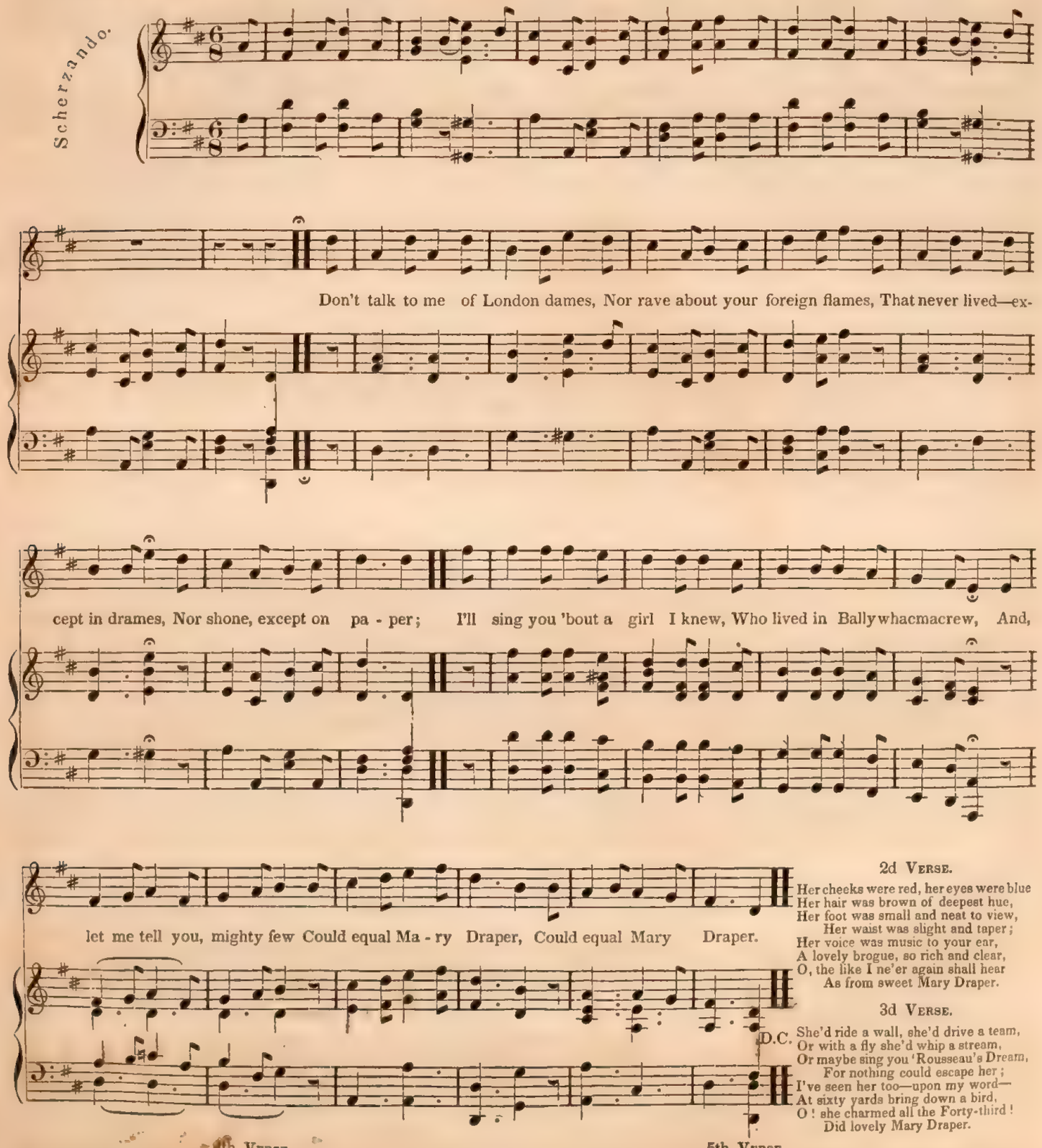
heart will yearn for thee.

mf

MARY DRAPER.

COMIC SONG, FROM CHARLES O'MALLEY.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK BY C. JARVIS.



2d Verse.

Her cheeks were red, her eyes were blue
Her hair was brown of deepest hue,
Her foot was small and neat to view,
Her waist was slight and taper;
Her voice was music to your ear,
A lovely brogue, so rich and clear,
O, the like I ne'er again shall hear
As from sweet Mary Draper.

3d Verse.

She'd ride a wall, she'd drive a team,
Or with a fly she'd whip a stream,
Or maybe sing you 'Rousseau's Dream,
For nothing could escape her;
I've seen her too—upon my word—
At sixty yards bring down a bird,
O! she charmed all the Forty-third!
Did lovely Mary Draper.

4th Verse.

And at the spring assizes ball,
The junior bar would one and all,
For all her fav'rite dances call,
And Harry Deane would caper;
Lord Clare would then forget his lore,
King's counsel, voting law a bore,
Were proud to figure on the floor,
For love of Mary Draper.

5th Verse.

The parson, priest, sub-sheriff too,
Were all her slaves, and so would you,
If you had only but one view
Of such a face and shape, or
Her twinkling feet—but, ohone,
It's only west of old Athlone
Such girls were found—and now they're gone;
So here's to Mary Draper.

LONG, LONG AGO!—Ballad.

COMPOSED BY TH. H. BAYLY, ESQ.

With feeling.

Dolce.

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long ago, long, long ago: Sing me the songs I de - lighted to hear, Long, long ago, long a - - - go. Now you are come, all my grief is removed, Let me forget that so long you have roved, Let me believe that you love as you loved, Long, long ago, long a - go.

p

mf

2d Verse.

Do you remember the path where we met,
Long, long ago, long, long ago?
Ah! yes, you told me you ne'er would forget,
Long, long ago, long ago.
Then to all others my smile you prefer'd
Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,
Still my heart treasures the praises I heard
Long, long ago, long ago.

3d Verse.

Though by your kindness my fond hopes were raised,
Long, long ago, long, long ago,
You by more eloquent lips have been praised
Long, long ago, long ago.
But by long absence your truth has been tried,
Still to your accents I listen with pride,
Blest as I was when I sat by your side
Long, long ago, long ago.

T

KINDNESS,

A Song.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

D——, BY M——.

Andante e Moderato.

A lit - - tle word in kind - ness spo - ken, A mo - - tion or a tear, Has

fz

ad lib.

of - ten soothed the heart that's lone, And made a friend sin - cere.

colla voce.

2d Verse.

A word—a look—has crushed to earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.

3d Verse.

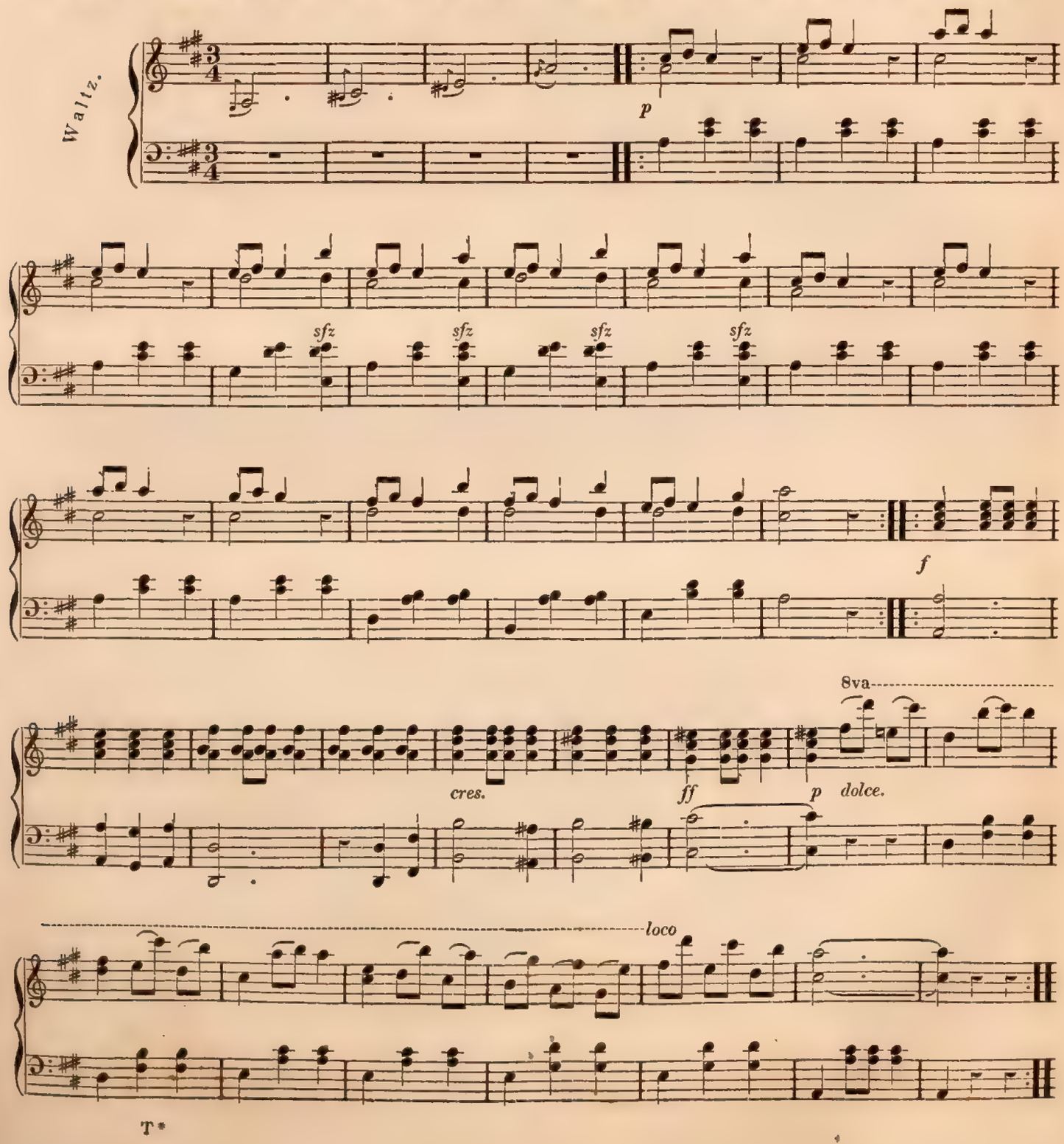
Then deem it not an *idle* thing
A *pleasant* word to speak,
The face *you* wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break.

CYNTHIA WALTZ.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

and Dedicated to Miss Harriet Smith, of New Haven,

BY JAMES L. ENSIGN, ESQ. OF NEW-YORK.



THE CALL OF HOME.

WRITTEN BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON, ESQ.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK, BY C. JARVIS.

Moderato e Affettuoso.

Dolce. pp *dim.* *Soft Ped.*

2d Verse. Each fa - vor'd cor - ner in the cot, Where ear - ly days so

The fields where once my childhood roved, The hills that greet the

dim. *ritard.* *Fine.*

swiftly flew, Each hid - ing - place, each se - cret spot, Of which a - lone my wisdom knew— The chimney nook, where, winter's night, I

sunny sky, The chiming brooks where erst I loved To watch the shadows sailing by, The woods that frown'd in grandeur proud, The

watch'd the crackling fa - got burn, All crowd up - on my mem'ry bright, And seem to say — re - turn — re - turn.

tangled brake, the breezy fern, All seem to lift their voices loud, And sweetly say — re - turn — re - turn.

D.C.

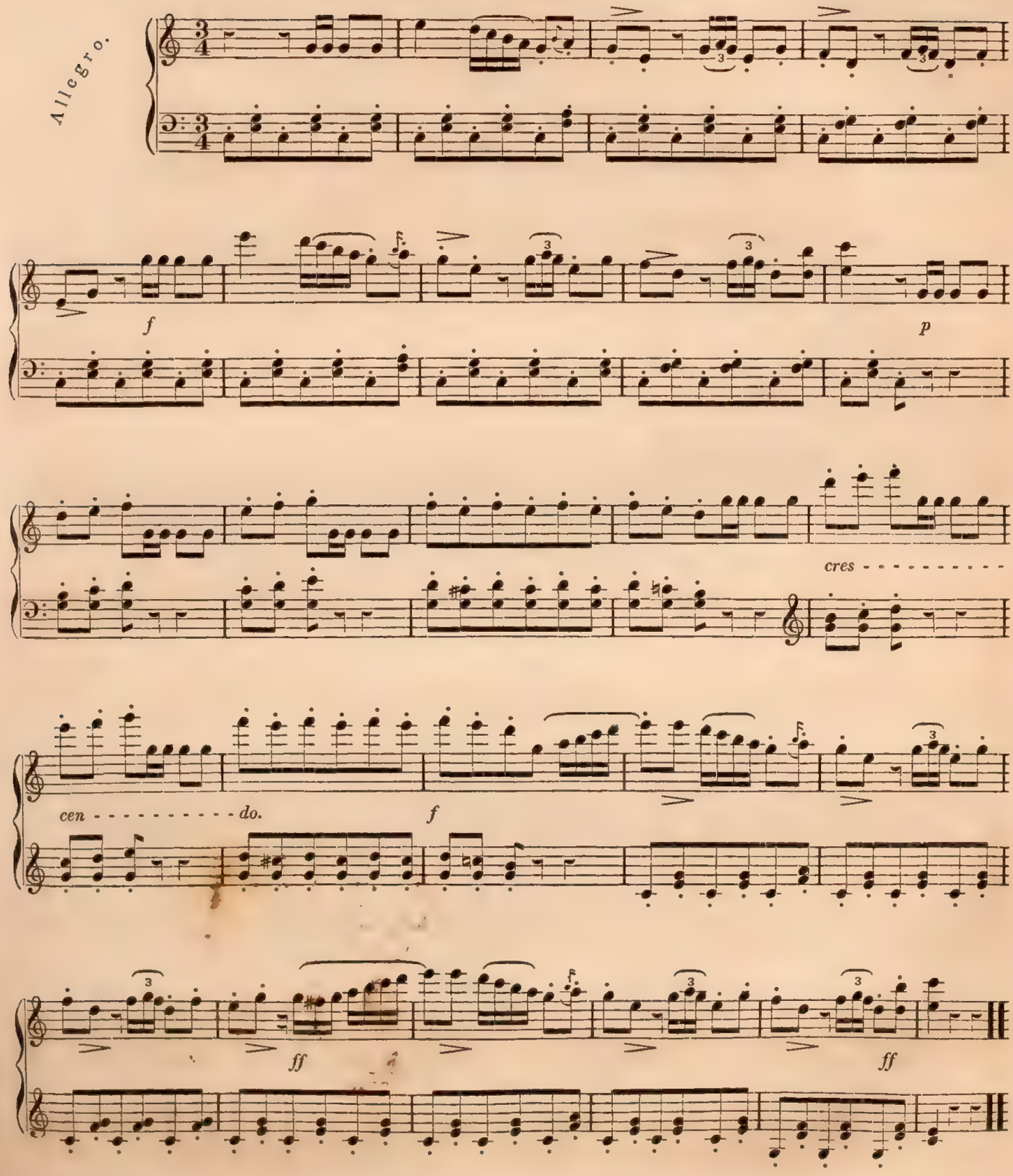
3d Verse.

The rose has faded from my cheek,
The flush of health has pass'd away,
My hand is faint, my voice is weak,
The harp's sweet strings I scarce can sway.

Yet ere I die, to native home
My heart's best feelings warmly yearn,
For all its scenes like music come,
And fondly sing—return—return.

EL ZAPATEADO.

A SPANISH DANCE.

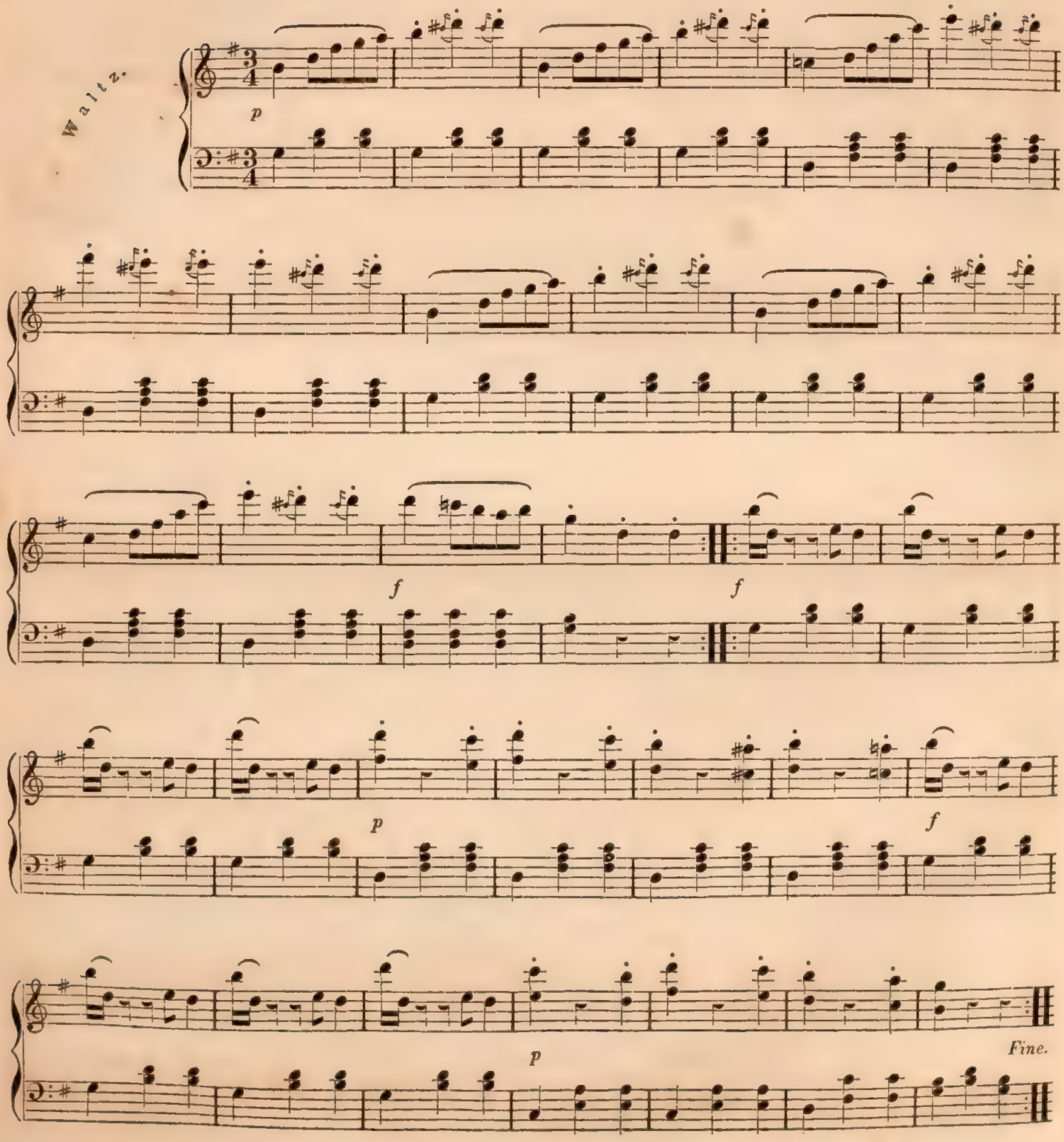


THE AUSTRIAN ROSE WALTZ.

(VERY LOVELY.)

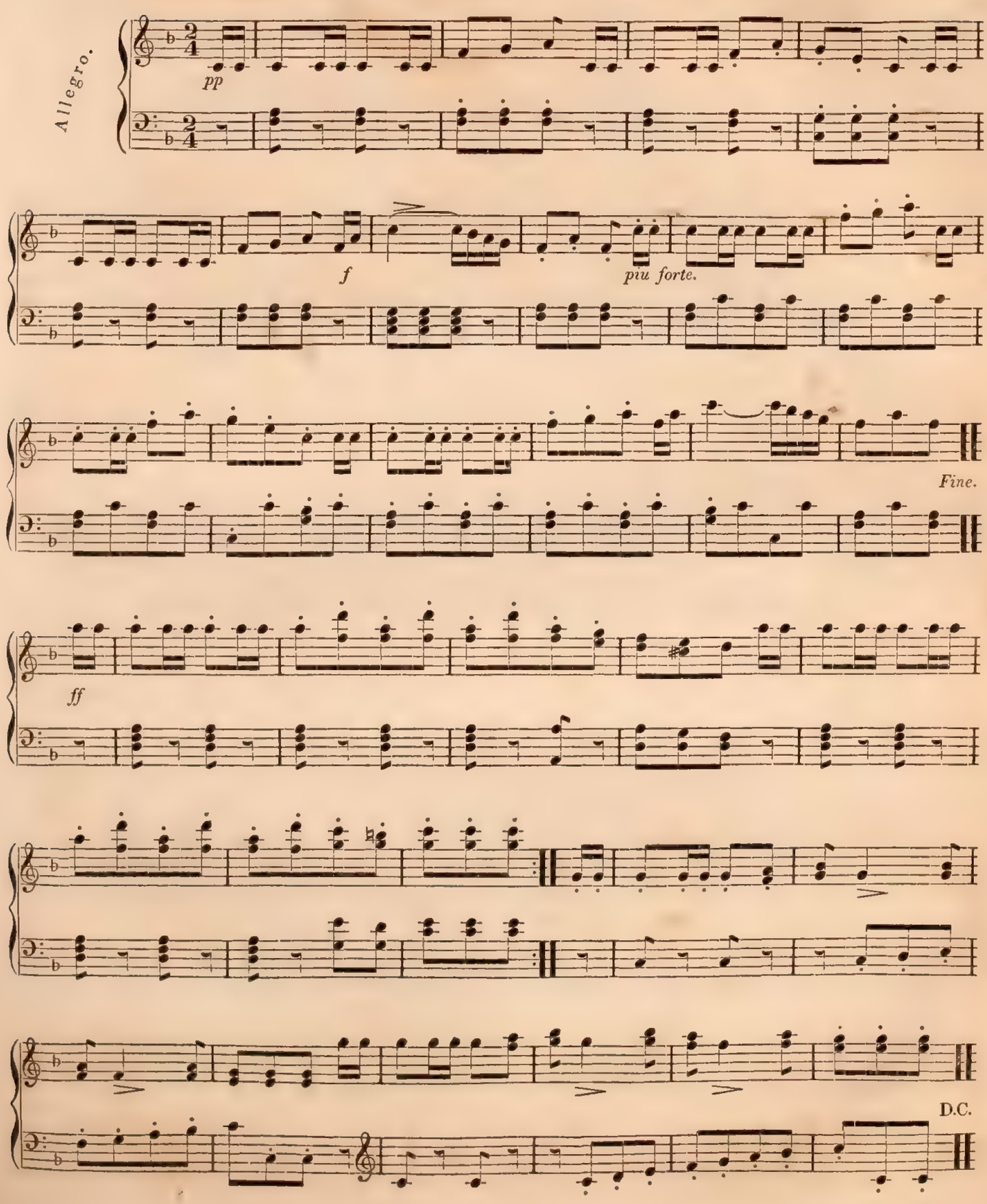
(SELECTED FROM THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.)

BY LANNER.



GALOPADE FROM WM. TELL.

ARRANGED BY J. B. DUVERNOY.



THE TIVOLIAN WALTZ.

Allegretto.

p

f

Fine.

dolce.

for.

1st time.

2d time.

D.C.

A SCOTCH WEDDING DANCE.

C. JARVIS.

Animato.

fz

Fine.

p

ff

p

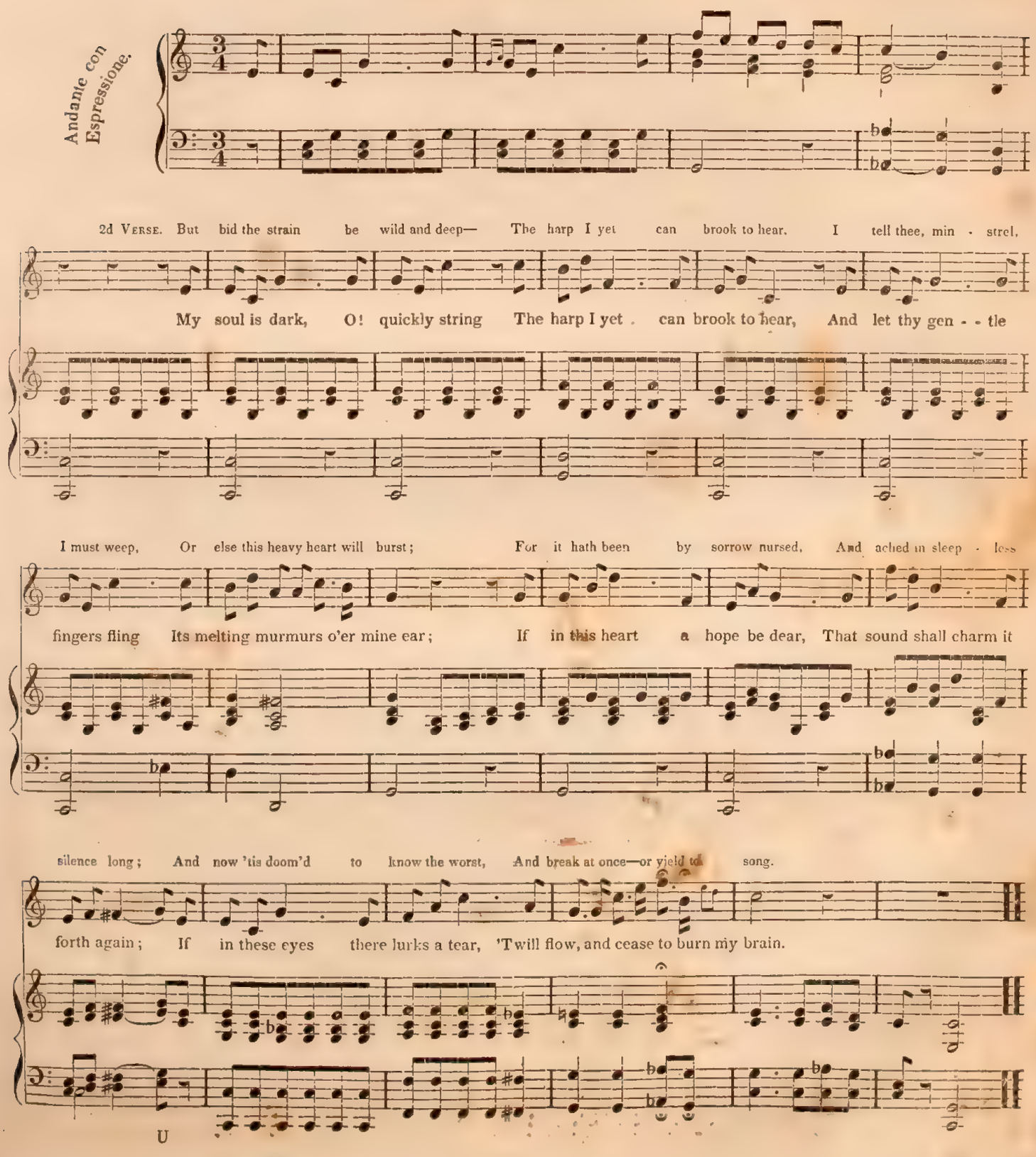
ff

D.C.

MY SOUL IS DARK.

Song.

POETRY BY **LORD BYRON.**——MUSIC BY **DE BERIOT.**

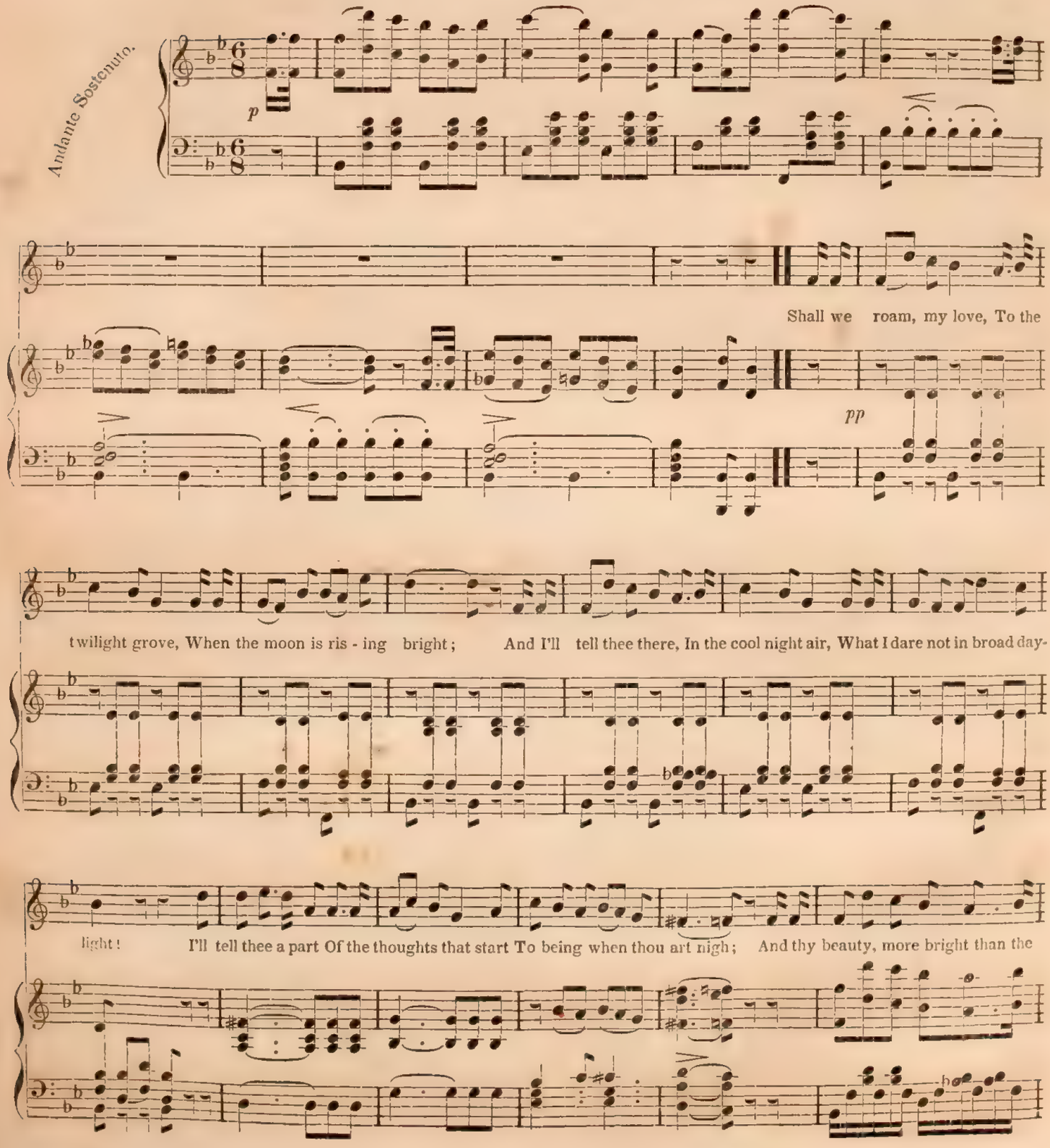


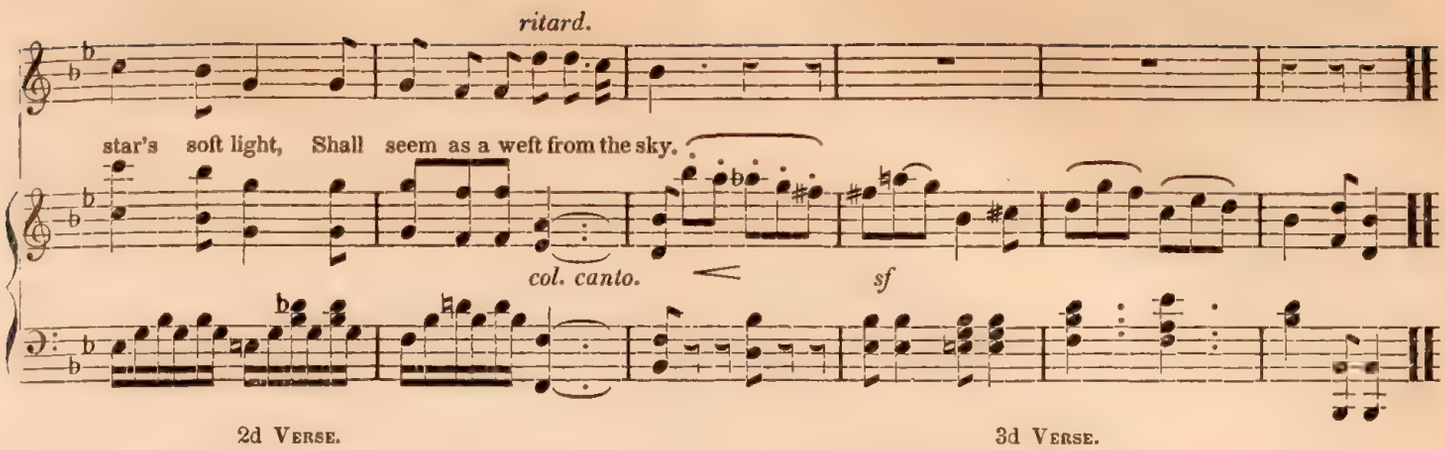
TO THE QUEEN OF MY HEART.

WORDS BY SHELLEY, FROM HIS POSTHUMOUS PAPERS,

THE MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

BY W. H. FRY.





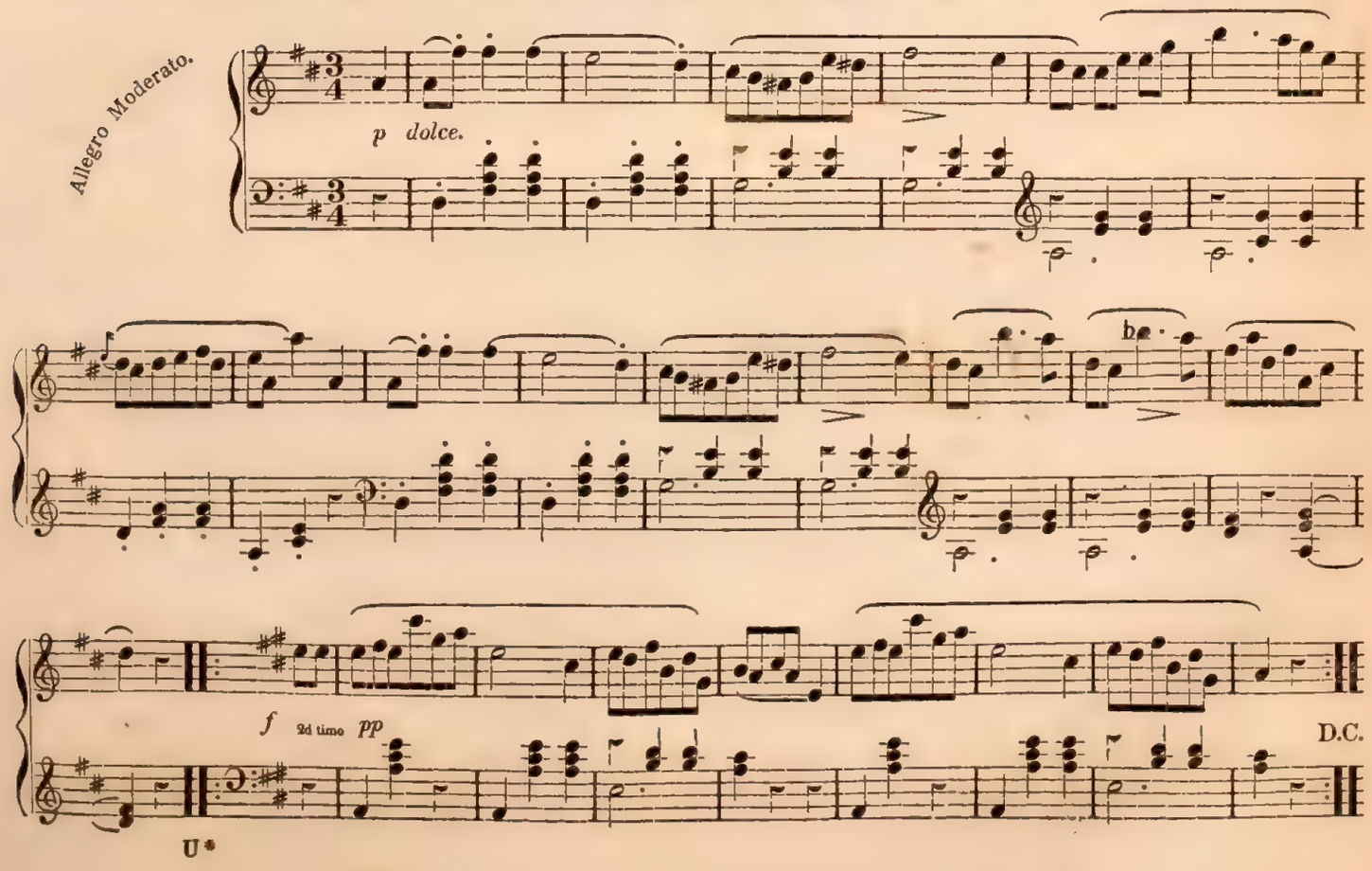
2d Verse.

When the pale moonbeam
On tower and stream
  Sheds a flood of silver sheen,
How I love to gaze
As the cold ray strays
  O'er thy face, my heart's throned queen!
Wilt thou roam with me
To the restless sea,
  And linger upon the steep,
And list to the flow
Of the waves below
  How they toss, and roar, and leap!

3d Verse.

Those boiling waves
And the storm that raves
  At night o'er their foaming crest
Resemble the strife
That, from earliest life,
  The passions have waged in my breast.
Oh, come then and rove
To the sea or the grove,
  When the moon is rising bright,
And I'll whisper there
In the cool night air
  What I dare not in broad daylight.

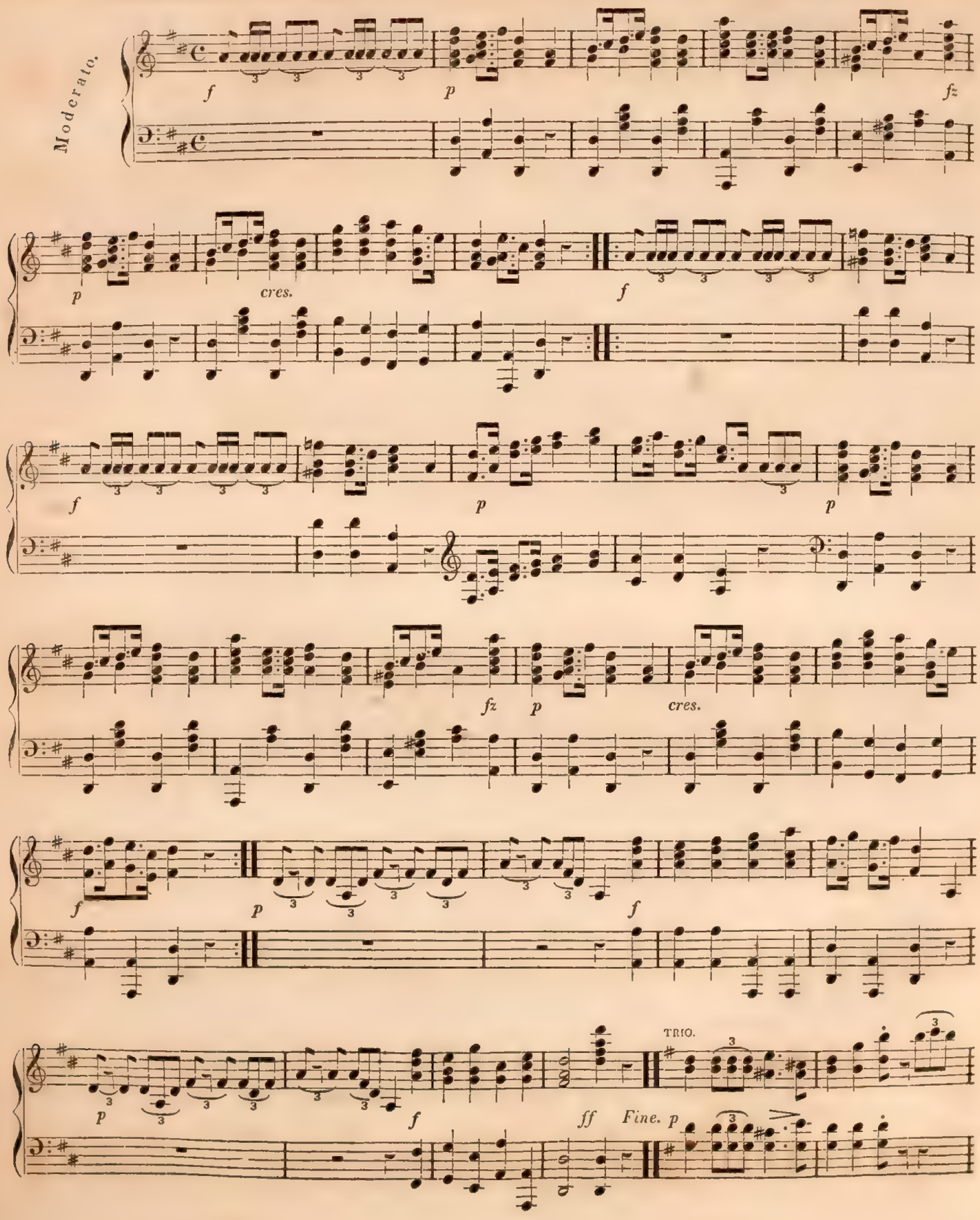
THE YOUNG WALTZER.

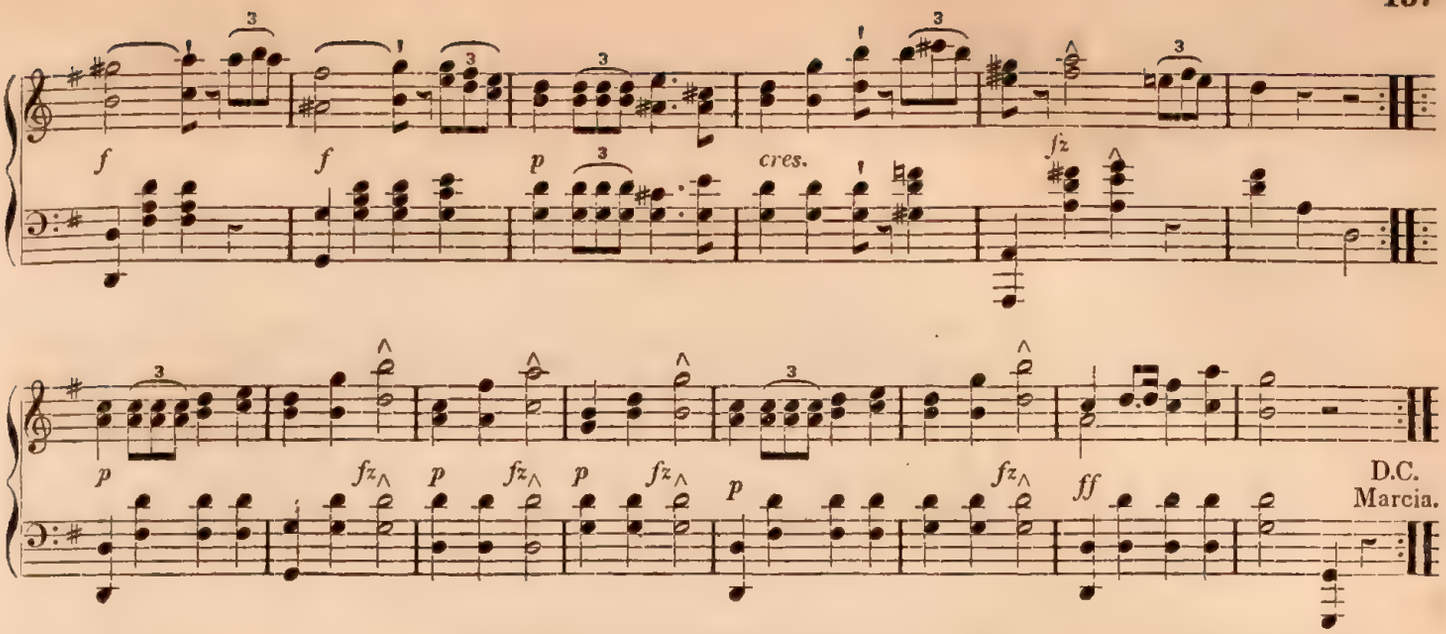


U*

AFFGHANISTAN MARCH.

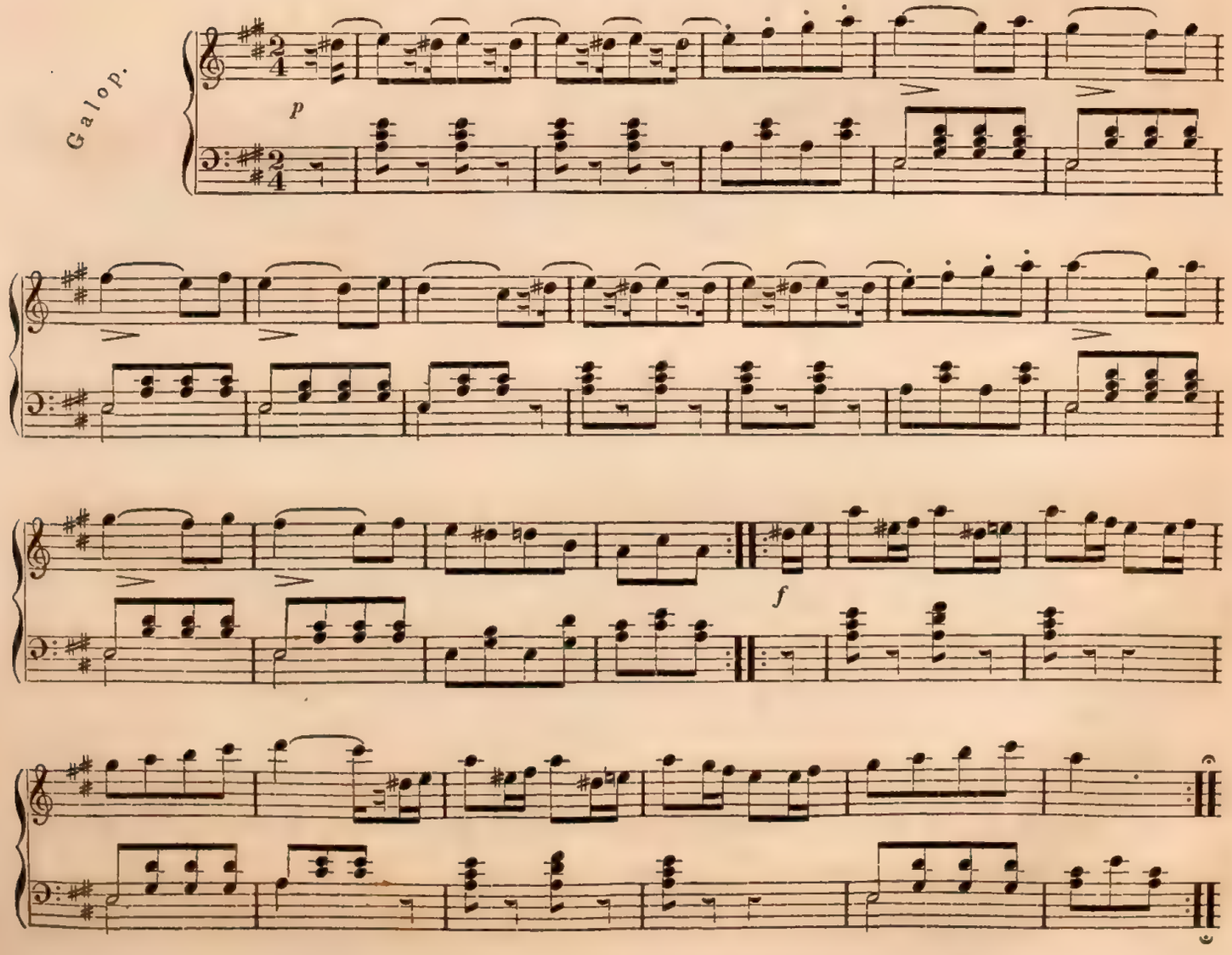
COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK, BY J. A. GETZE.





THE LADIES' GALOP.

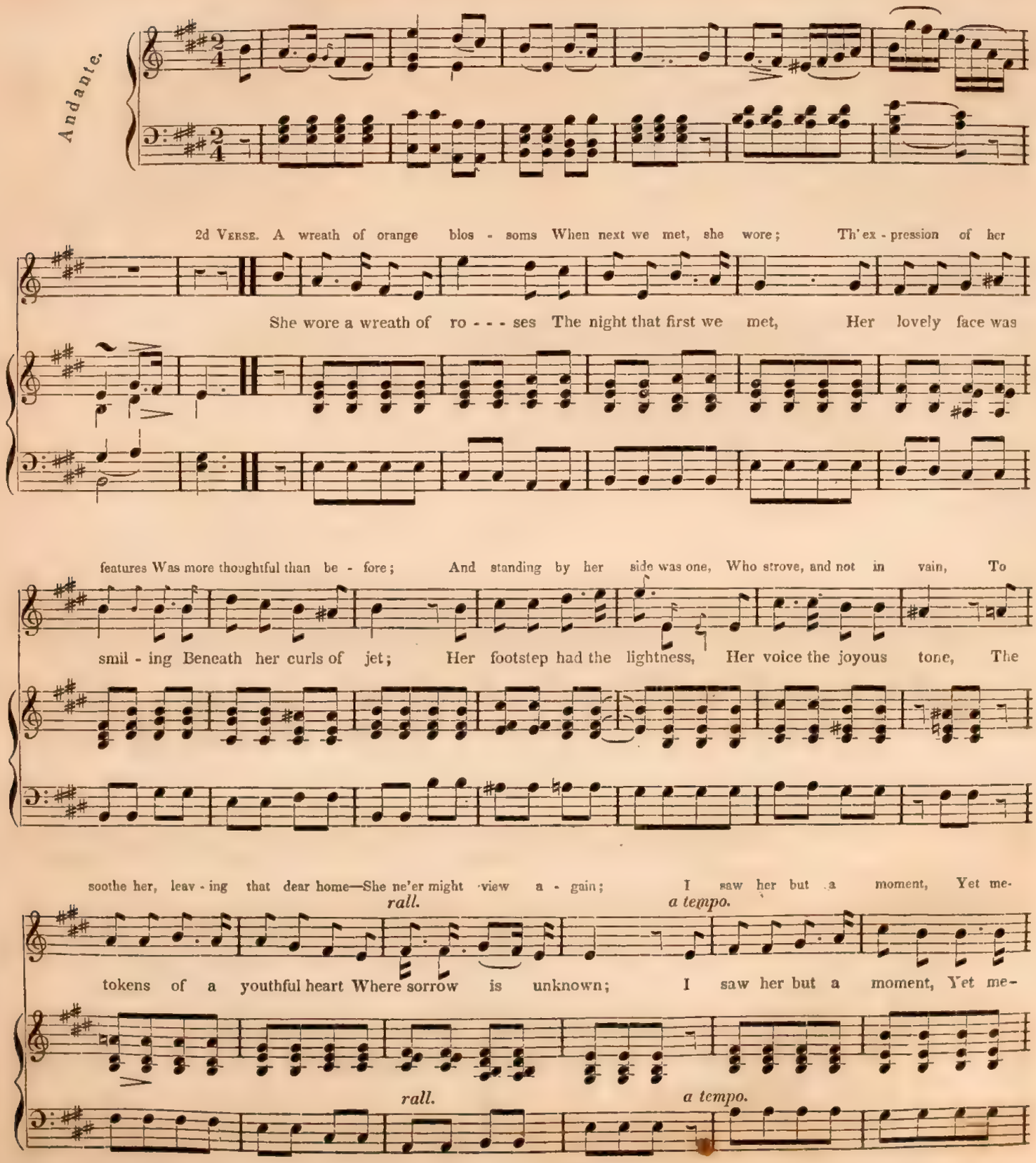
J. STRAUSS.



SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES.

POETRY BY T. HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

MUSIC BY JOSEPH PHILIP KNIGHT.



thinks I see her now With the wreath of or - ange blossoms Up - on her snowy brow.

cres.

- - - thinks I see her now With the wreath of summer flowers Up - on her lovely brow.

cres. *f*

3d Verse.

And once again I see that brow
No bridal wreath is there,
The widow's sombre cap conceals
Her once luxuriant hair;
She weeps in silent solitude,
And there is no one near
To press her hand within his own,
And wipe away the tear;
I see her broken - hearted,
Yet methinks I see her now,
In the pride of youth and beauty,
With a garland on her brow.

THE YOUNG AMATEUR.

HUNTEN.

Andante.

p *p*

p

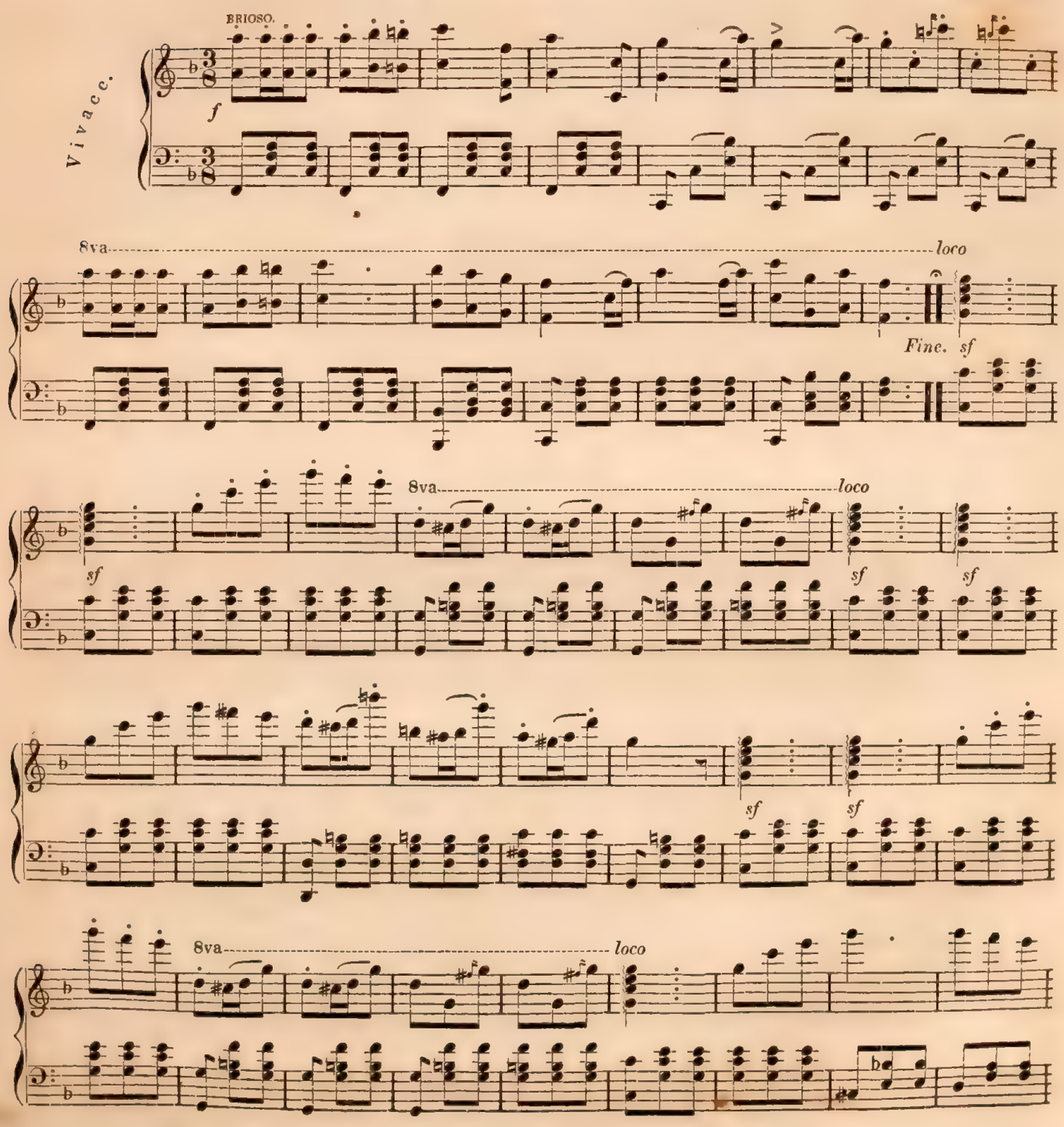
p

MONTICELLO WALTZ.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK, AND VERY RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

To Miss M. Schriver, of York, Pa.

BY C. HOMMANN.



dolce e legato.

1st time. 2d time.

8va

(*Repeat* 8va.)

sempre dolce.

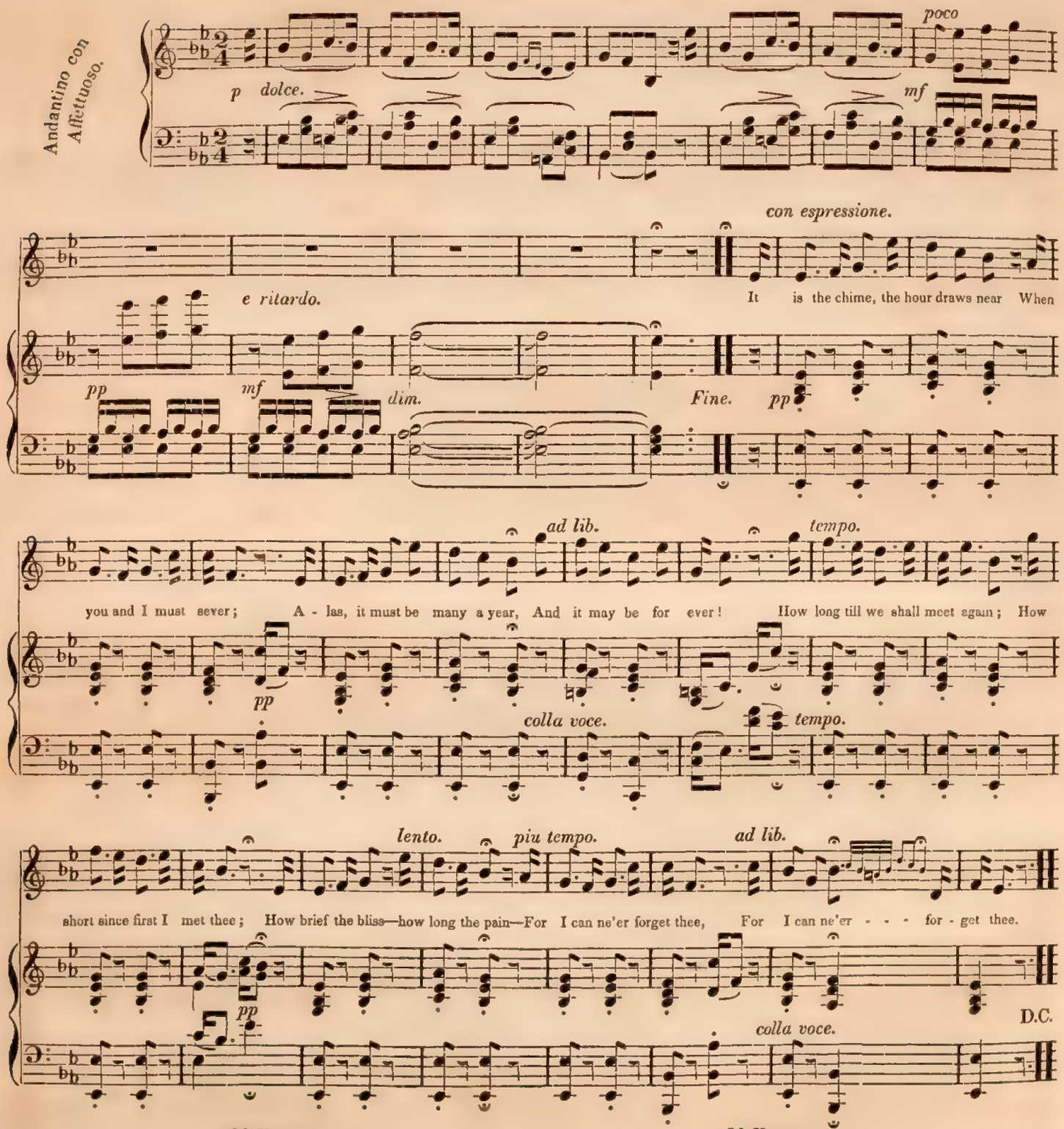
D.C.

V

I CAN NE'ER FORGET THEE.

FROM HANDY ANDY——WRITTEN BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.

The Music Composed by Charles Jarvis.



2d Verse.

You said my heart was cold and stern;
You doubted love when strongest;
In future days you'll live to learn
Proud hearts can love the longest.
Oh! sometimes think, when press'd to hear,
When flippant tongues beset thee,
That all must love thee, when thou'rt near;
But one will ne'er forget thee!

3d Verse.

The changeful sand doth only know
The shallow tide and latest;
The rocks have mark'd its highest flow,
The deepest and the greatest;
And deeper still the flood-marks grow:—
So, since the hour I've met thee,
The more the flood of time doth flow
The less can I forget thee!

SONG OF THE FAIRIES.

WORDS BY M. H. R.

TO WHOM THE MUSIC IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

By J. A. Getze, Professor of Music.

Allegretto.

mp *pp* *Fine.*

2d Verse. When the moon shines down o'er lake and rill, And all the earth be - side is still, When the mourning flow'rs in

When the sun goes down with a crimson glow, And silence sinks on all below; When the evening shadows

p *rallent.* *a tempo.*

sadness weep, And the air in floods of fragrance steep; We come [in the] witching hour of night, For we love to dance in the

darker fall, And stars come out to the fes - ti - val, From the up - per air and the deep blue sea, From the acorn's cup and the

fz *fz* *p*

soft moonlight, Then the bright eyes smile that were sad be - - fore, And the gen - tle flow' - rets weep no more!

hol - low tree; In pearly shells o'er the white sea foam, On the zephyr's breath—we come—we come.

tempo.

ritard. *p* *tempo.* *cres.* *all.* D.C.

3d Verse.

When the stars grow faint, as the god of day
Strikes their glories dim with his first bright ray,
And the sad, pale moon, with her earnest eye,
Speaks a last farewell as she passes by—

And, gazing upon the scene below,
Seems half unwilling as yet to go—
We hasten the signal to obey
And vanish with her last ling'ring ray!

OH, MY LOVE'S BONNY.

A CELEBRATED SCOTCH BALLAD.

WORDS BY J. FINLAYSON, ESQ.

MUSIC BY J. M. MULLER.

Allegretto ma con Espression.

P

Oh! my love's bonny, bonny, bonny, Oh! my love's bon - ny an'

cres. *dim.* *P*

.S. 2d VERSE.

But poortith's a foe to the

cres.

dear to me; The smile o' her face, an' her e'e's witchin' grace, Are mair than the wealth o' this world can gie. Her voice is mair sweet than the

cres. *f* *mf*

peace o' this bosom, That glows sae devout - ly, dear lassie, for thee, Alas! that e'er poortith should blight love's young blossom, When

blackbird at gloamin', When Echo re - peats his wild notes to the ear; She's lovely an' fresh as the wild roses bloomin', That

rich - - - - es nae last - - - - ing con - tentment can gie. For, O! my love's bonny, bonny, bon - ny, O! my love's bonny and

ritard.

dip in the stream o' the Car - ron sae clear. For, O! my love's bonny, bon-ny, bon - ny, O! my love's bonny and

ritard. *PP*

dear to me; The smile o' her face, an' her e'e's witchin' grace, Are mair than the wealth o' the warld can gie.

cres.

dear to me; The smile o' her face, an' her e'e's witchin' grace, Are mair than the wealth o' the warld can gie.

P *cres.* *f* *P*

cres. *P*

3

Yet hope's cheerfu' sun shall aboon my head hover,
An' guide a lone wand'rer, when far, far frae thee;
For ne'er till it sets will I prove a fause lover,
Or think o' anither, dear Annie, but thee.
For, O! thou art bonny, bonny, bonny,
O! my love's bonny and dear to me,
The smile o' her face, an' her e'e's witchin' grace,
Are mair than the wealth o' the warld can gie.

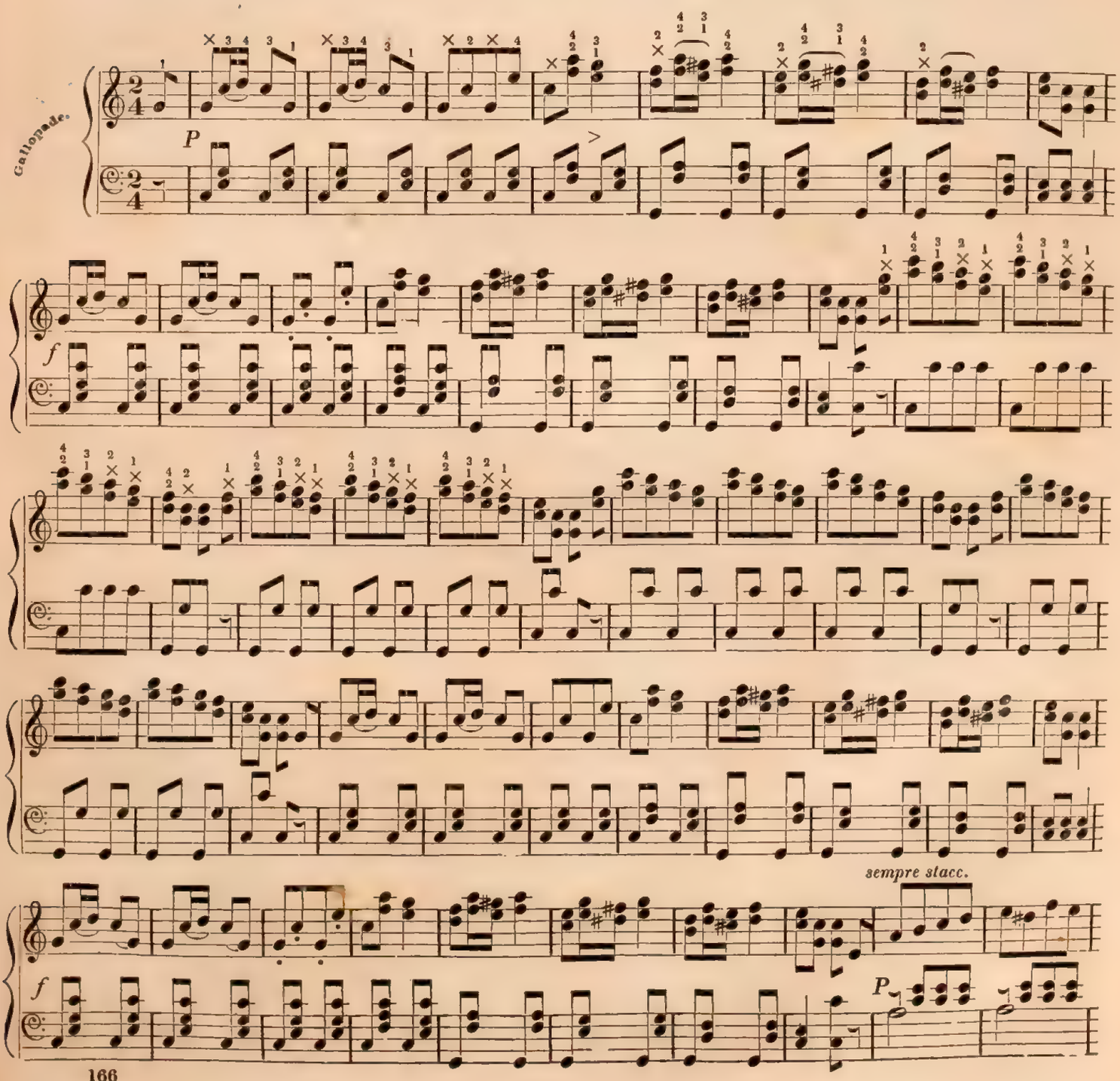
FAVOURITE GALLOPADE,

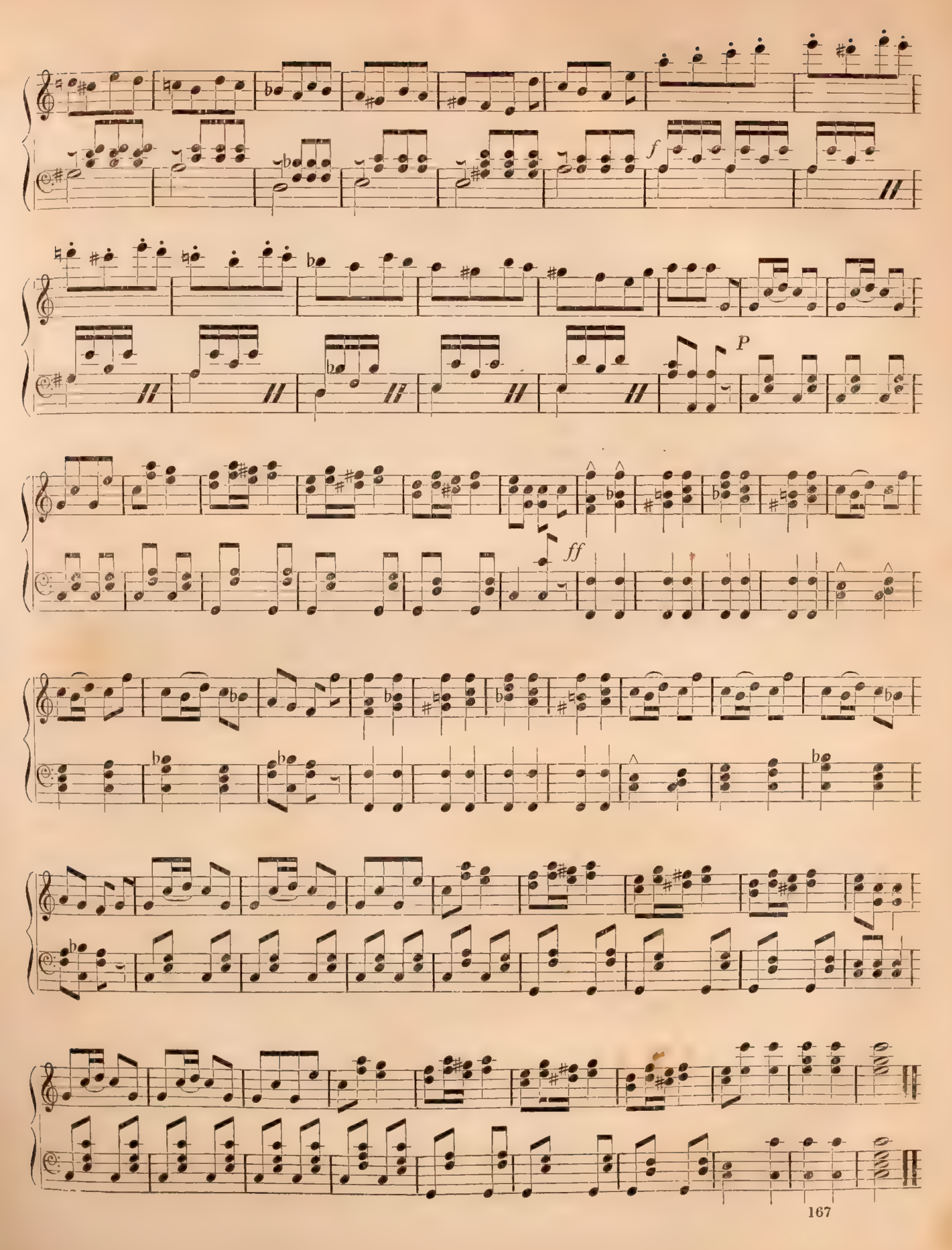
FROM THE OPERA

GUSTAVE.

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE,

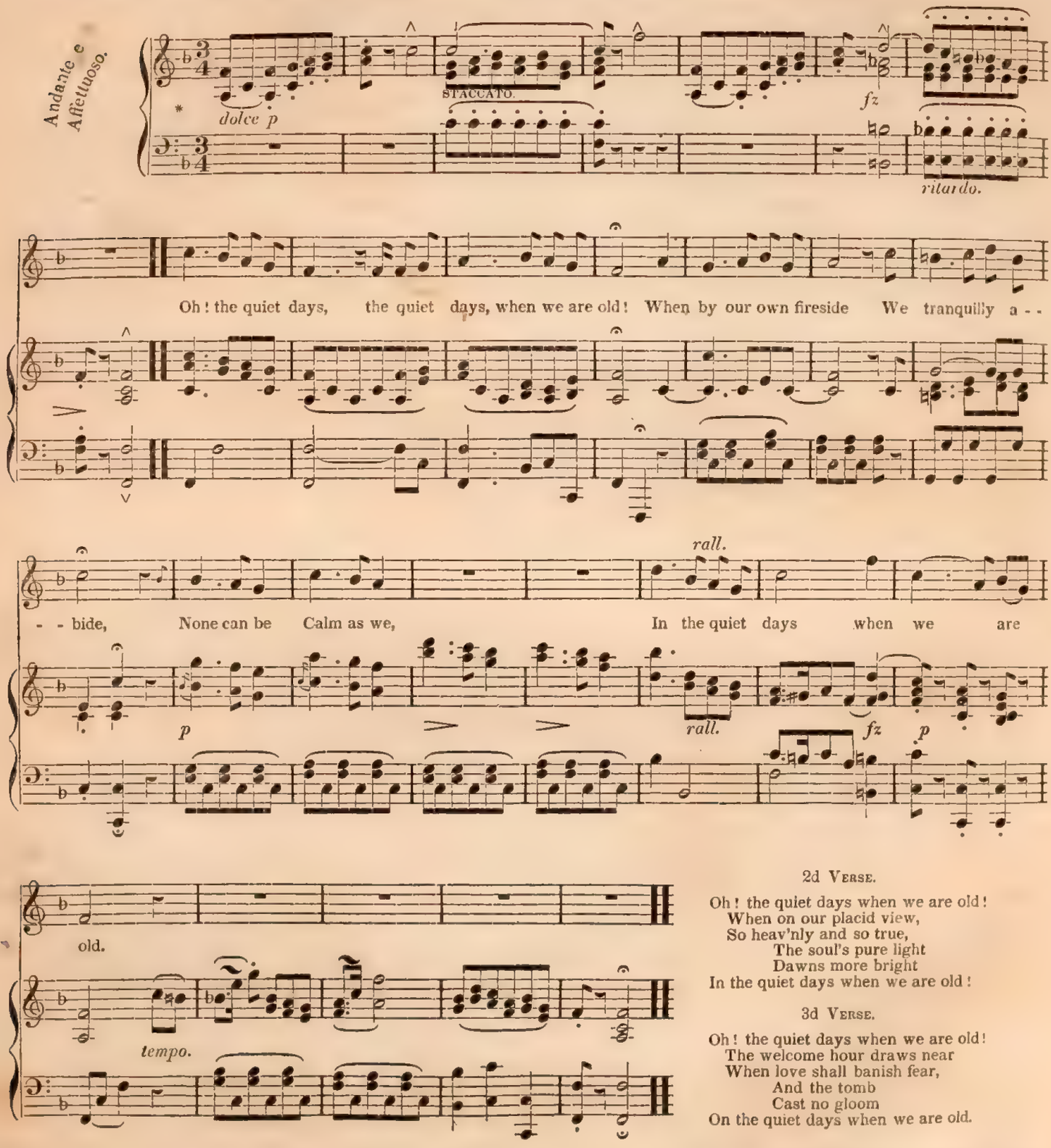
BY C. F. HAUSMAN.




f
P
ff

OH! THE QUIET DAYS WHEN WE ARE OLD!

THE WORDS BY MRS. HEMANS.—THE MUSIC BY HER BROTHER.



2d Verse.

Oh! the quiet days when we are old!
When on our placid view,
So heav'nly and so true,
The soul's pure light
Dawns more bright
In the quiet days when we are old!

3d Verse.

Oh! the quiet days when we are old!
The welcome hour draws near
When love shall banish fear,
And the tomb
Cast no gloom
On the quiet days when we are old.

Glenmary, August 1, 1842.

Dear Sir:—I have not seen the accompanying song published in America. If new to you, please insert it in your "Musical Library"—for it is a gem of pathos and harmony.

Yours very truly.

L. A. Godey, Esq. N. P. Willis.

* The Introduction to this song is added by the Editor, the original being without one.

THE BUGLE QUICK-STEP.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

BY FRANCIS JOHNSON.

Quick-Step.

f *fz* *fz* *f*

legato dolce.

mf

SOLO Eb BUGLE.

animato.

dim.

Fine.

BAD LUCK TO THIS MARCHING.

SUNG BY MICKEY FREE.

FROM CHARLES O'MALLEY, THE IRISH DRAGOON.

WRITTEN BY HARRY LORREQUER.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE,

BY CHARLES JARVIS.

[Godey & M'Michael, Publishers' Hall, 101 Chesnut Street.]

Allegretto Moderato.

mf *f*

Bad luck to this marching, Pipe-claying and starching; How neat one must be to be

fz *fz*

left with the dead! I'm sick of parading, Thro' wet and cowld wading, Or standing all night to be shot thro' the head.

fz *fz* *mf* *f*

Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1842, by Godey & M'Michael.

To the tune of a fife, They dispose of your life, You sur - render your soul to some il - ligant lilt, Now I

like Garryowen, When I hear it at home, But it's not half so sweet when you're going to be kilt. But it's not half so sweet, &c.

ad lib.

fz *fz* *colla voce.*

mf *f*

2d Verse.

Though up late and early,
Our pay comes so rarely,
That not a brass farthing we've ever to spare;
They say some disaster
Befel the paymaster;
On my conscience, I think that the money's not there.
And, just think, what a blunder;
They won't let us [plunder,*]
While the convents invite us to rob them, 'tis clear;
Though there isn't a village,
But cries, 'come and pillage,'
Yet we leave all the mutton behind for Mounseer.

3d Verse.

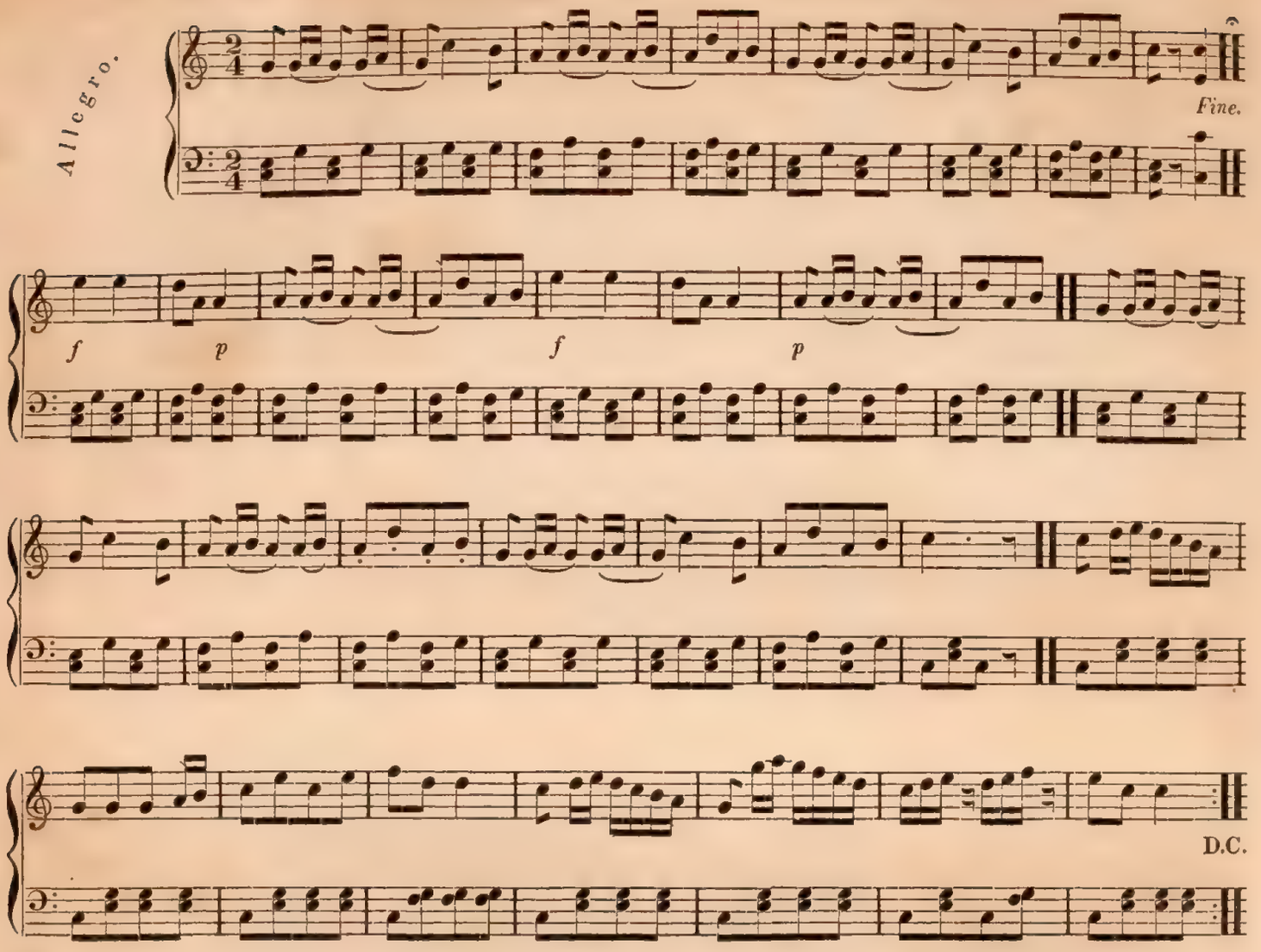
Like a tar that's nigh land,
I long for that island
Where even the kisses we steal if we please;
Where 'tis no disgrace
[If you] don't wash your face,
And you've nothing to do but to stand at your ease.

With no sergeant t' abuse us,
We fight t' amuse us,
Sure it's better beat Christian than kick a baboon,
How I'd dance like a fairy,
To see ould Dunleary,
And think twice ere I'd leave it to be a dragoon!

* All words enclosed thus [ ] to be sung to one note.

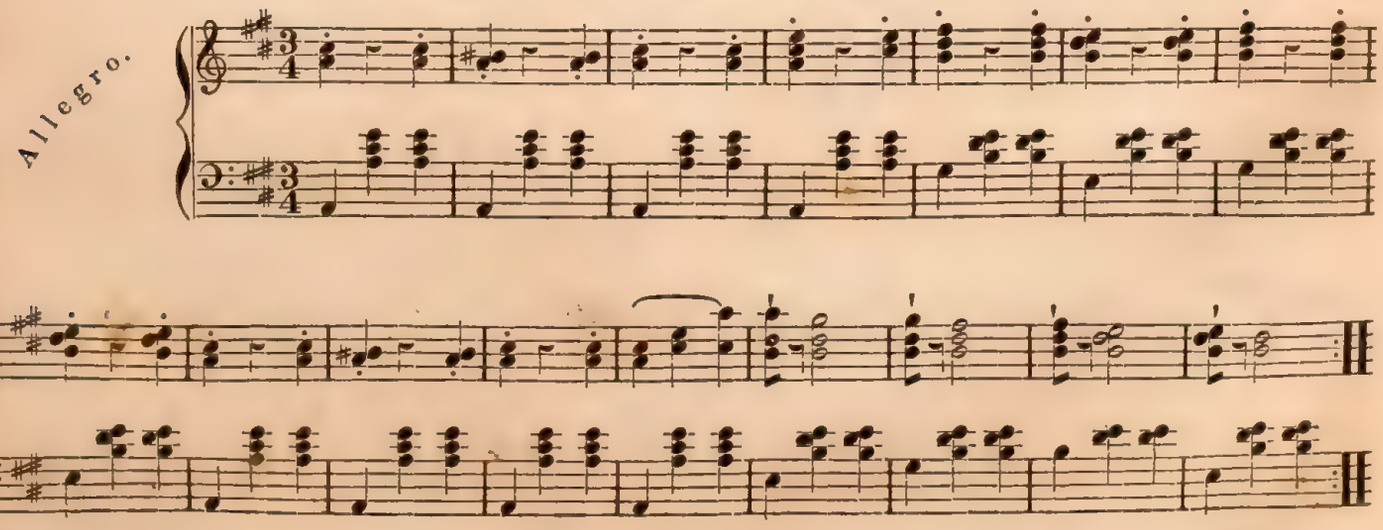
MACGREGOR'S MARCH.

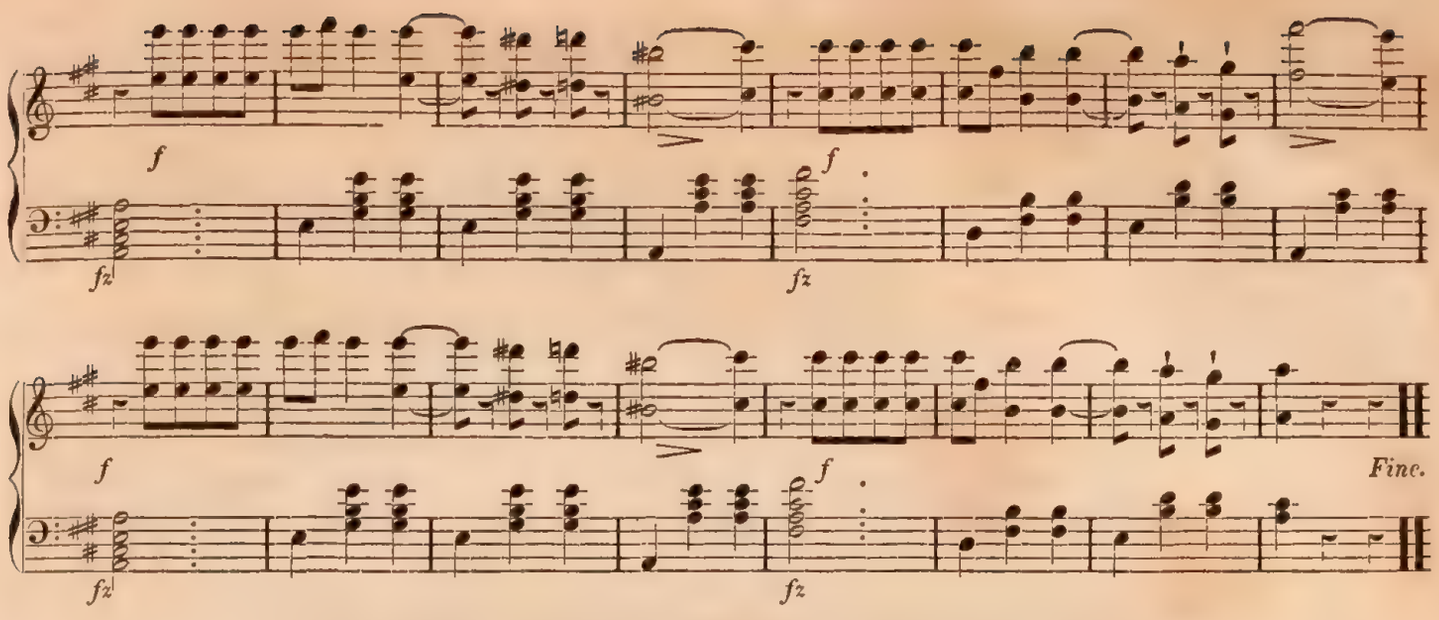
[Philadelphia, Godey & M'Michael, Publishers' Hall, 101 Chesnut Street.]



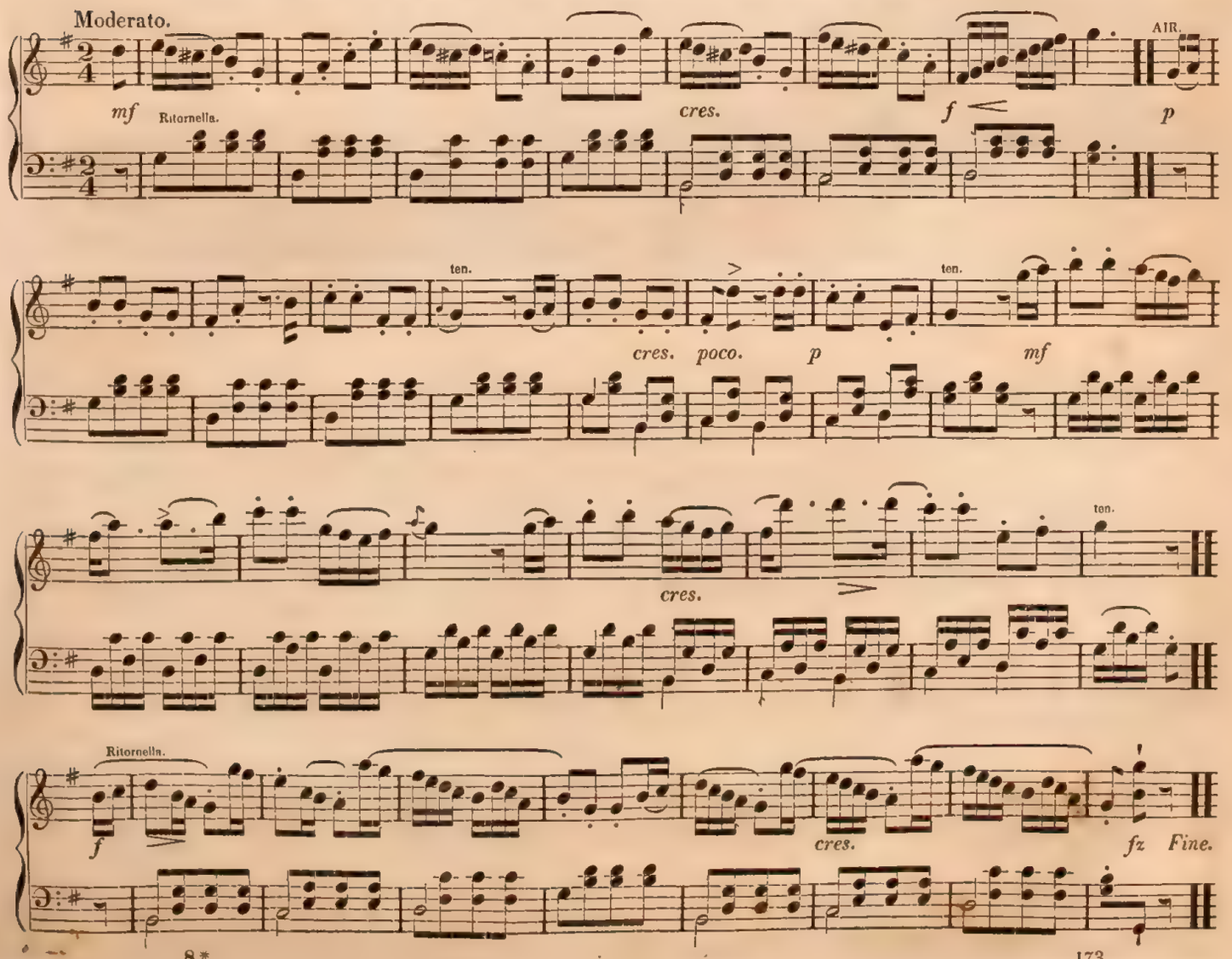
HOPE WALTZ.

STRAUSS.





MISS LUCY LONG.



THE SCOTCH WALTZ.

F. T. HÜBNER.

Allegro.

p *f*

p *f*

Fine. *f* *p* *f* *p* D.C.

CHANSONETTE DE L'ENFANT DU REGIMENT.

Allegretto Vivo.

Fine.

D.C.

f

THE HOMEWARD BOUND.

THE POETRY WRITTEN BY

MRS. JOHN VALENTINE.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

JOSEPH PHILIP KNIGHT.

Allegro

Spiritoso.

The sails are spread, The an - chor weigh'd; Hark! to the cap - stan's round; The

sail - ors troll the whist - ling lay, And mer - ri - ly on we bound, And mer - ri - ly on we

bound, And merri - ly on we bound.

8va loco.

f

See, homeward now we peaceful glide, With speed on our trackless way; Now

P

proudly stem the bounding wave, And dash through the silv'ry spray, And dash through the silv'ry

f

spray. The sails are spread; the an - chor weigh'd; Hark! to the cap - stan's round: The

P

sail - ors troll the whistling lay, And merri - ly on we bound— And mer - ri - ly on, And

mer - ri - ly on, And mer - ri - ly on we bound, And mer - ri - ly on we bound. And

mer - ri - ly on we bound.

f *f*

Our sails are furl'd, the anchor cast—
No more to the capstan's round
The sailors troll the whistling lay,
But swift to the shore we bound.

But swift to the shore, &c.

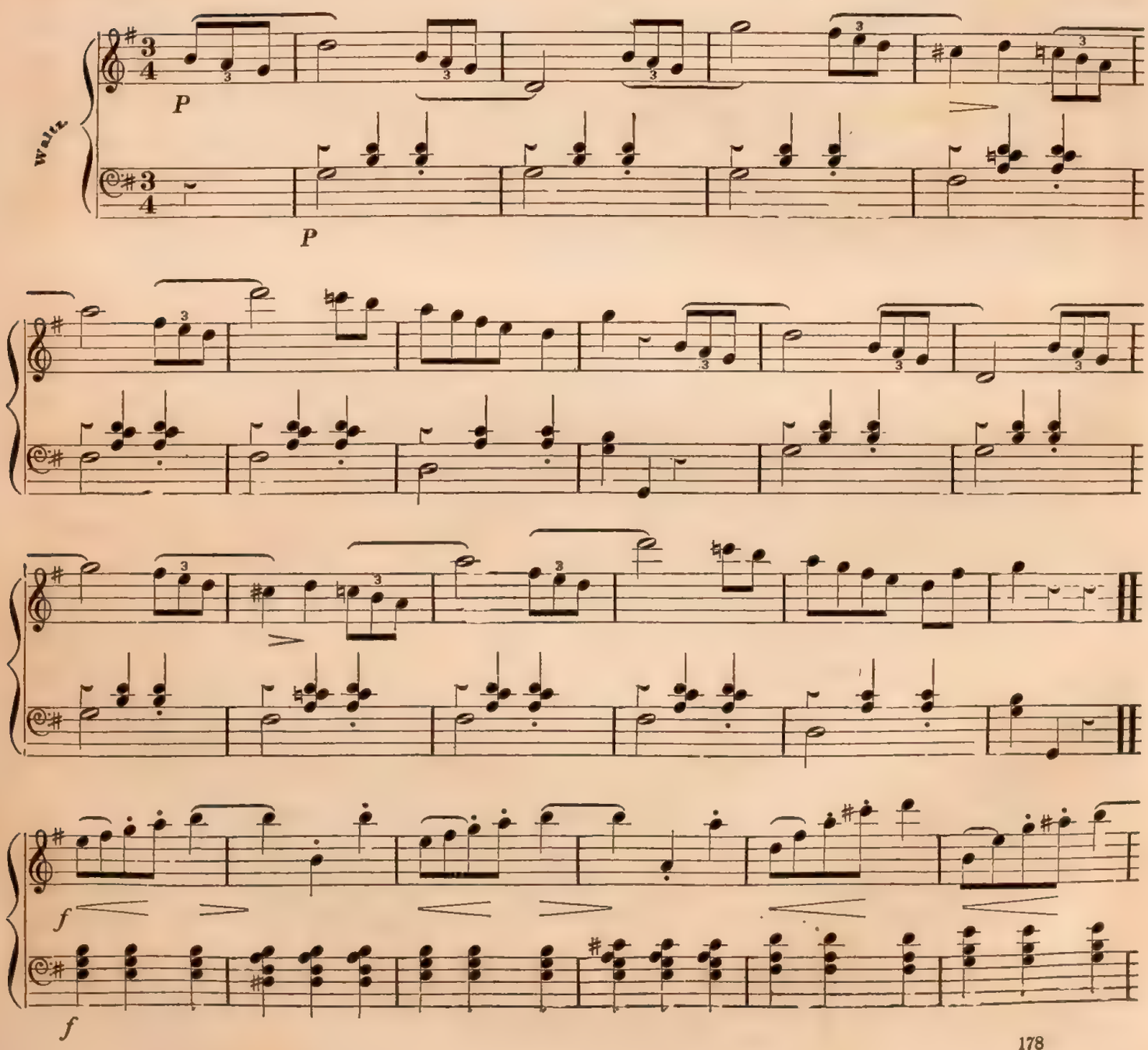
WALTZ.

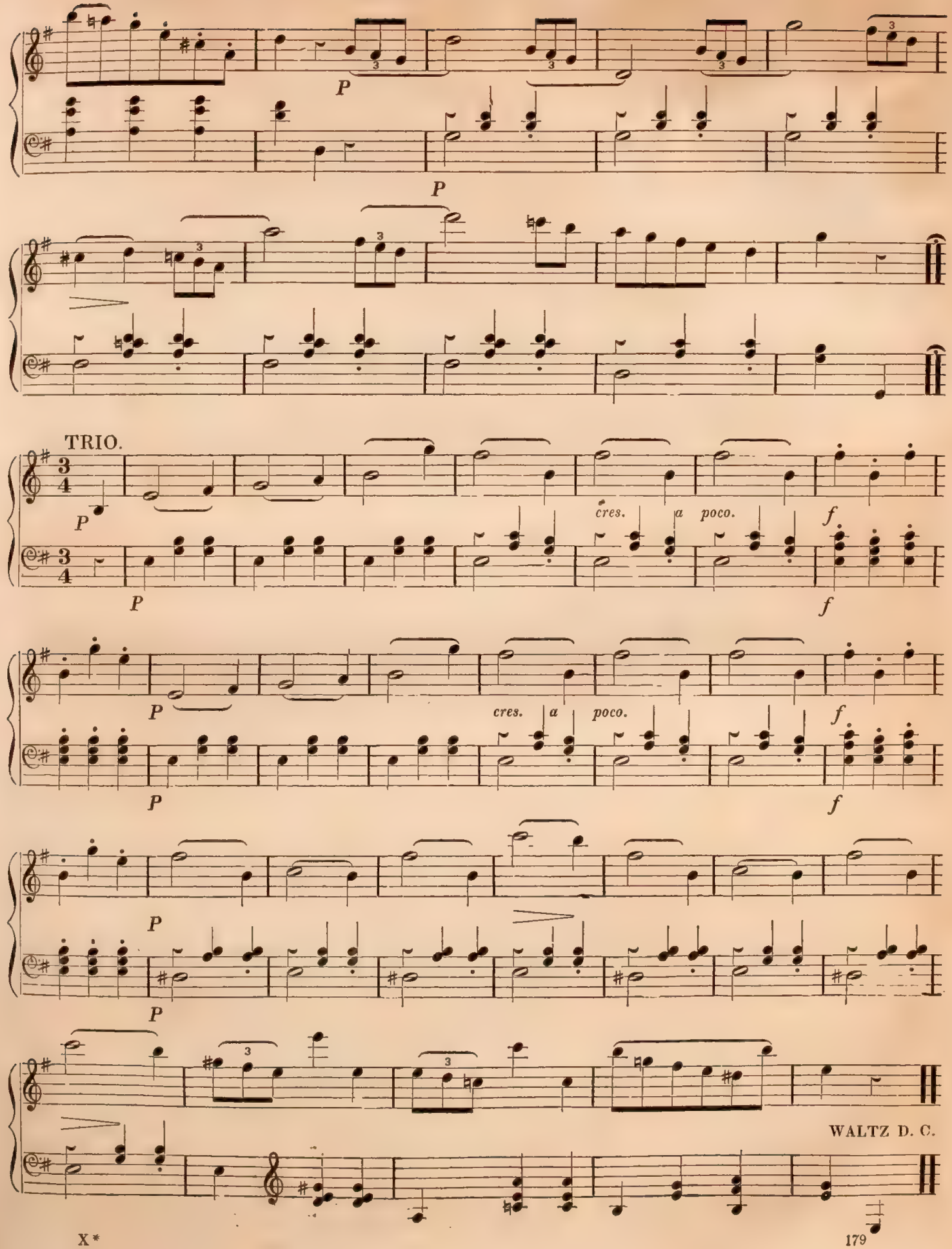
FROM AUBER'S OPERA,

LE PHILTRE.

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE,

BY J. RUFFNER.




P
P
TRIO.
P
P
cres. a poco.
f
f
P
P
cres. a poco.
f
f
P
P
WALTZ D. C.

THE SUNNY HOURS OF CHILDHOOD.

BALLAD.

WRITTEN BY T. L. CARPENTER, ESQ.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE,

BY J. HARROWAY, R. A.

Cornopean Solo.

E con espress.

P *cres.*

The friends, the friends we saw around us, In

The sun - ny, sunny hours of childhood, How

fz

boy - - hood's happy, happy day, The fai - - - ry, fai - ry links that bound us, No feel - ing now dis-

soon, how soon they pass away; Like flow'rs, like flowers in the wild wood That once bloom'd fresh and

rall.

play: For time hath changed for e - - - - - ver What youth can - not re - - - tain; And

tempo.

gay: But the perfume of the flow - - ers, And the fresh - ness of the heart, Live

we may know, ah! ne - - - - ver, Those sun - ny hours a - - gain. The sun - - ny, sunny hours of

ad lib.

rall.

but a few brief hours— And then for aye de - part. The sun - ny, sunny hours of

child - - - - - hood, How soon, how soon they pass a - - - way; Like flow'rs, like flow - ers in the

child - - hood, How soon, how soon they pass a - way, Like flow'rs, like flowers in the

wild wood, That once bloom'd fresh and gay, Like flow'rs, like flowers in the wild wood, That

f con anima.

wild - wood, That once bloom'd fresh and gay. Like flow'rs, like flowers in the wild - wood, That

once bloom'd fresh and gay.

ad lib.

once bloom'd fresh and gay.

colla voce.

M z

DEAR LOVE, AND NATIVE LAND, FAREWELL.

SONG.

WRITTEN AND ADAPTED TO

AN ADMIRED IRISH AIR.

BY S. LOVER, ESQ.

Con molto espressione.

piano.

f *P* *cres.* *rall.* *cres.* *rall.* *dim.*

Fare - well! farewell, O, who can tell The bit - ter thoughts that throng the part - ing hour, When

colla voce.

breaking hearts with anguish swell, O! language, then how faint thy pow'r! 'Tis the sad glance of some dark, tearful eye,

rall.

Cast on the home where happy hours did dwell: Ah! - - - - - - - - 'Tis the deep tone of some heart-breaking sigh, A-

ad lib.

lone can speak thy pang, farewell!

rall.

colla voce. *cres.* *cres.*

2d Verse.

Fare - - - - well, bright hills and spark - ling rills, And wild flowers fair, my

hands did fond - - ly twine For one who me - - mo - ry sad - - - ly fills, For

Con espress. *ad lib.*

one hope whis - per'd should be mine; For one who now, on *f* yonder stormy strand, Whose

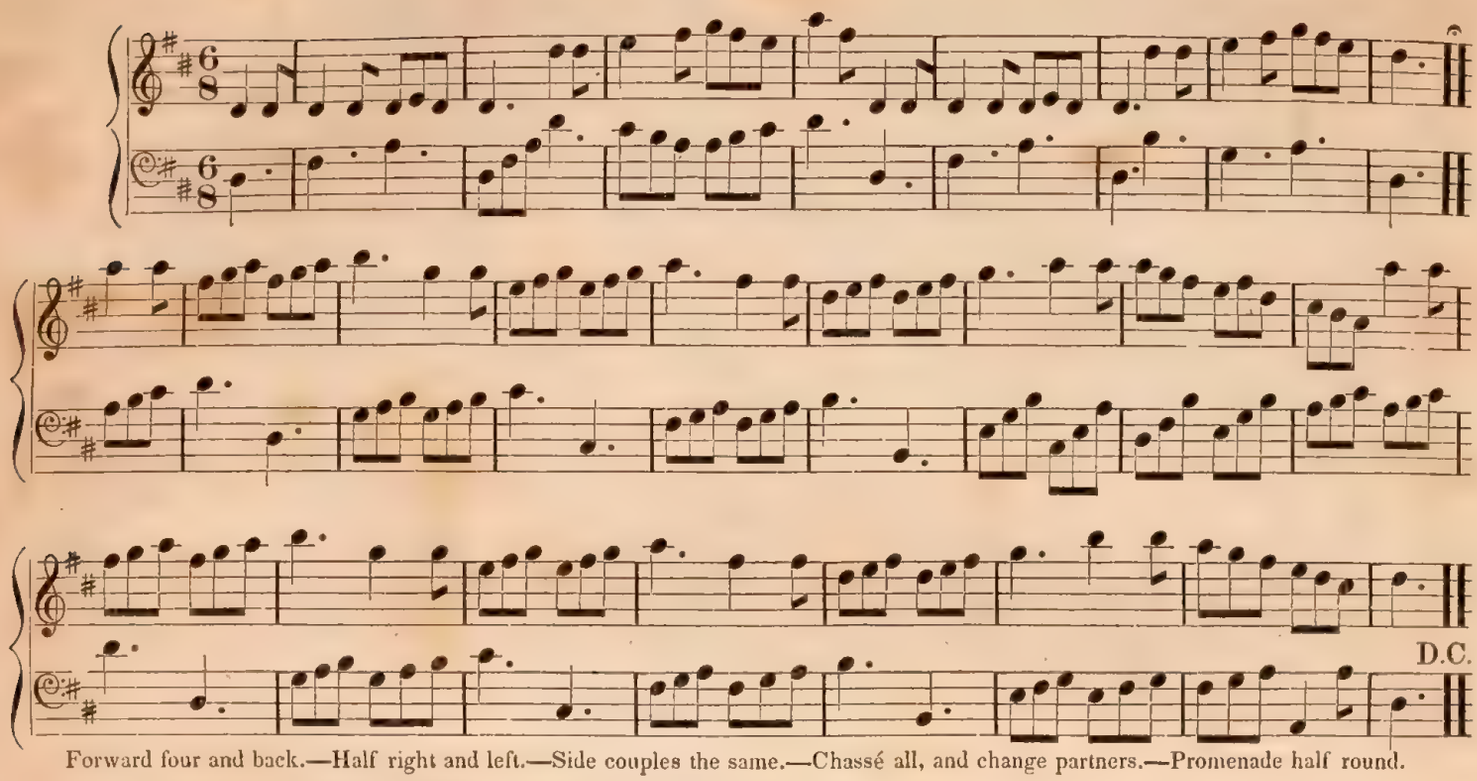
energico.

heart beats wild - er than the surge's - - - - - - - - - swell, *P* Waves me a bless - ing with up-

lift - - - - ed hand: Dear love, and na - - - - tive land, fare - - well!

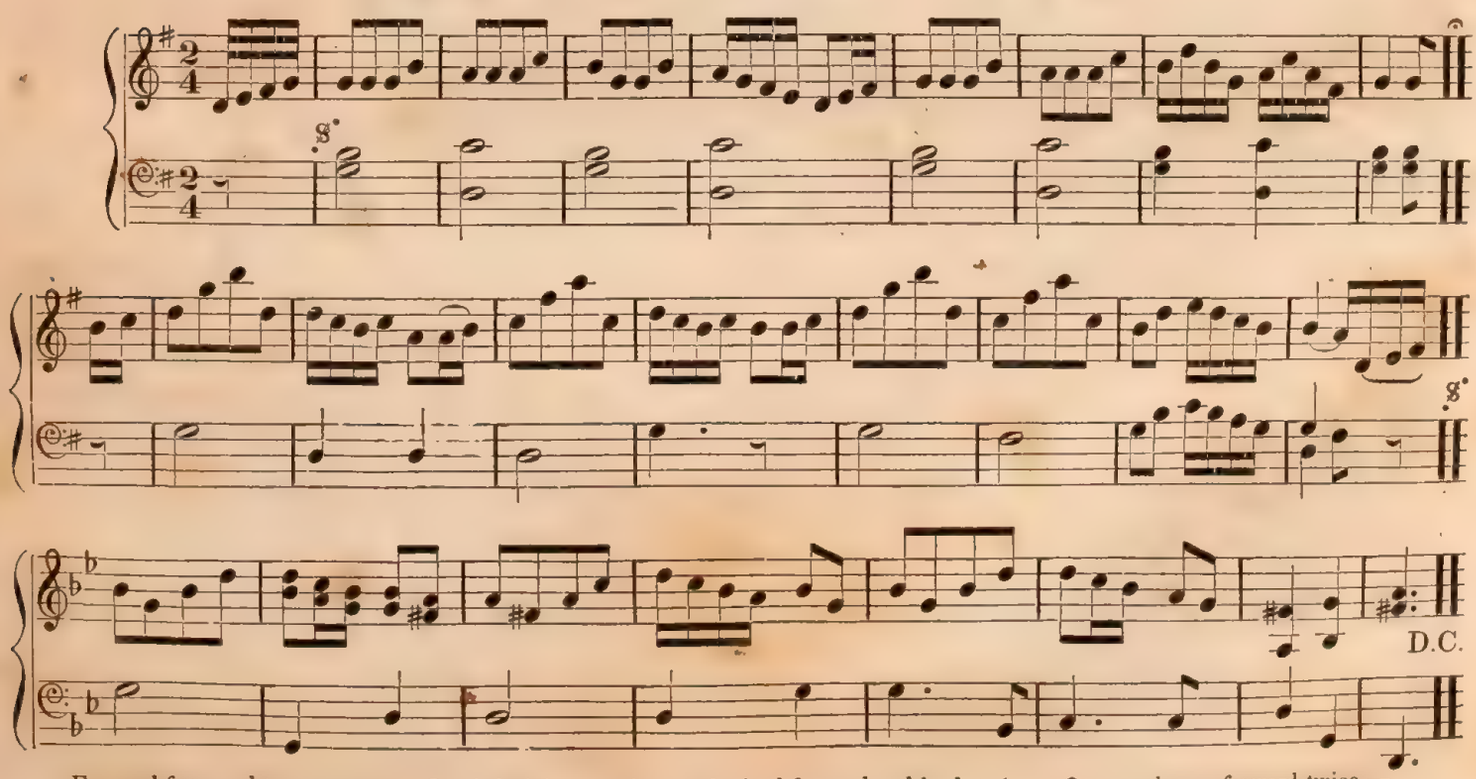
FASHIONABLE QUADRILLES.

THE SOCIABLE.



Forward four and back.—Half right and left.—Side couples the same.—Chassé all, and change partners.—Promenade half round.

THE CAULIFLOWER.

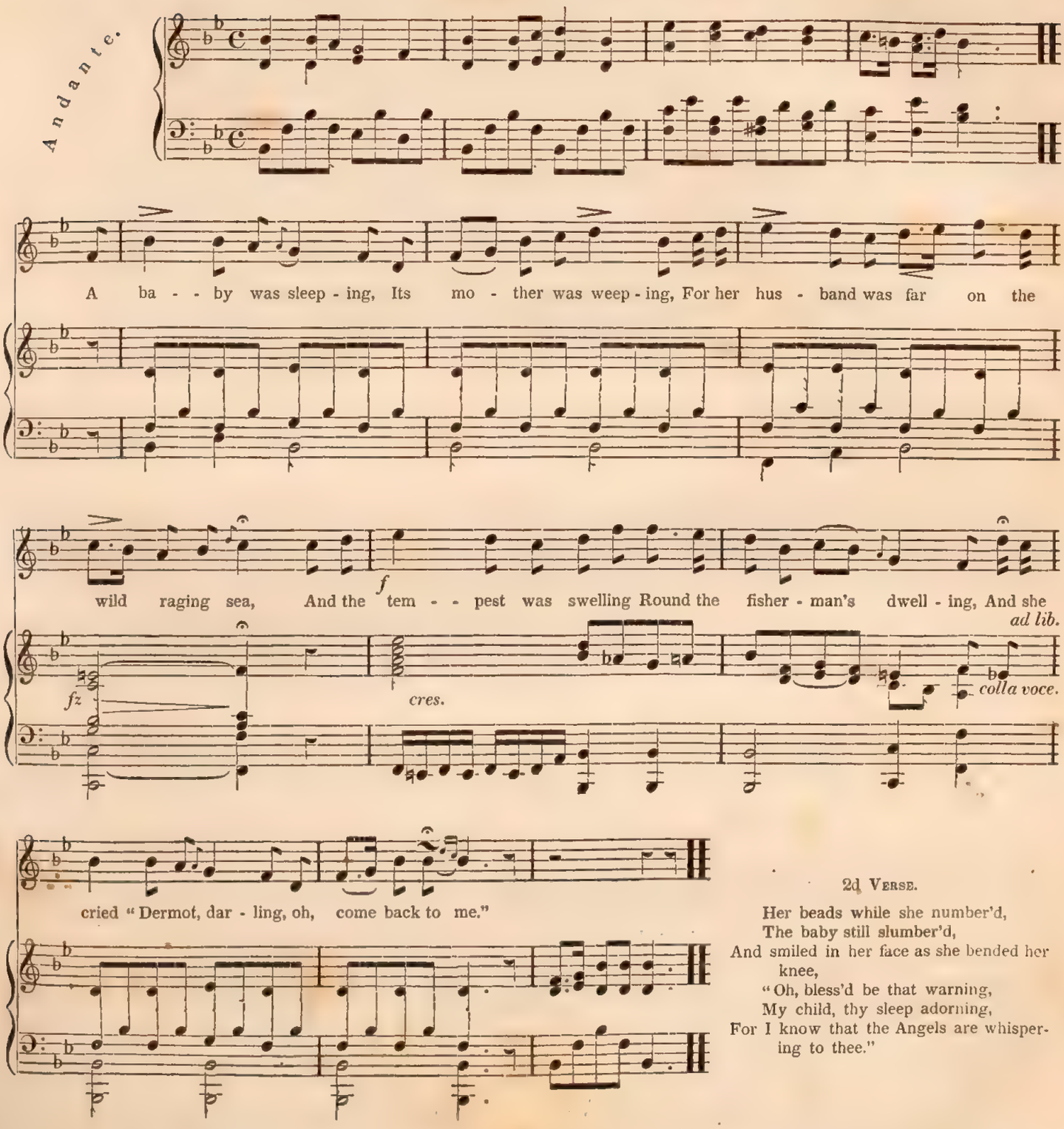


Forward four, and turn partners.—One lady join opposite couple, lead forward and back twice.—One gentleman forward twice.—Four hands round and turn partners to place.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

FROM THE SONGS OF THE SUPERSTITIONS OF IRELAND.

BY S. LOVER, ESQ.



2d Verse.

Her beads while she number'd,
The baby still slumber'd,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee,
"Oh, bless'd be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the Angels are whispering to thee."

3d Verse.

And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me,
And say thou would'st rather
They'd watch o'er thy father,
For I know that the Angels are whispering with thee.

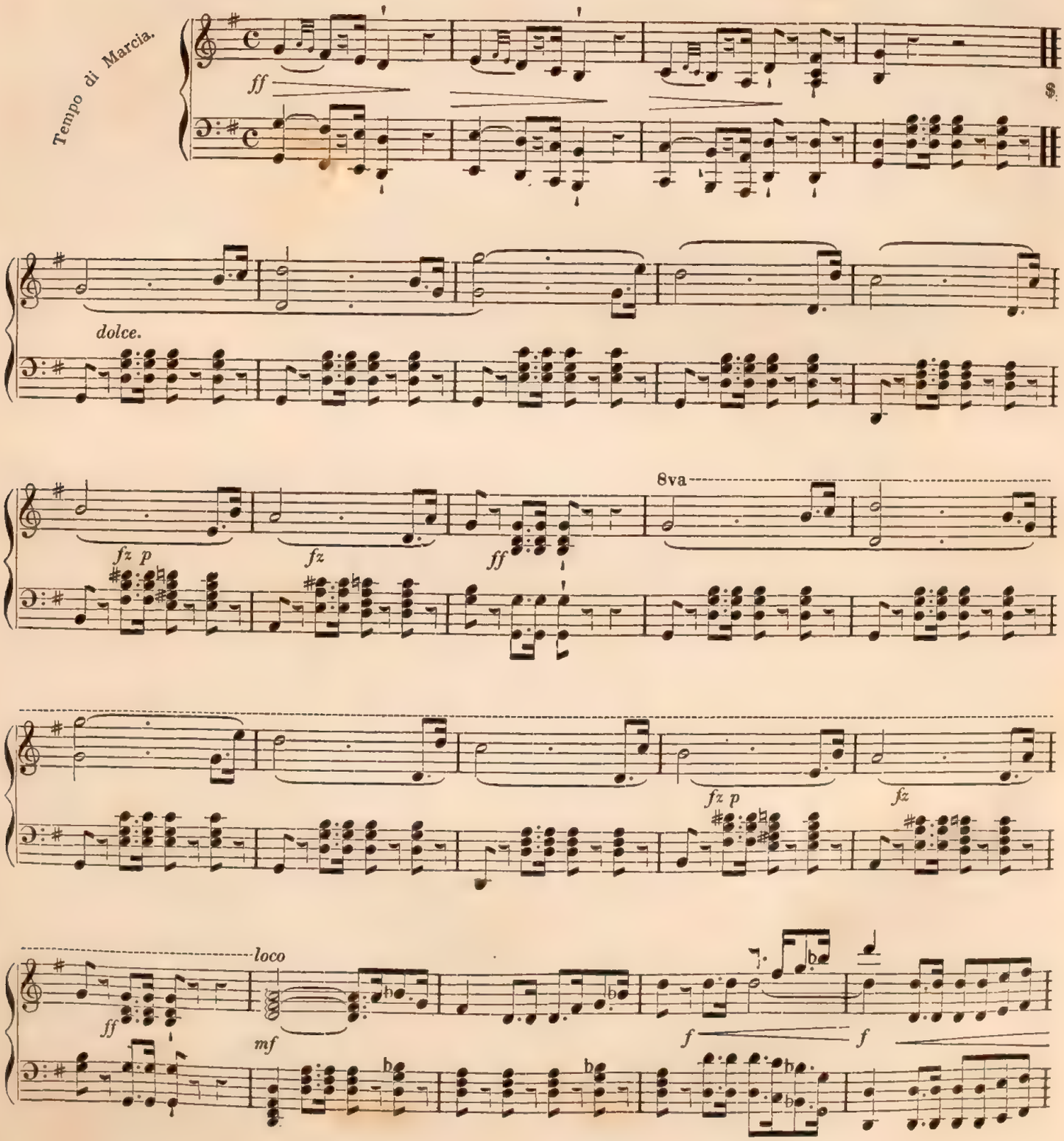
4th Verse.

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see,
And, closely caressing
Her child, with a blessing,
Said "I knew that the Angels were whispering to thee."

MARCHE PONTIFICALE.

EXTRACTED FROM A SONG IN ROSSINI'S CELEBRATED "STABAT MATER."

BY CHARLES JARVIS.



ff

ff energico.

dolce.

fz

ff

Fine.

f

fz

fz

ff

fz

fz

f

mp

piu animato.

cres - - - - - - - - cen - - - - - - - - do.

ff

D.C.

Y*

WHEN I GAZE IN THOSE BRIGHT EYES.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED FOR THE LADY'S MUSICAL LIBRARY.

BY JOHN H. HEWITT.

Moderato.

mf

2d Verse. *When I hear the soft music that steals from thy lips, As thy wild harp-strings yield to thy*

When I gaze in those bright eyes, like mirrors they seem; Re - - flect - ing full richly the

cres.

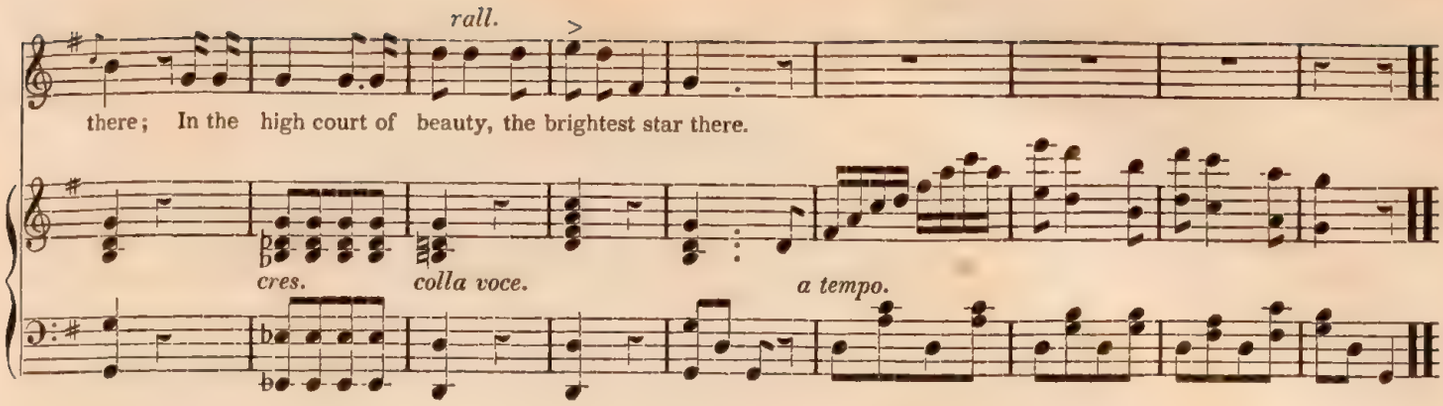
fair finger tips; I dream of the numbers a che - rubim sings, As it fans the pale stars with its silver-tipp'd

young spirit's dream; They speak—yet they're silent, the soul gushes out, And joys in the mischief it scatters a -

wings. Oh! who can help loving, &c.

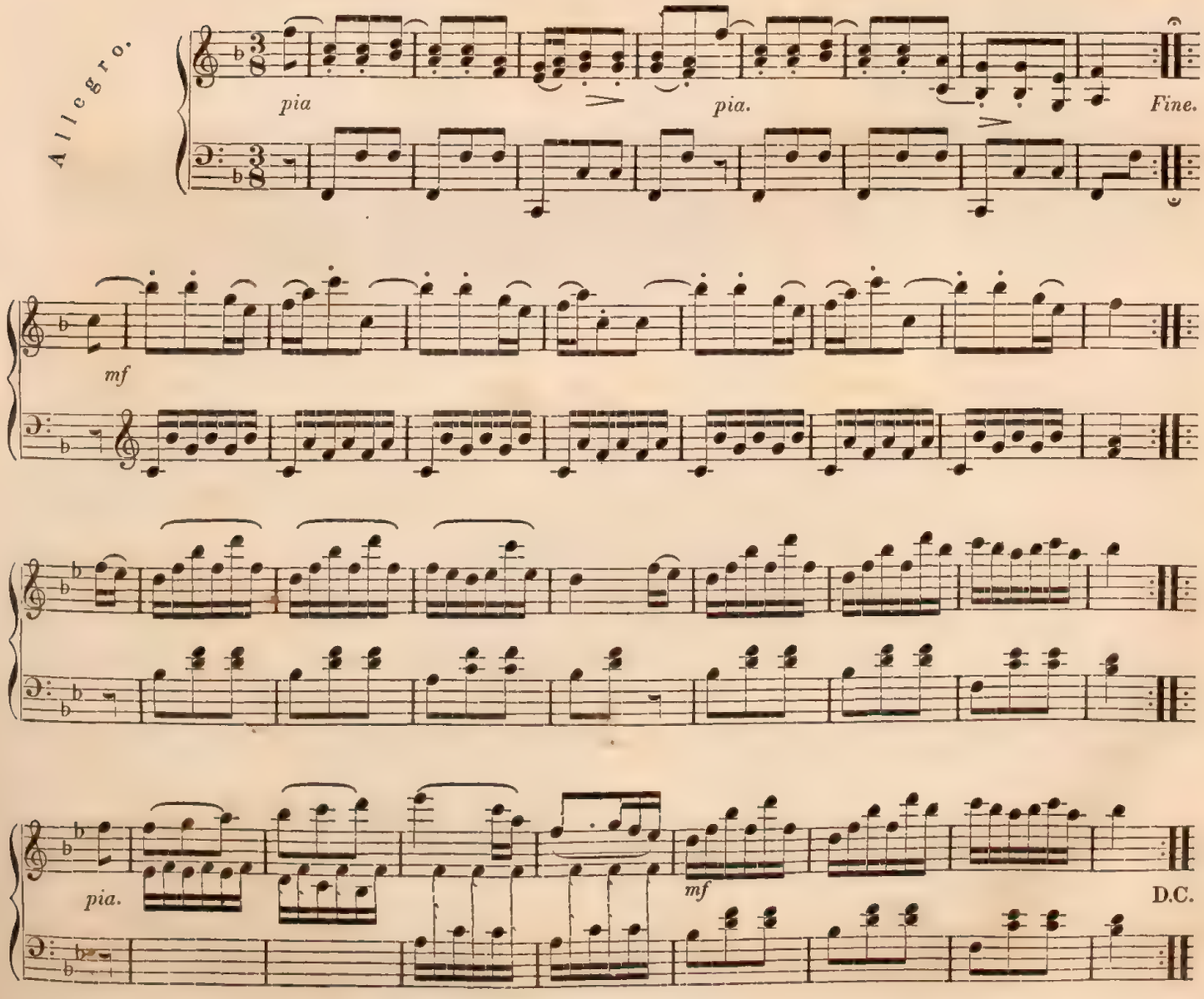
- - bout. Oh! who can help loving a be - ing so fair? In the high court of beauty the brightest star

dol. *mf*



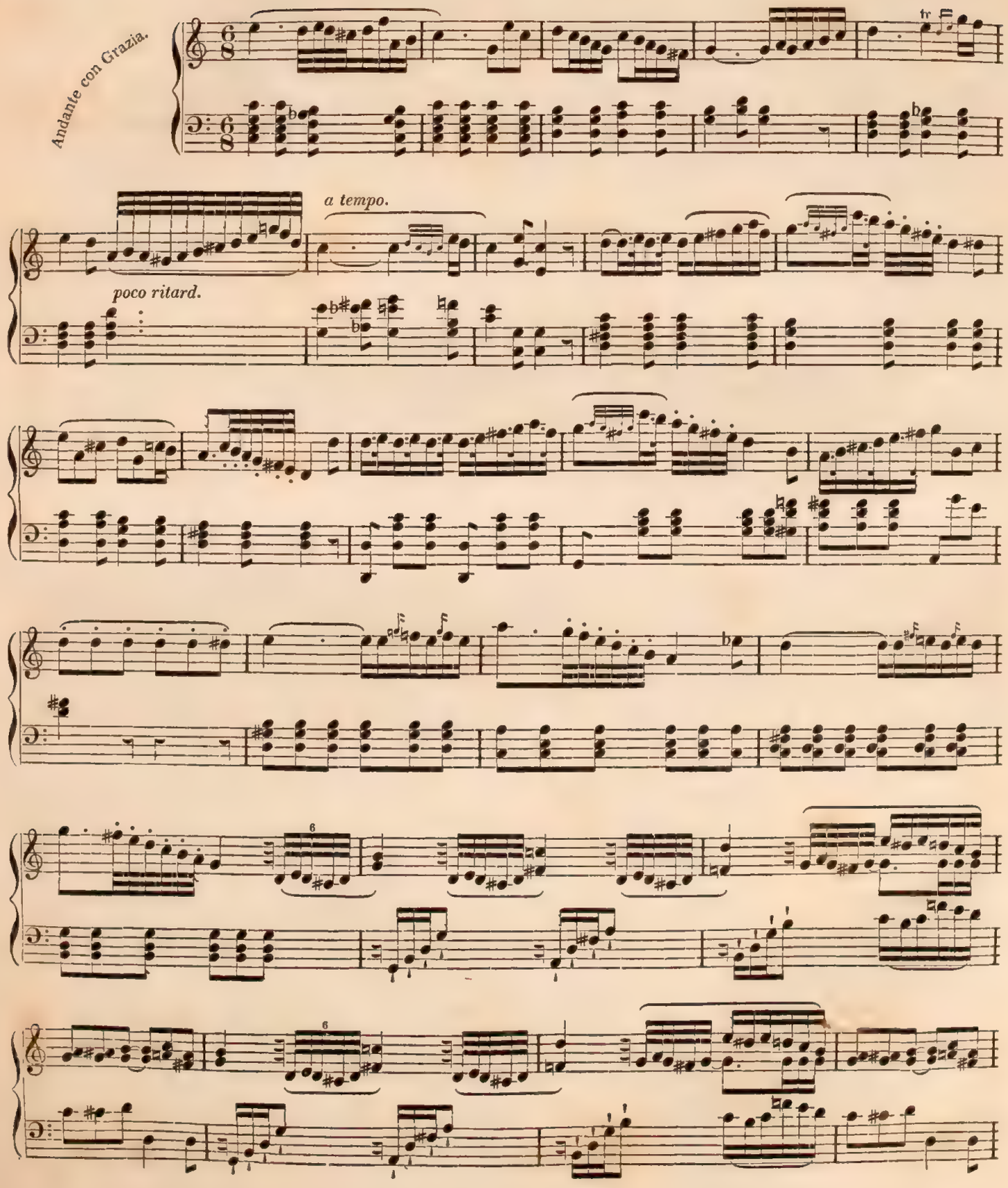
2ND COMBINATION WALTZ.

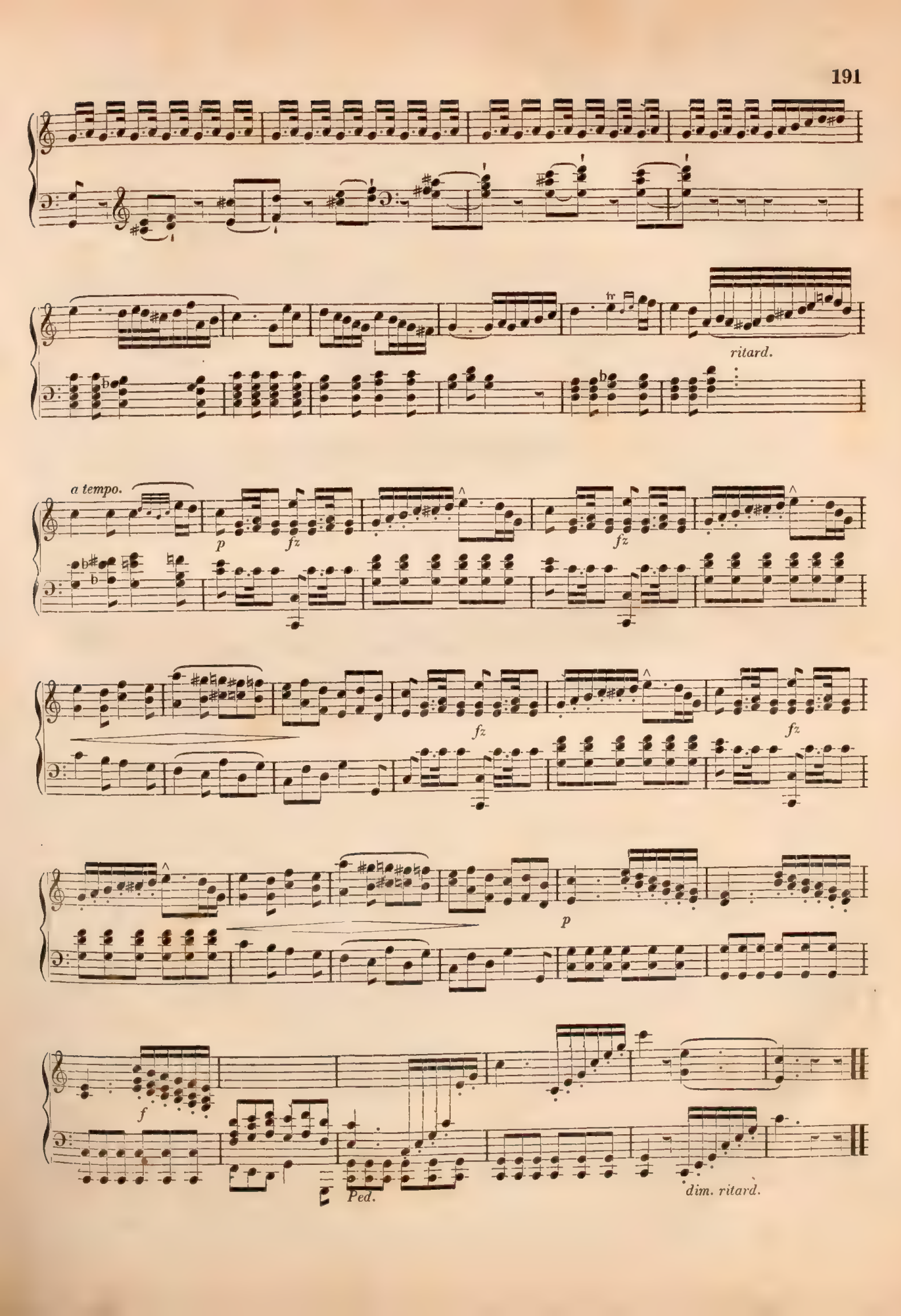
By P. A. Kreutzer.



ROMANZA.

BY F. HUNTEN.

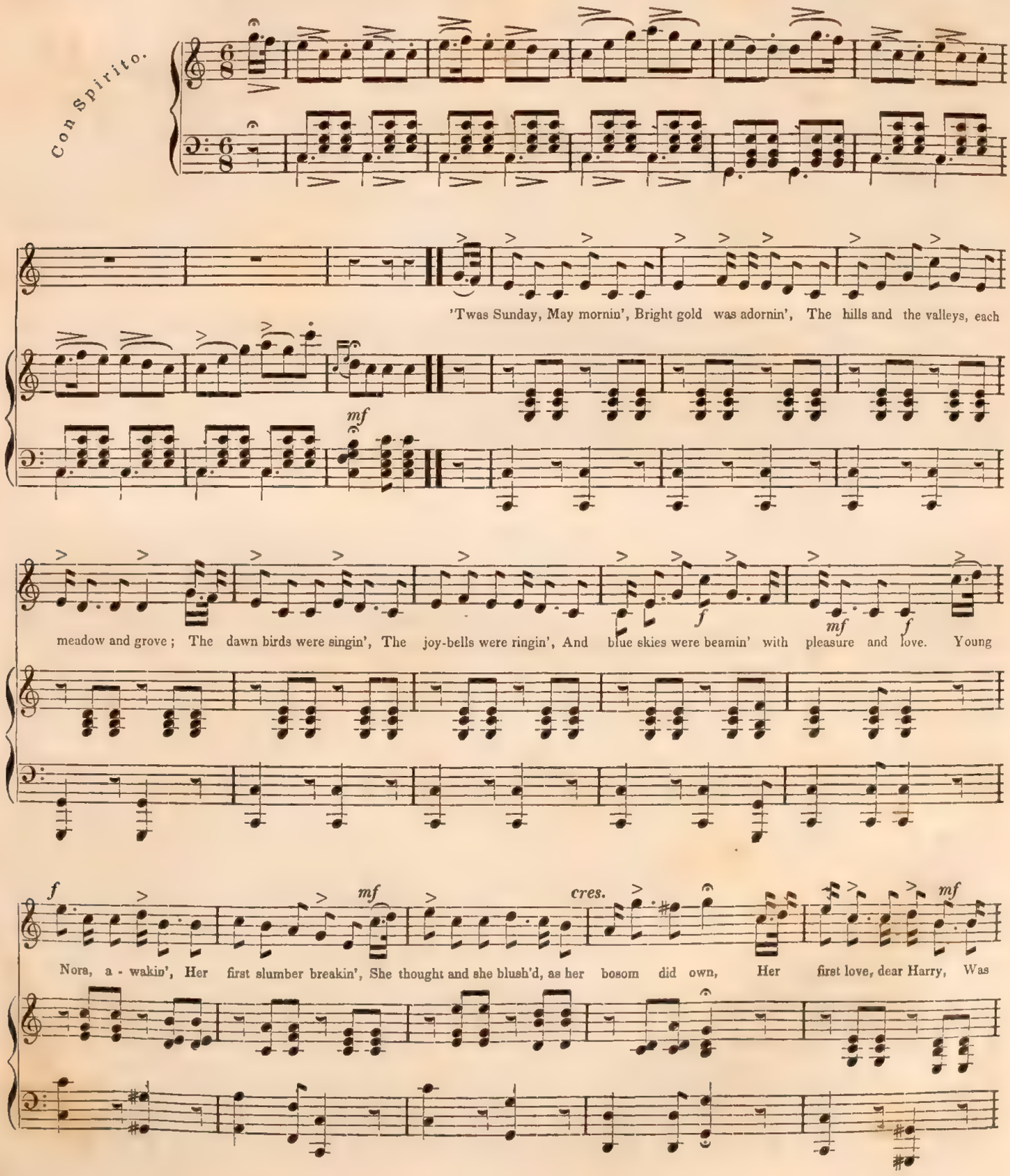


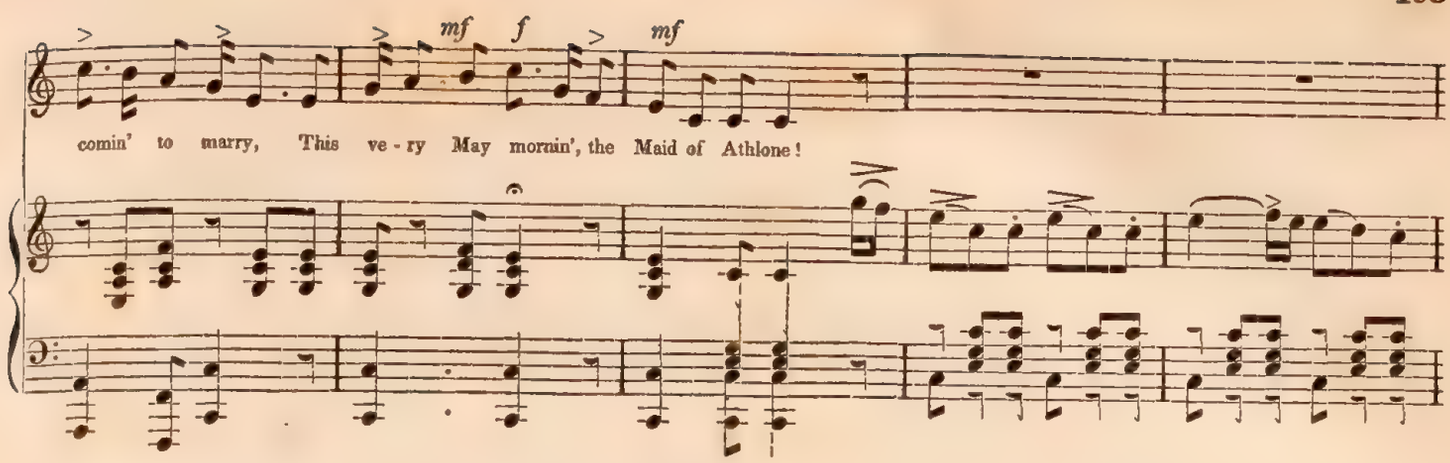

ritard.
a tempo.
p
fz
fz
fz
fz
p
f
Ped.
dim. ritard.

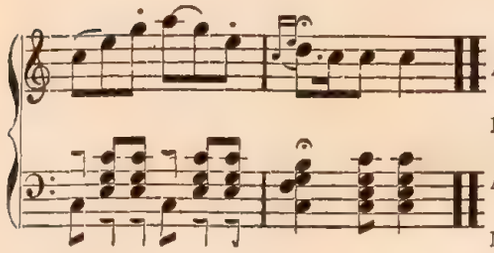
THE BRIDE OF ATHLONE.

FROM THE SONGS OF ERIN.

Poetry by Desmond Ryan, Esq.—Music by F. N. Crouch.







2d Verse.

She rose an' she bless'd her,
Her heart it oppress'd her,
An' tears, they were joys, fell like rain from her eyes;
In her white robes attirin'
Her sweet self admirin'
Full happy she smiled in simplicity's guise,
One virgin white rose, in
Her dark locks disposin',
All ornament else her pure choice did disown,
Oh, your dame in high bow'r,
Had she look'd on that flow'r,
Might borrow a grace from the Maid of Athlone!

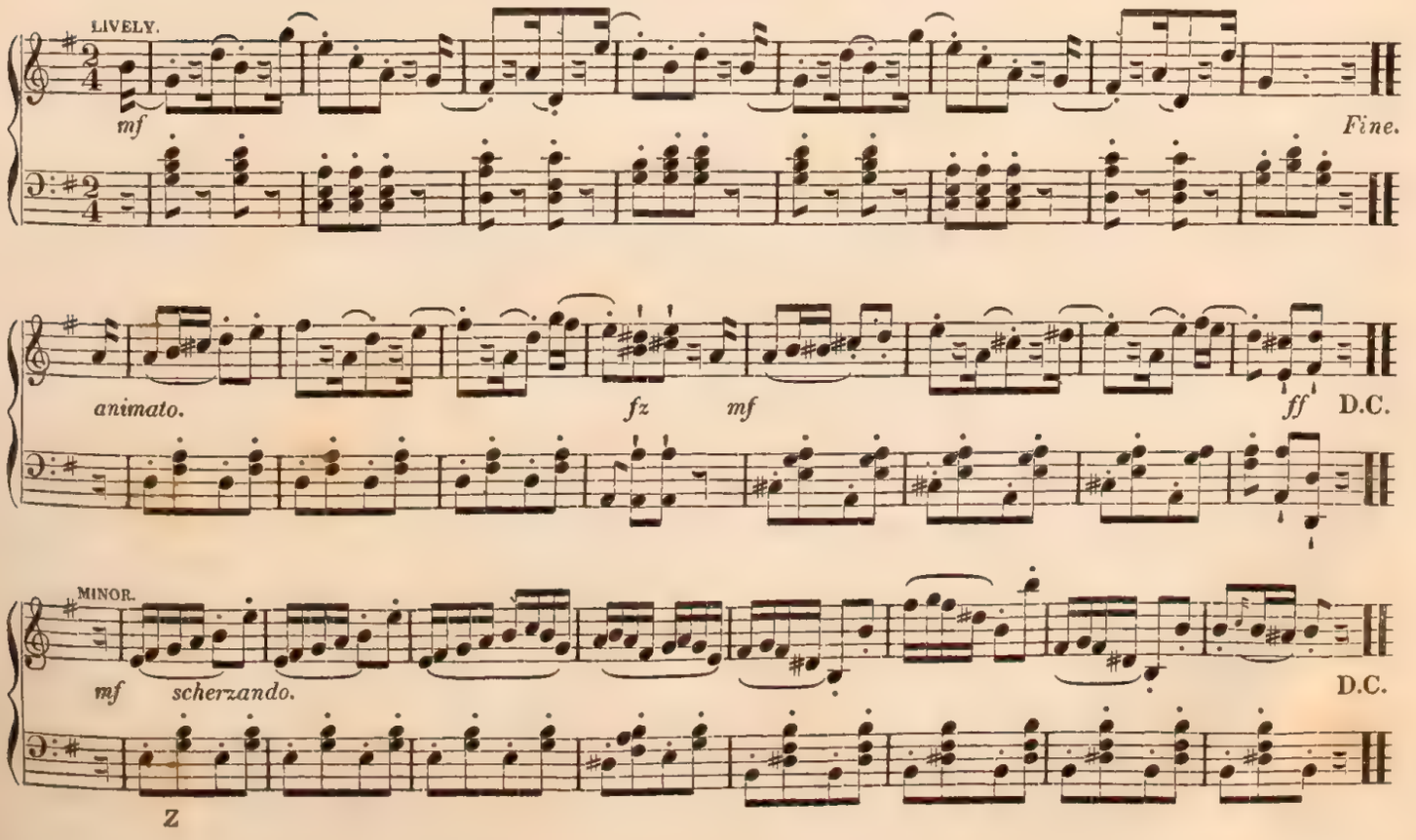
3d Verse.

When her toilet was ended,
To the hall she descended,
An' she stole on the guests like a day-break in June,
All eyes were astounded,
Her lover's heart bounded,
An' he thought her a goddess jump'd down from the [moon.
The priest then he hasten'd,
Their hands were soon fasten'd,
An' friend, an' relation, an' stranger did own,
That light never play'd on
Wife, widow or maiden,
So lovely as Nora, the Bride of Athlone!

HANDY ANDY'S QUICK-STEP.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

BY CHARLES JARVIS.



OH MOTHER WHY SO WARMLY TELL.

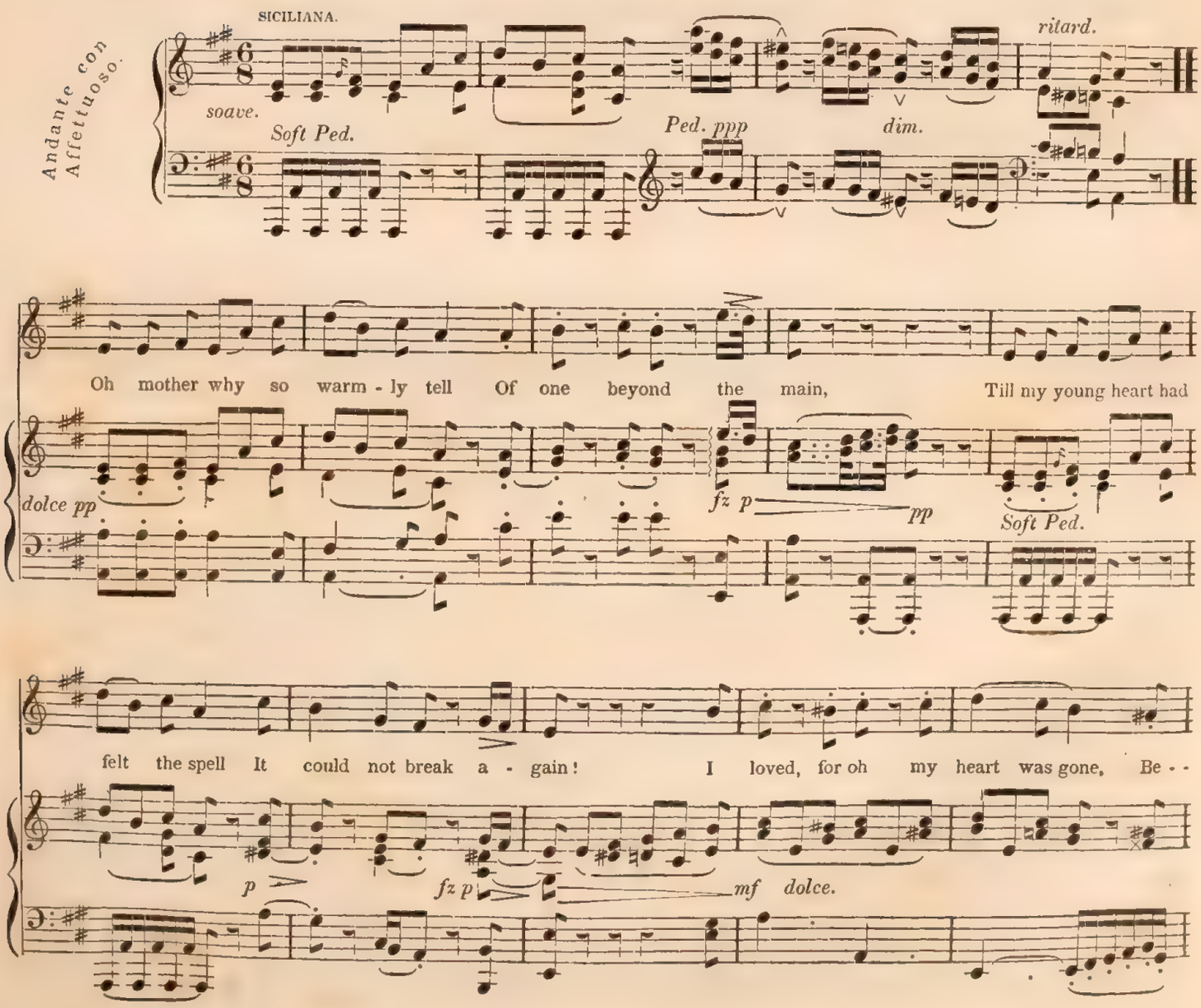
A Ballad.

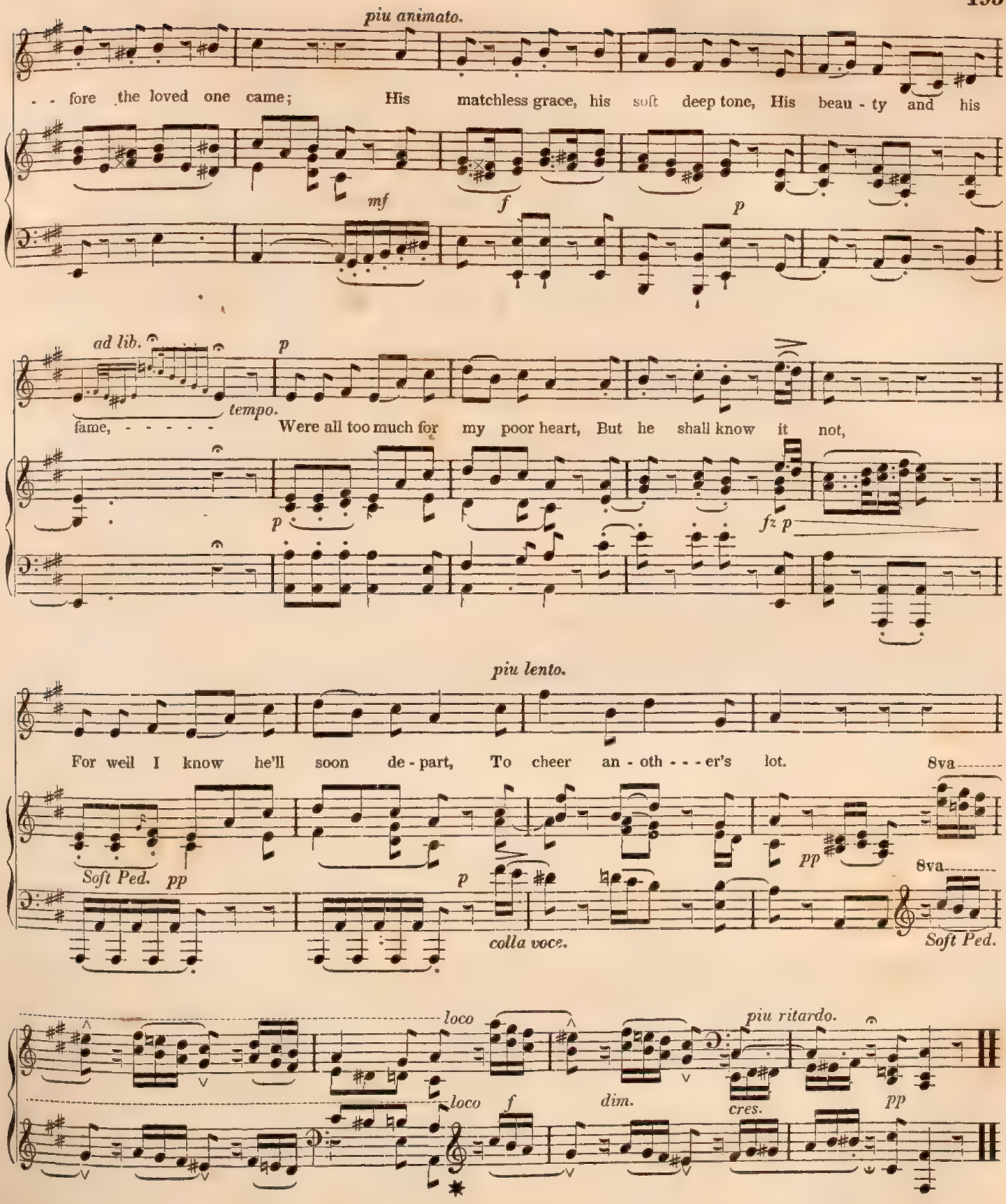
THE WORDS BY J. K. MITCHELL, M. D.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY W. D. BRINCKLE, M. D.

AND DEDICATED TO HIS FRIEND

C. D. MEIGS, M. D.





2d Verse.

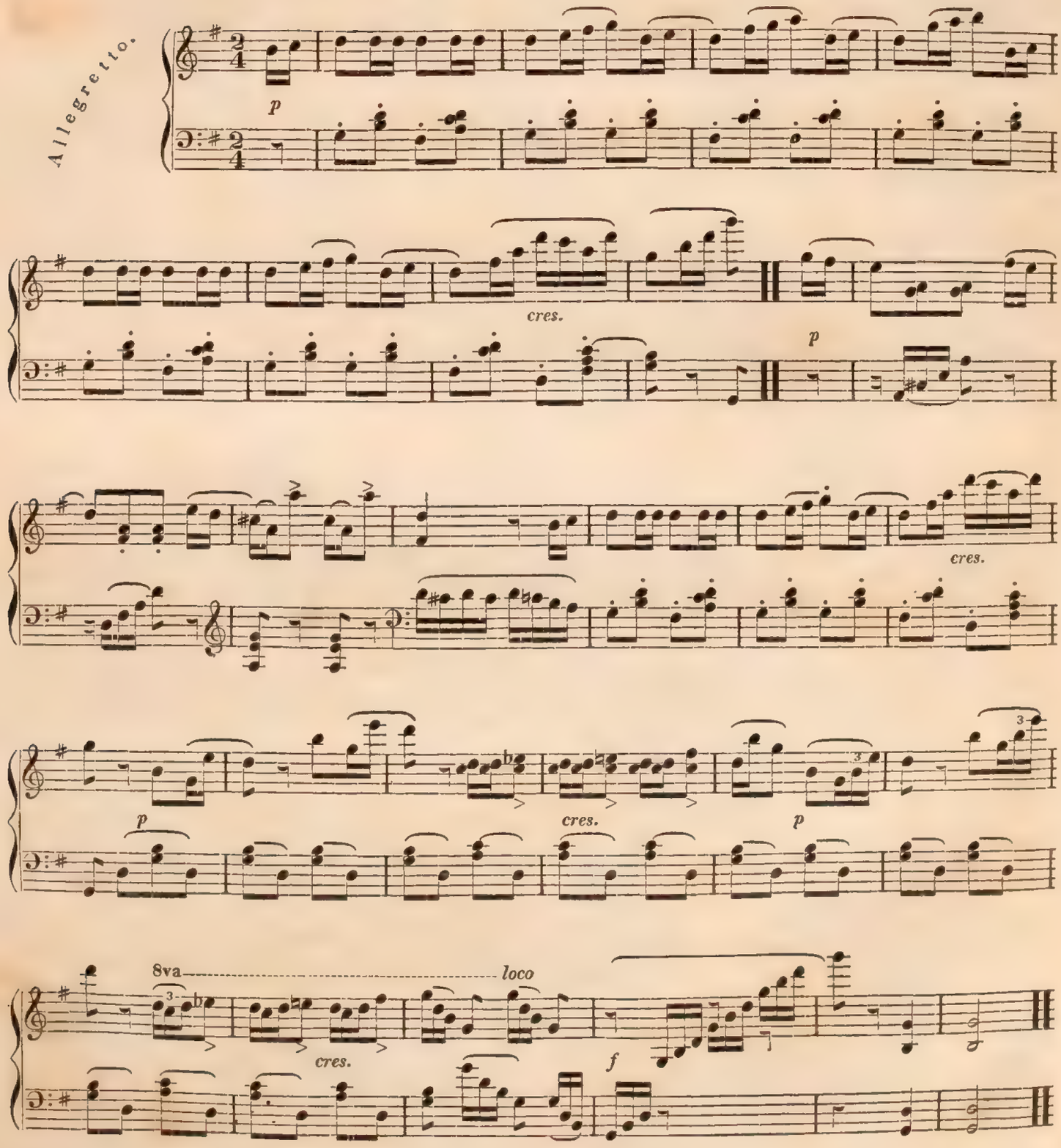
And though my soul as wintry wave,
Is cold, I must be gay;
For who would weep with her who gave
Her heart, unask'd, away!
And I must keep my hopeless love
Within its ruin'd cell;

I may not, like the widow'd dove,
My cureless sorrows tell;
I may not own my utter woe,
I dare not seem to pine,
The tear of sympathy may flow
For ev'ry grief but mine.

LA RECOMPENSE.

Rondonetto.

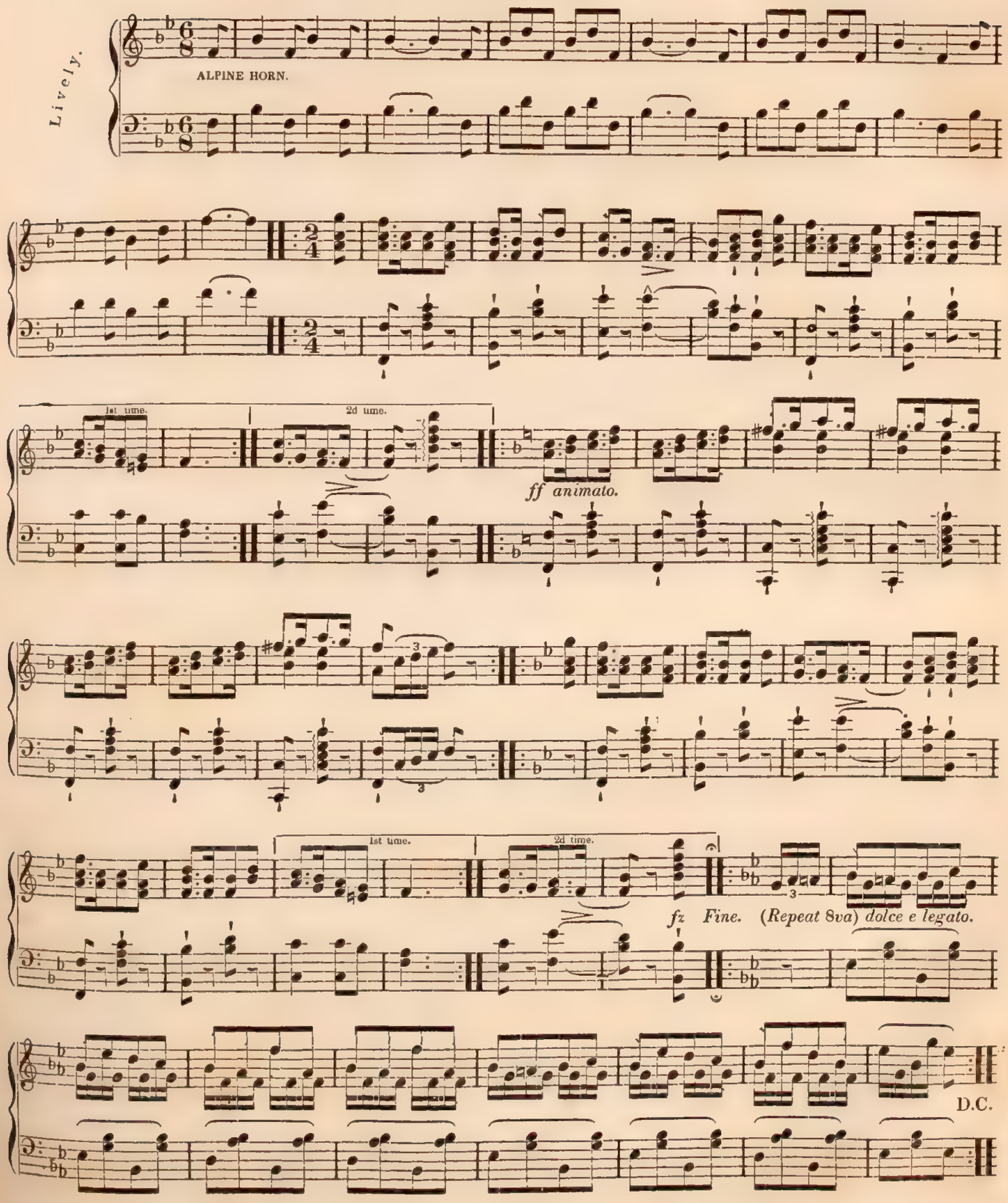
BY C. CORTICELLI.



ALPINE GALOP.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

BY CHARLES JARVIS.



GO AND FORGET THAT WE HAVE MET.

Ballad.

THE POETRY BY
T. H. BAYLY.

COMPOSED BY
J. P. KNIGHT.

Slowly and with Feeling.

p *f*

2d Verse. *Though my tears flow bidding thee go, More should I weep wert thou to stay;*

Go and forget that we have met, Go to the friends dearest to thee,

dim. *p*

Better at once All hope renounce Than see thee change day after day. Go, I will never ac - cuse thee

Loved as thou art freely depart, When far away think not of me. Others more fair will receive thee,

f

Seek her whose smile will amuse thee; She in her turn too soon may learn What I endure thus to lose thee.

Garlands like mine they will weave thee. Smile and deceive they will believe E'en as I used to be - lieve thee;

p *Calando.*

Go and forget that, &c.

a tempo.

Go and forget that we have met, Go to the friends dearest to thee. Loved as thou art freely depart,

a tempo.

When far away Think not of me.

f *dim.* *p*

CAVATINA.

FROM THE STRANGER—BY BELLINI.

Andante.

p

ESPRESSIVO.

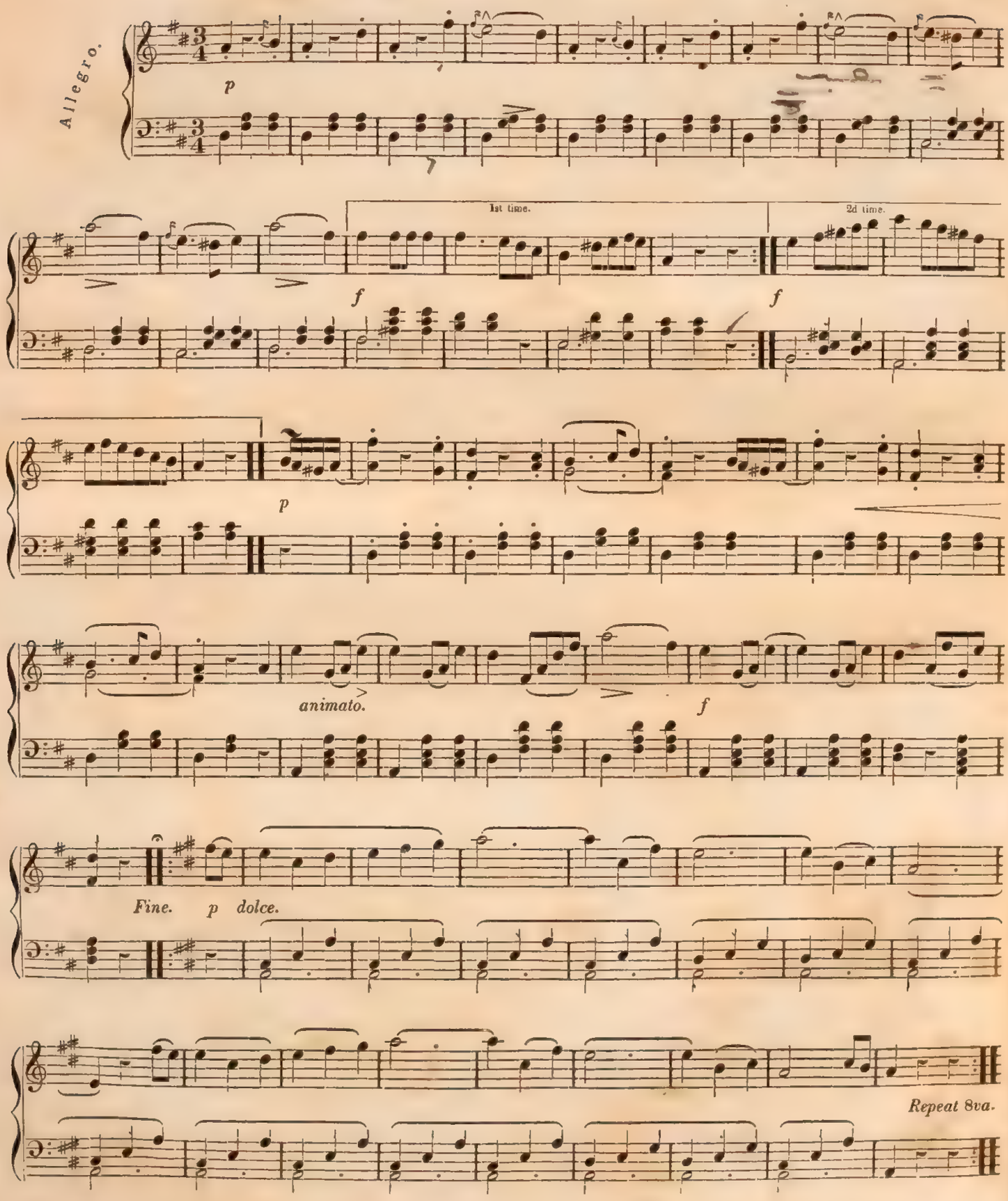
p *sf*

sf *p* *p*

THE CHRISTMAS WALTZ.

By J. W. Kalliwoda.

EXTRACTED AND ARRANGED BY CHARLES JARVIS.



MISS LUCY LONG

With

(Introduction and Variations)

Composed for the

Piano Forte

AND DEDICATED TO

JULIUS LEUPOLD ESQ.

Founder of the German Settlement in Hermann Mo.

By

J. C. VIERECK.

Member of the said Settlement.

Op. 75.

Pr. 75.
Abridged Edition 50.

Philadelphia **A. FIOT,** *196 Chesnut St.*
Importer of Music & Musical Instruments.

Entered according to act of Congress in the Year 1842 by A. Fiot in the Clerks Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

MISS LUCY LONG

With Introduction and Variations

J. C. Viereck.

Allegro.

Introduction.

f ten mf ten sfz fp fp mf cres f ff

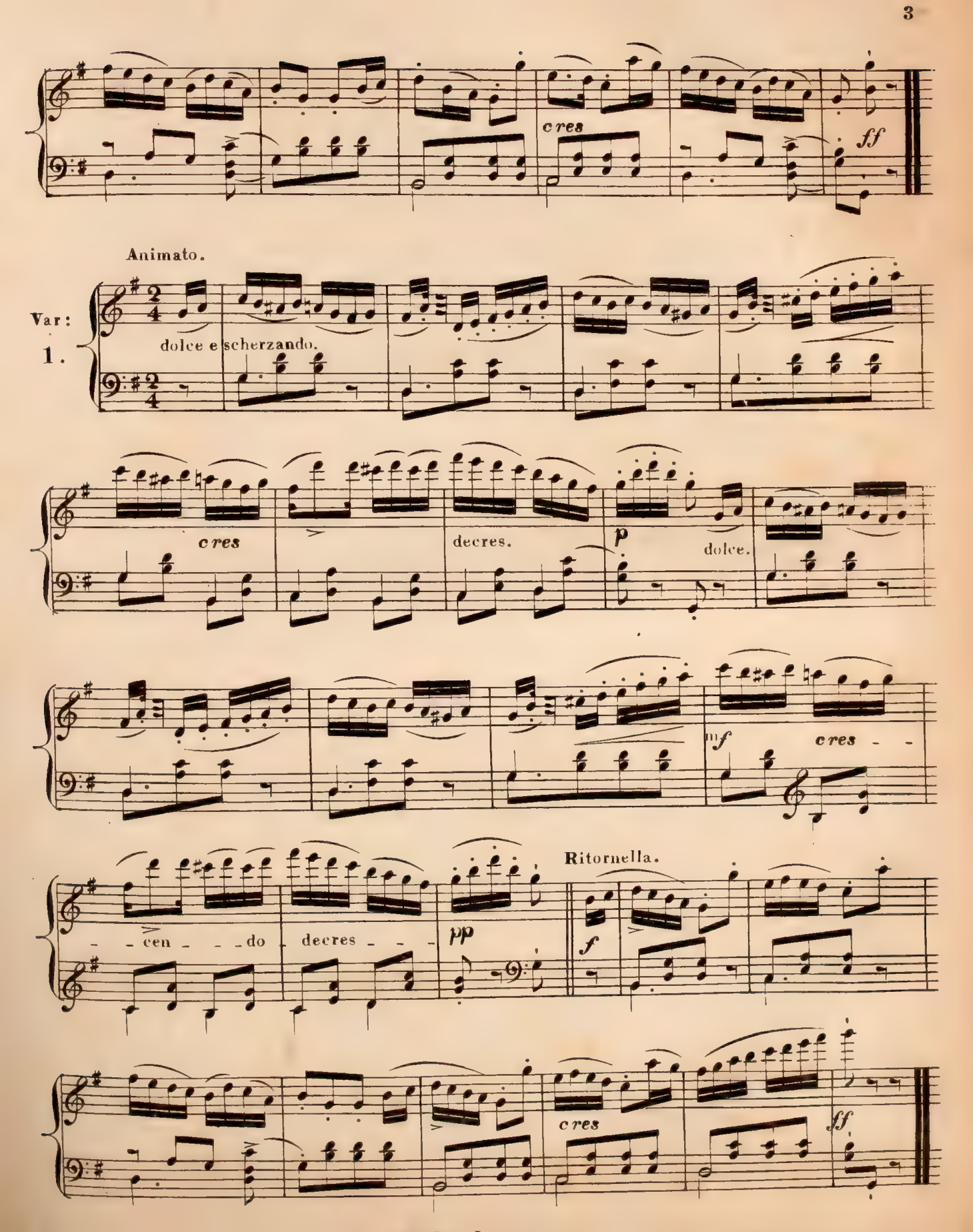
Moderato.

Air.

p ten cres poco

p ten mf

cres ten Ritornella. f


cres
ff
Animato.
Var:
1.
dolce e scherzando.
cres
decres.
p
dolce.
mf
cres
cen do decres
pp
Ritornella.
f
cres
ff

Tempo di Galop.

Finale.

mf e marcato. cres e string: ff dim e rallent.

a tempo.

pp p

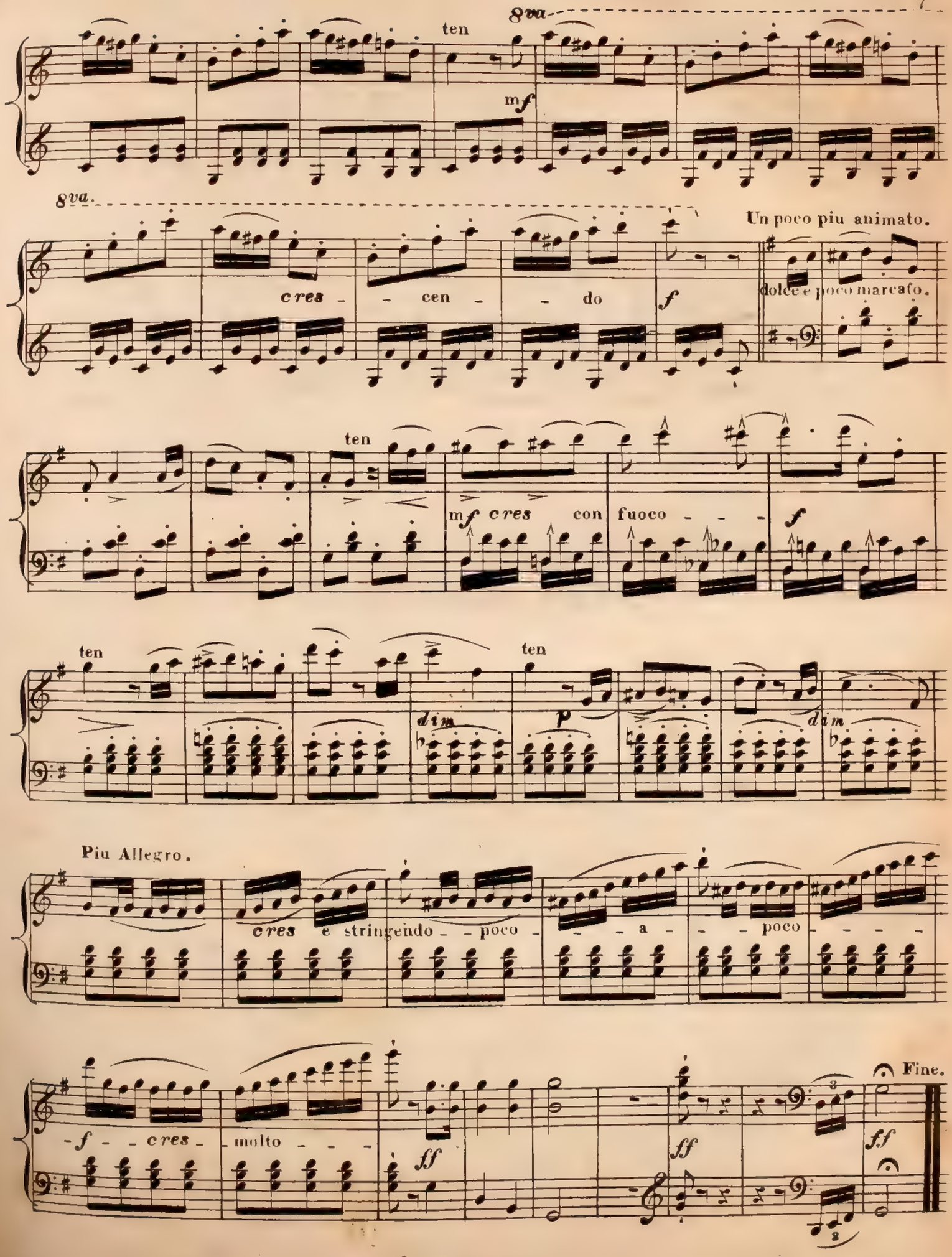
ten f

ten mf ma marcato. dolce mf dolce

ten f

ten Elegamente.

dolce e leggiero.


8va
ten
mf
8va.
cres - cen - do
f
Un poco piu animato.
dolce e poco marcato.
ten
mf cres con fuoco - - -
f
ten
dim
ten
p
dim
Piu Allegro.
cres e stringendo - poco - - a - - poco - - - -
f - cres - molto - - -
ff
ff
ff
Fine.

THE DREAM IS PAST

AS A

ARRANGED QUICK STEP

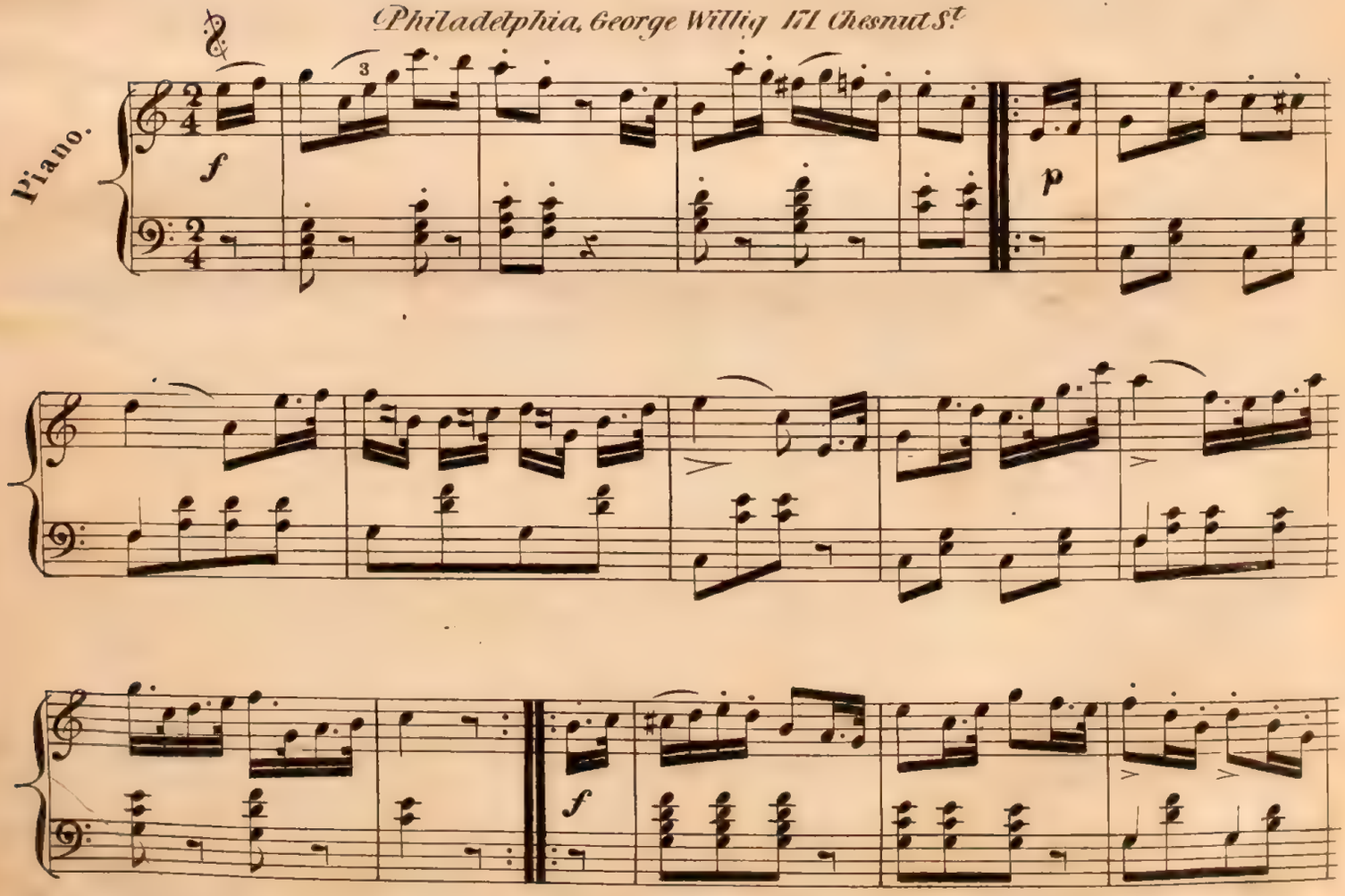
for the

Piano Forte

BY

FRANCIS WEILAND.

Philadelphia, George Willig 171 Chesnut St.



Entered according to Act of Congress by G. Willig in the Year 1842 at the Clerk's Office in and for the Eastern District of Penna.

Fine.

The Dream is past.

Quick Step.

p

mf

p

mf

f

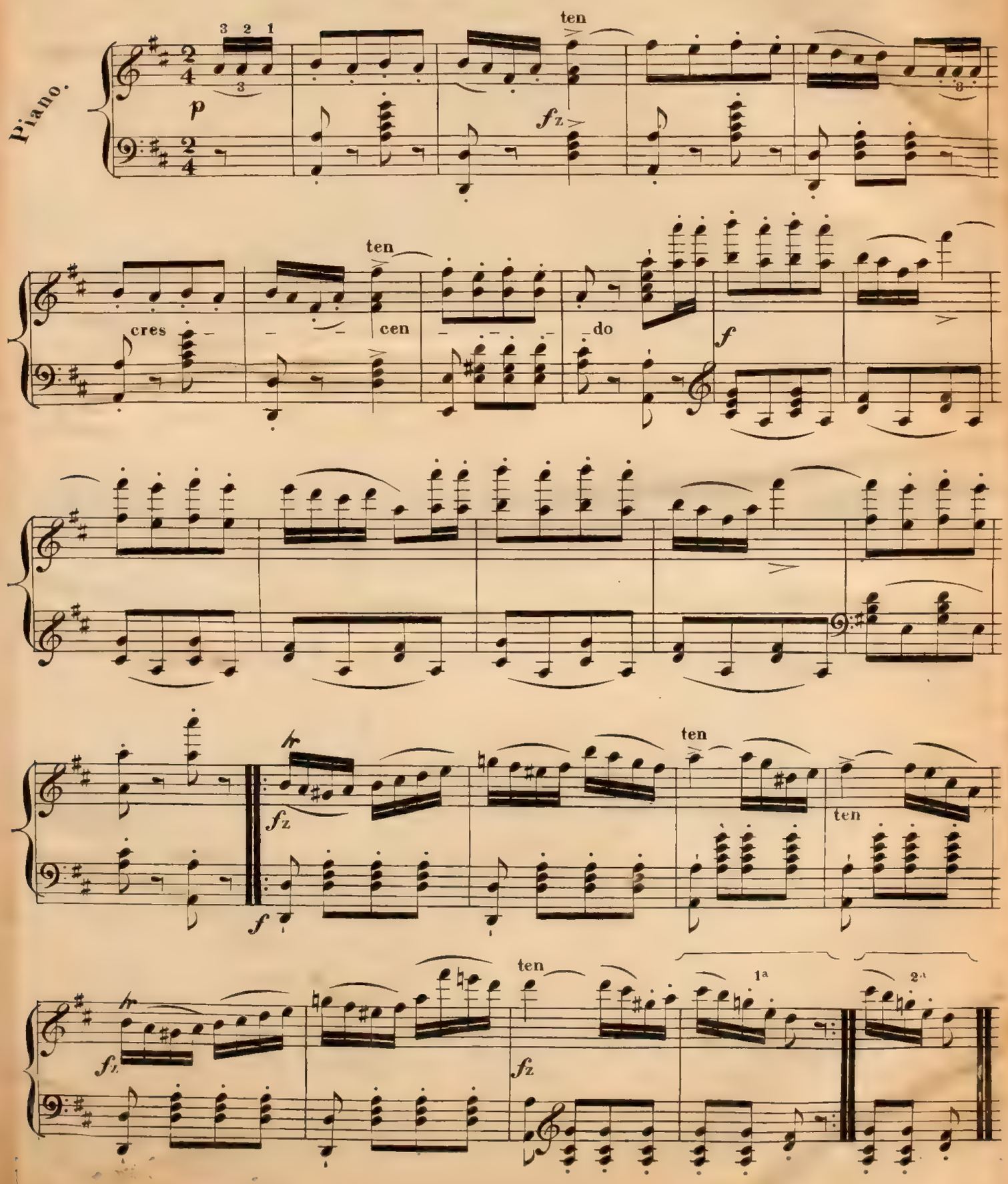
p

f

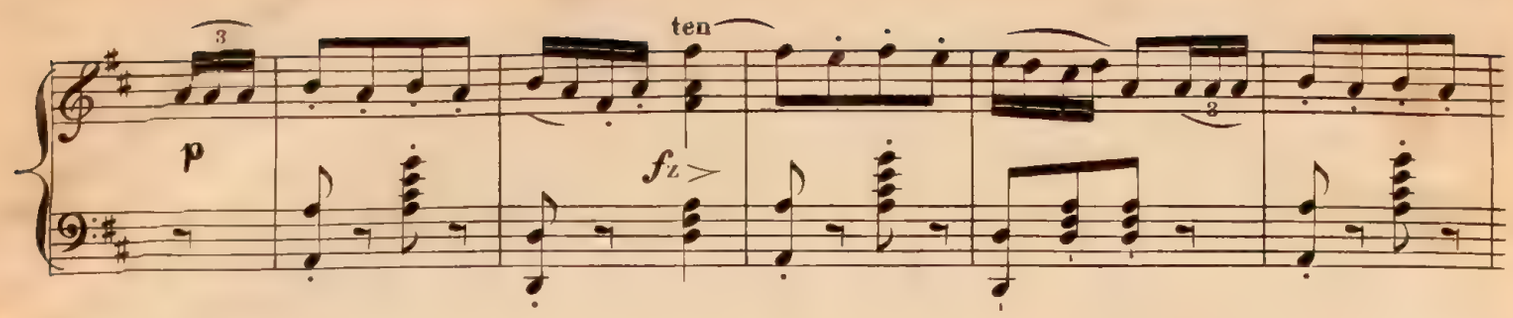
D.C.
al segno.

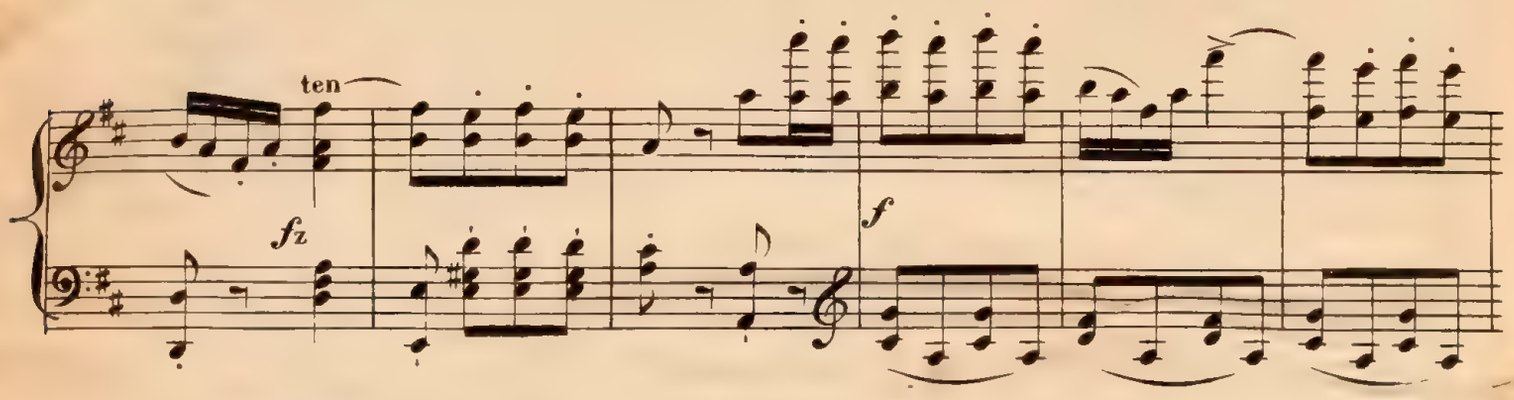
SARATOGA GALLOP

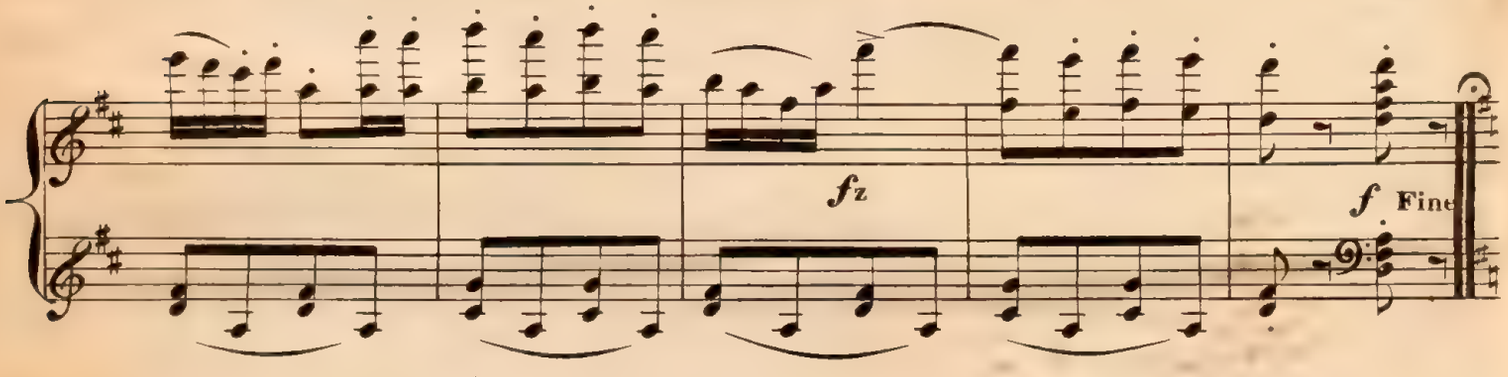
G Blessner.

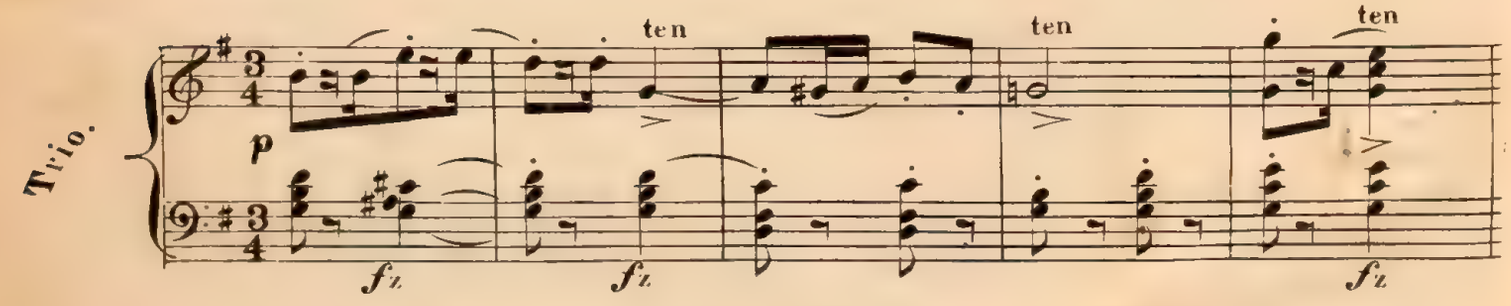


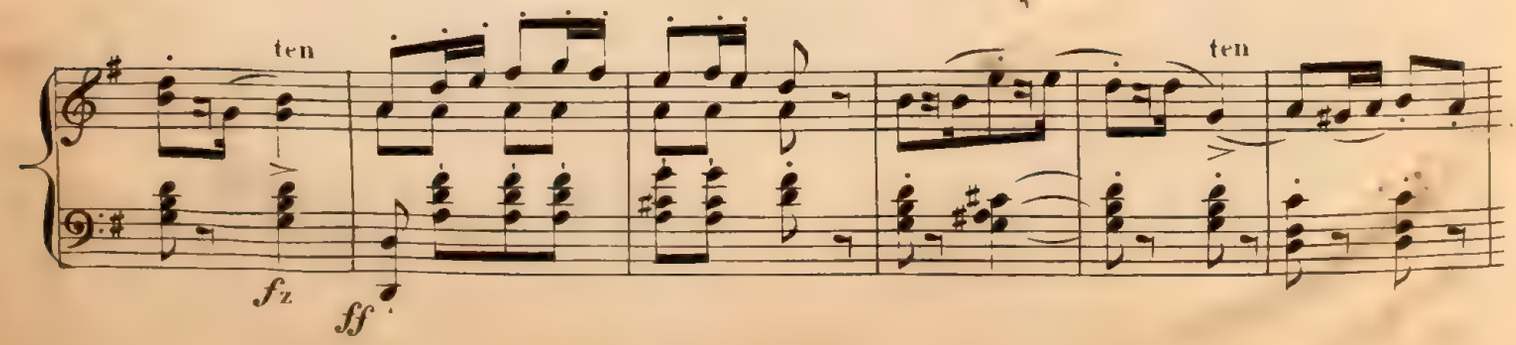
Entered according to Act of Congress by G.Willig in the Year 1841 at the Clerks Office in and For the Eastern District of Pennª

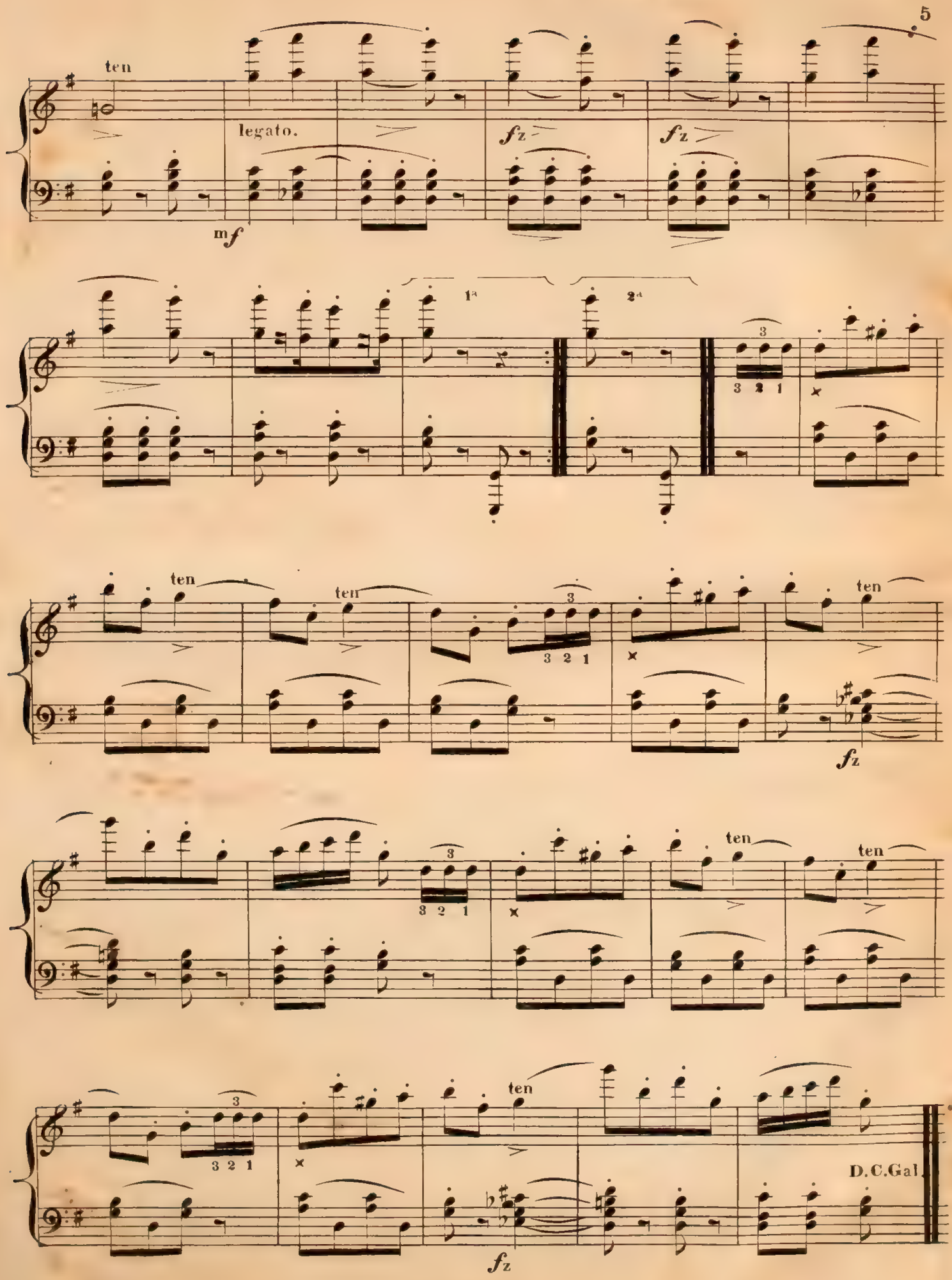

ten
p
fz


ten
fz
f


fz
f
Fine


Trio.
ten
ten
ten
p
fz
fz
fz


ten
ten
fz
ff


ten
legato.
mf
fz
fz
1a
2a
3 2 1
ten
ten
3 2 1
fz
3 2 1
ten
ten
3 2 1
ten
fz
D.C.Gal.

THE FAVOURITE EXTRAVAGANZA

MISS LUCY LONG

Arranged as a

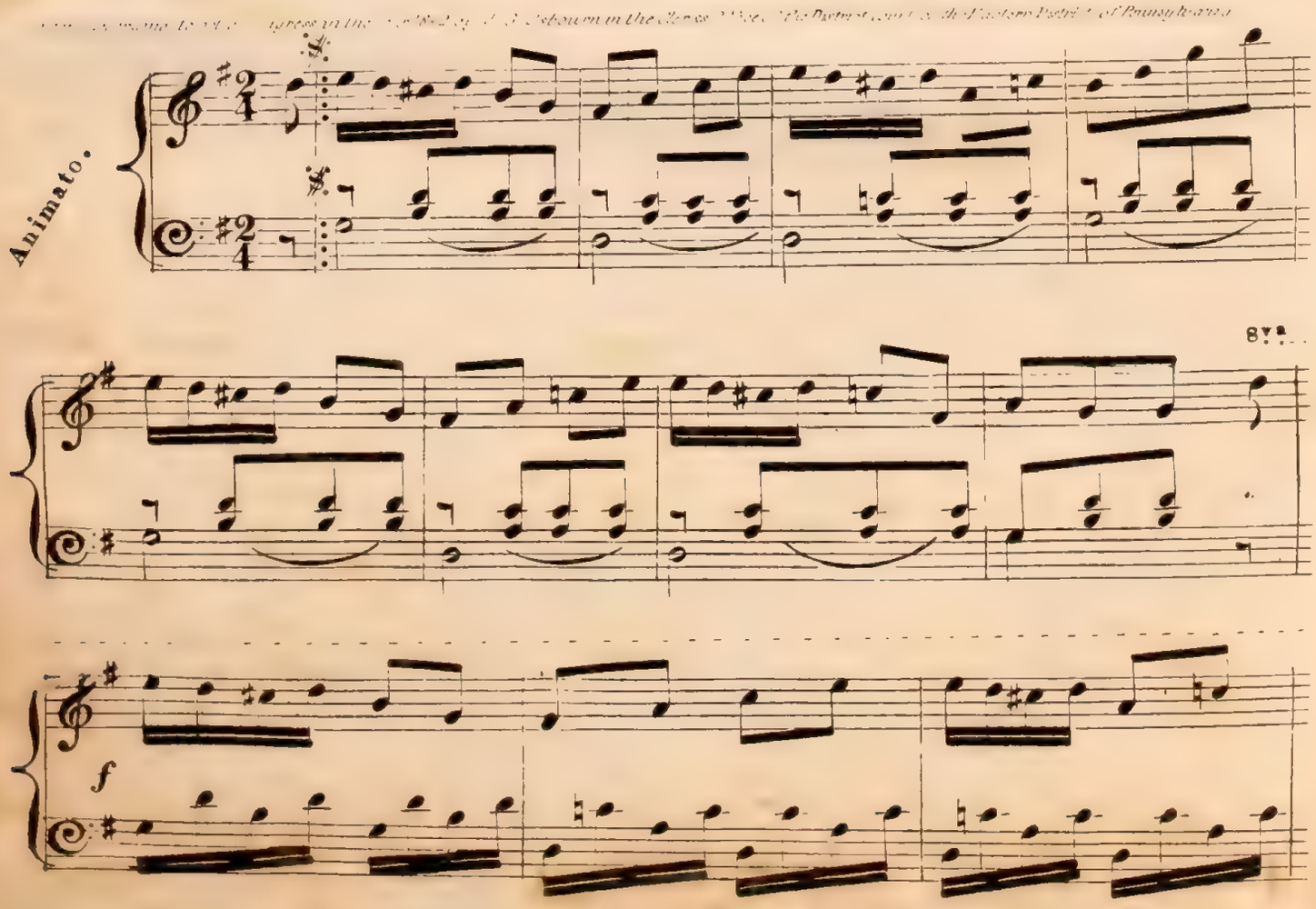
COTILLION

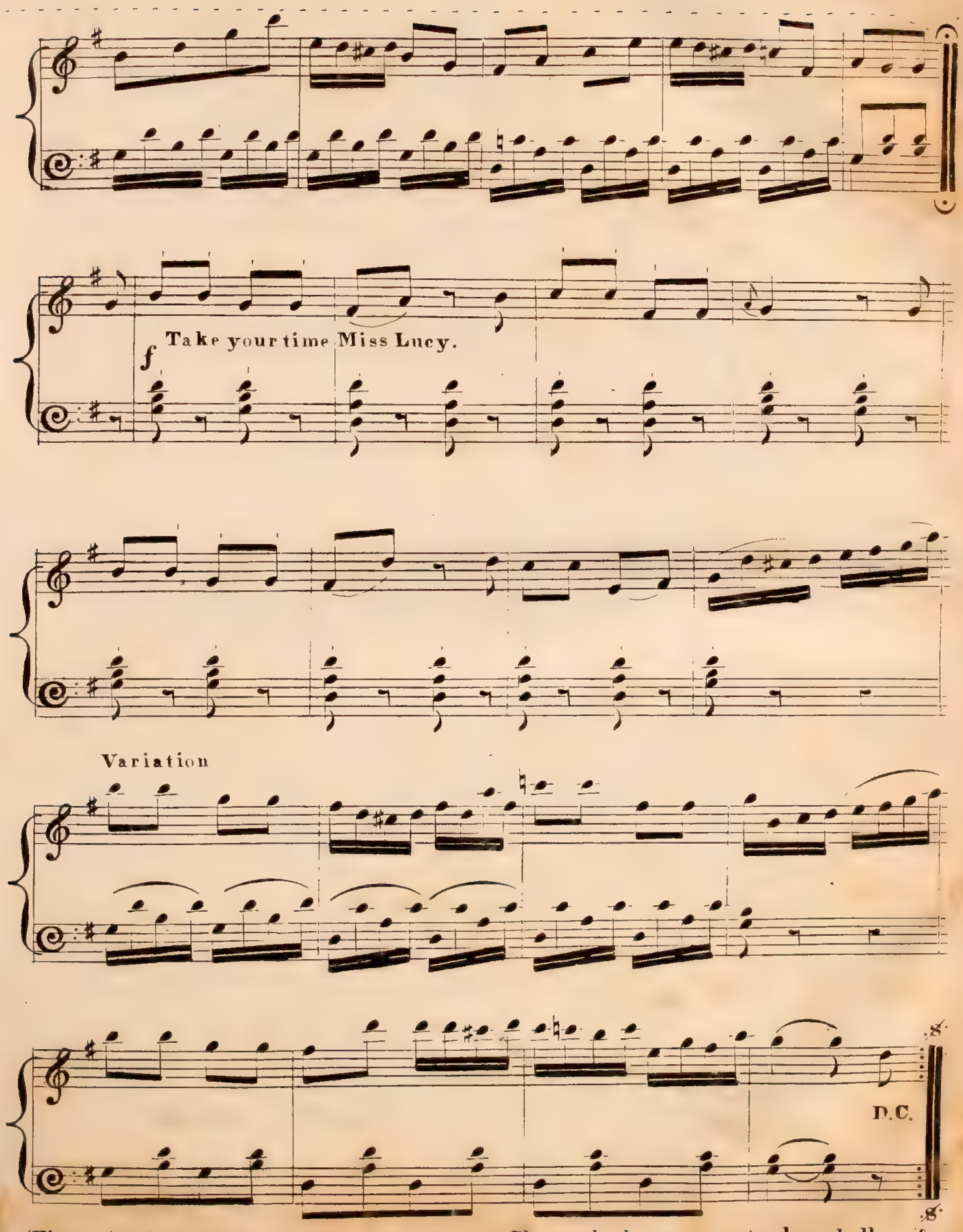
BY

Frank Johnson.

Philadelphia, **OSBOURN'S MUSIC SALOON,** *30 St Fourth S^t*

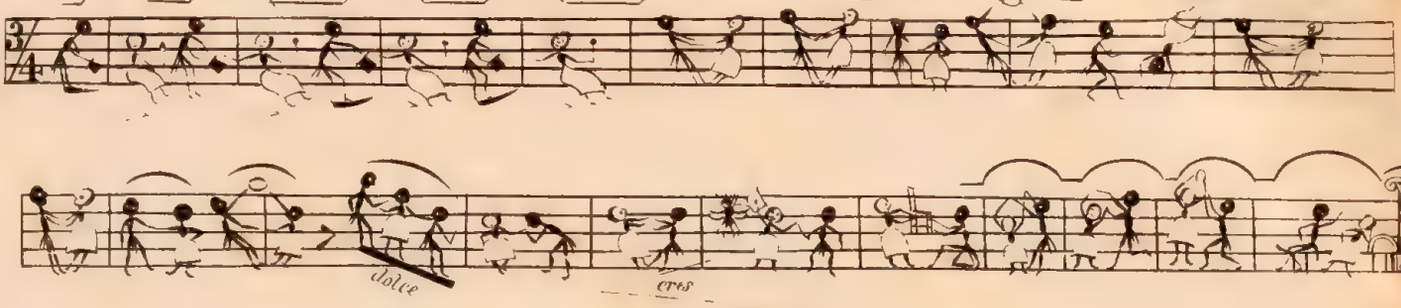
Entered according to Act of Congress in the Year 1842 by J. J. Osbourn in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania



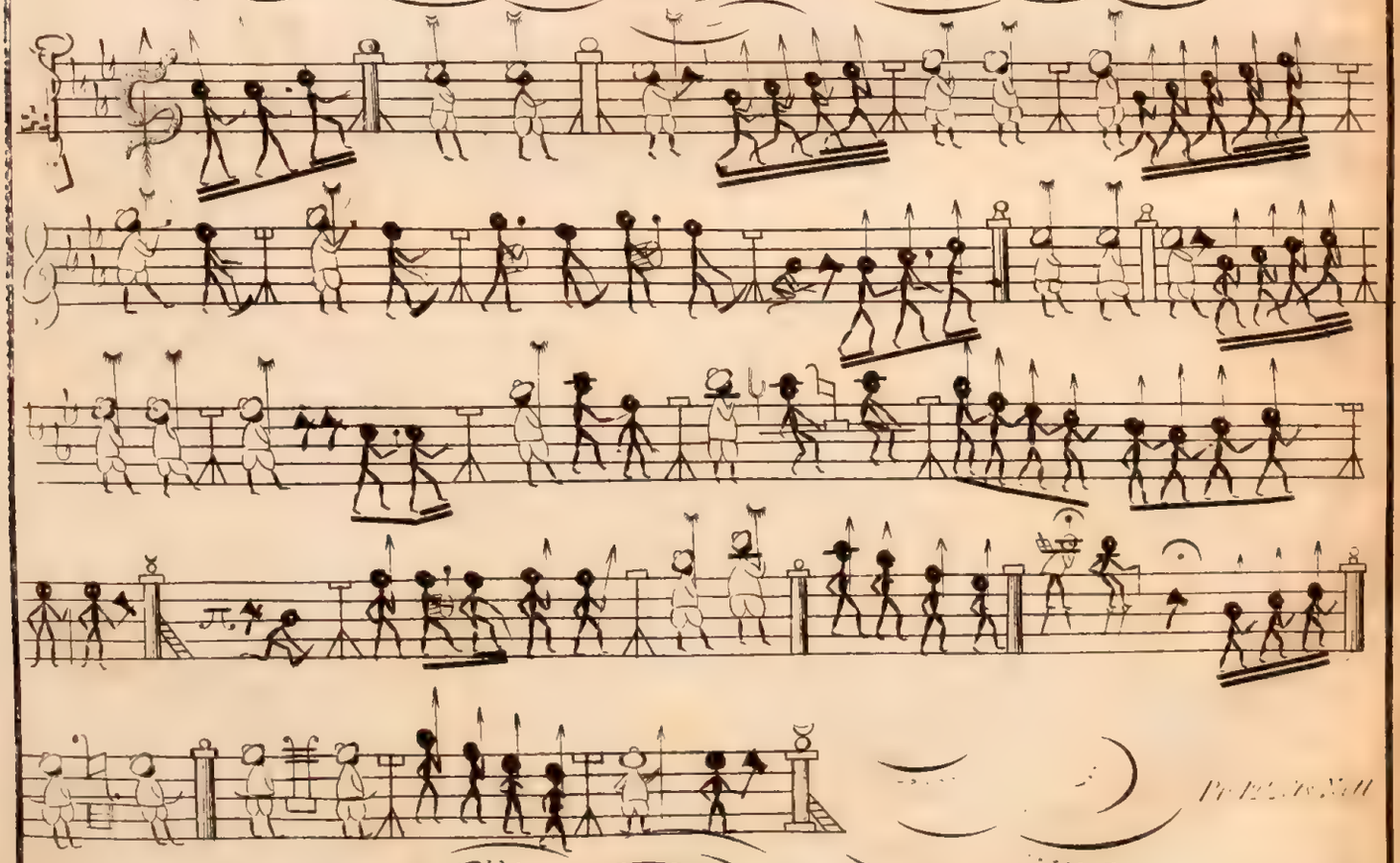


(Figure.) Swing corners. 2 forward two, Cross over. Chassez de chasse, recross to places, ballance &c

AMALGAMATION WALTZ



African's March in Turkey.



The Popular Song

MISS LUCY LONG

Adapted to the

Piano Forte

BY

T. CARR.

Philadelphia, OSBOURN'S MUSIC SALOON, 30 S.o Fourth S.t

Entered according to act of Congress in the Year 1842 by J.G.Osbourn in the Clerks Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of P.a

With Spirit.

I just come out a_fore you, To

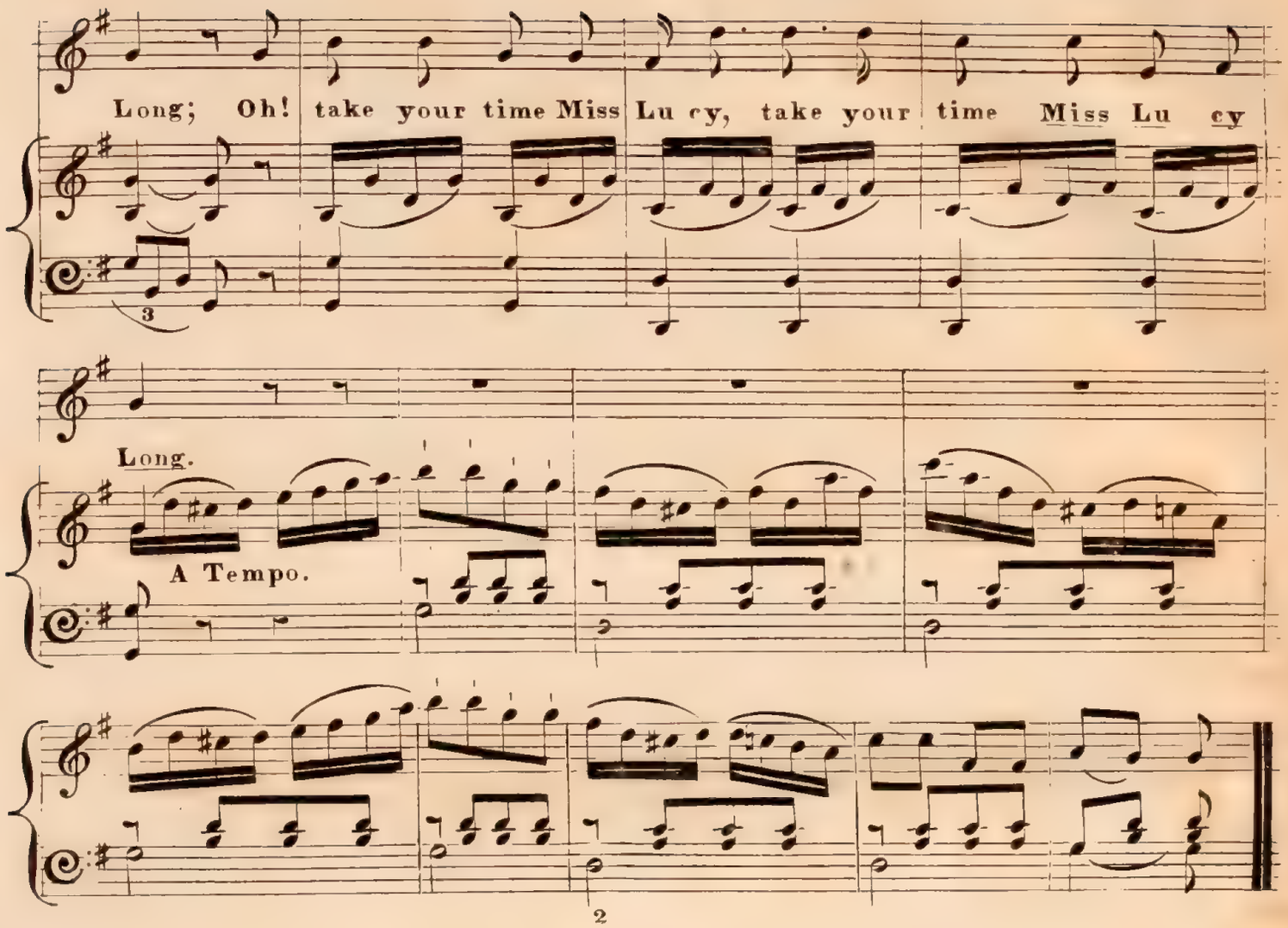
sing a little song; I plays it on de Banjo, And dey calls it Lucy

ff stac:

ritard: p

Long. Oh! take your time Miss Lucy, take your time Miss Lu_cy

ritard: p



I ask her for to marry,
  She had'nt much to say;
But said, she'd rather tarry,
  So I let her have way
Oh! take &c &c

3

My mamma's got de tisic,
  And my Daddy, got de gout;
Good morning Mister Phisick,
  Does your mother know you're out
Oh! take &c &c

4

If I had a scolding wife,
  As sure as she was born,
I'd tote her down to New Orleans,
  And trade her off for Corn.
Oh! take &c &c

THE DREAM IS PAST

A Song, Written by

Edward Fitz-Aubyn Esq

Composed by

STEPHEN GLOVER.

Philadelphia, **OSBOURN'S MUSIC SALOON,** *30 South 4th St.*

Andante con espressione.

Piano.

p *dim*

2d Verse. They can not see the silent tear, That falls unchecked when none are near, Nor

The dream is past and with it fled, The hopes that once my passion fed; And

p

do they mark the smothered sigh, That leaves my breast when they are by. I know my cheek is

darkly die, mid grief and pain, The joys which gone come not again. My soul insilence

paler now, And smiles no lon—ger deck my brow; 'Tis youth's de-cay 'twill

and in tears, Has cherish'd now for many years, A love for one, who

cres

soon begin, To tell the thoughts that dwell within. Oh! let me rouse my

does not know The thoughts that in my bosom glow. Oh! cease my heart, thy

sf

sleeping pride, And from his gaze, my feel ings hide; He shall not smile, to

throbbing hide, A nother soon will be his bride; And hope's last faint but

think that I With love for him, could pine and die.

cheering ray, Will then for ever pass a way.

p

A PLACE IN THY MEMORY DEAREST

A Popular

Song

The Words by the Author

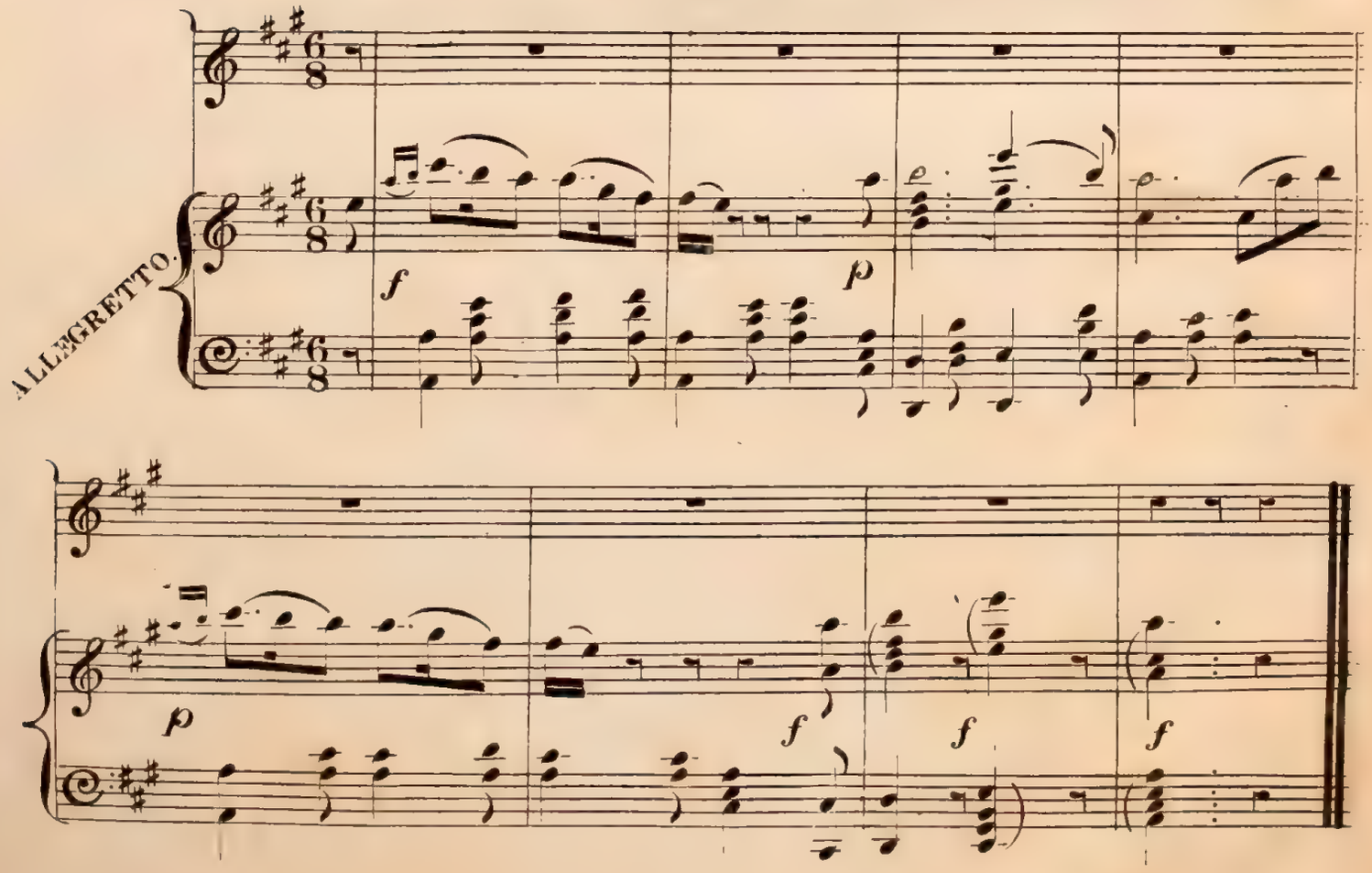
OF

"The Collegians"

Composed by

Miss Smith.

Philadelphia **OSBOURN'S MUSIC SALOON** *30 S.o 4.th S.t*

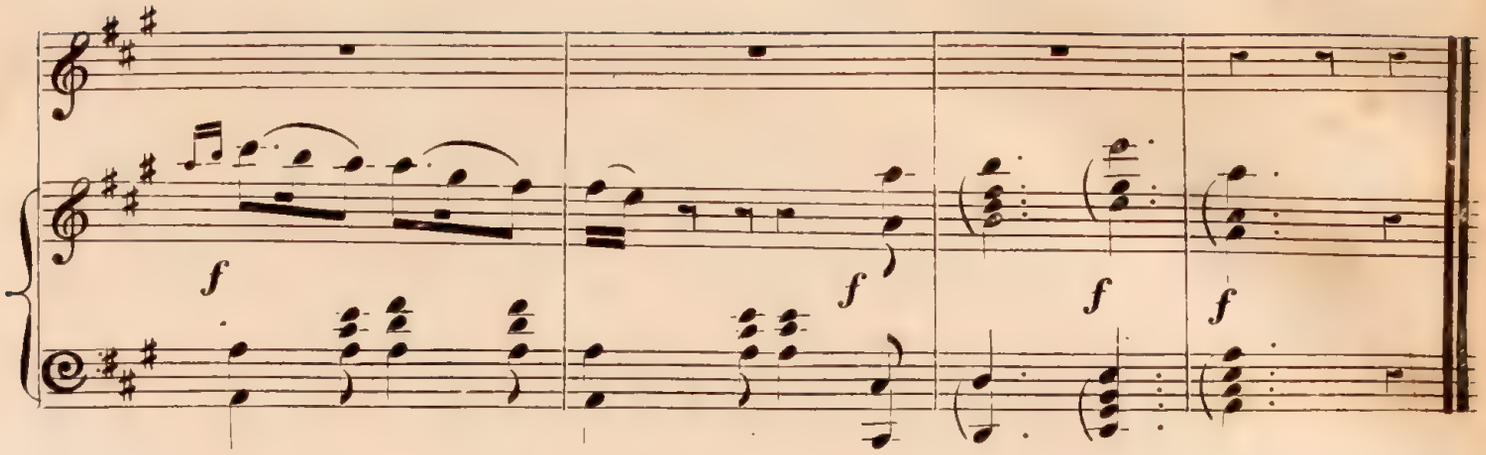


A place in thy memo__ ry Dearest! Is all that I claim; To

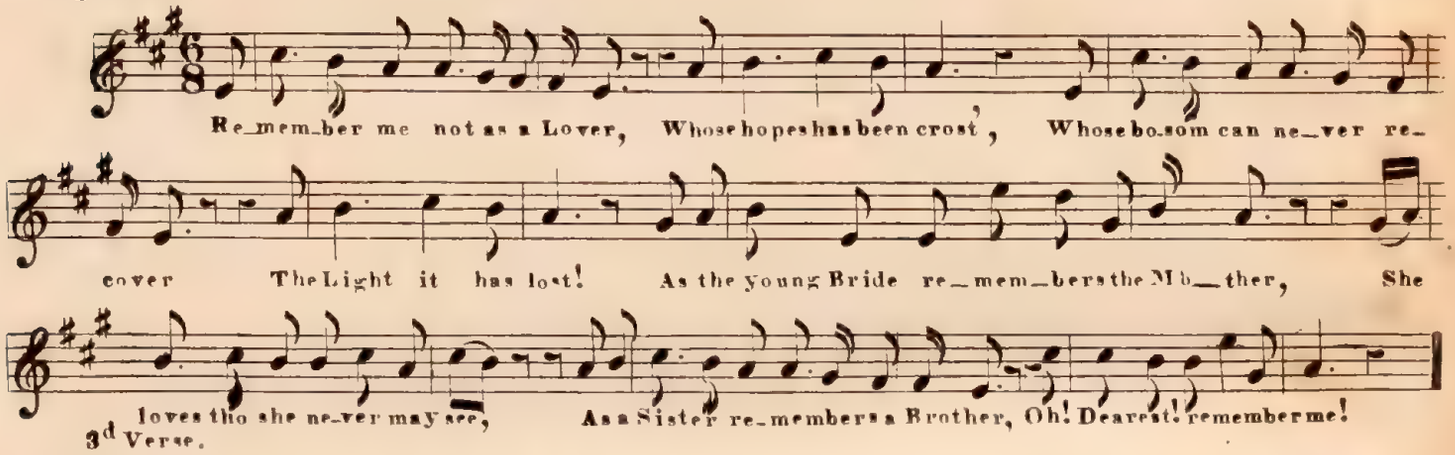
pause and look back when thou hearest, The sound of my name. A_

_nother may woo thee nearer, A no ther may win and wear; I

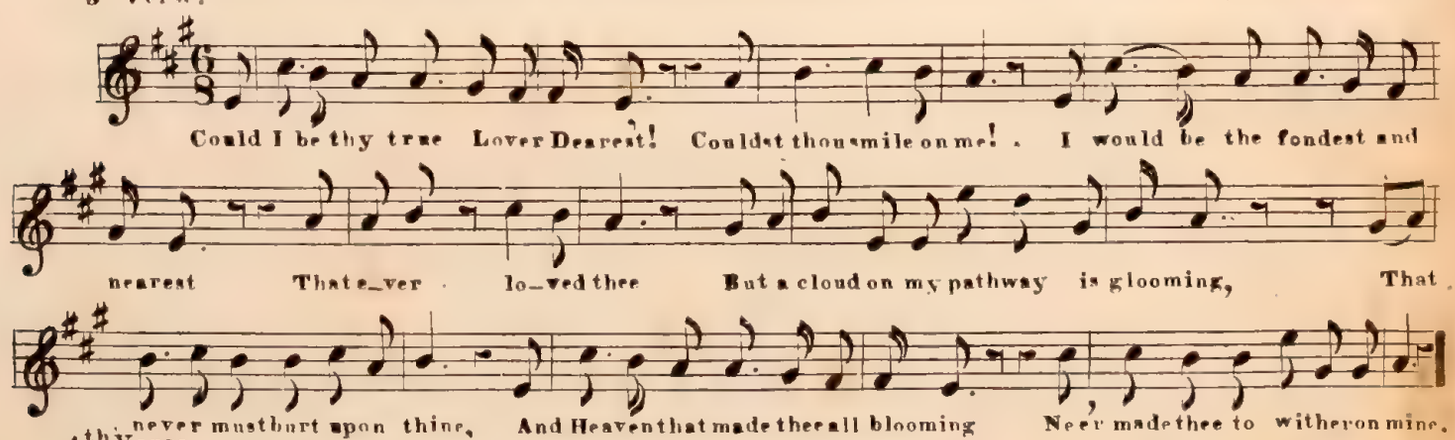
care not tho' he be dearer, So I am remember'd there!



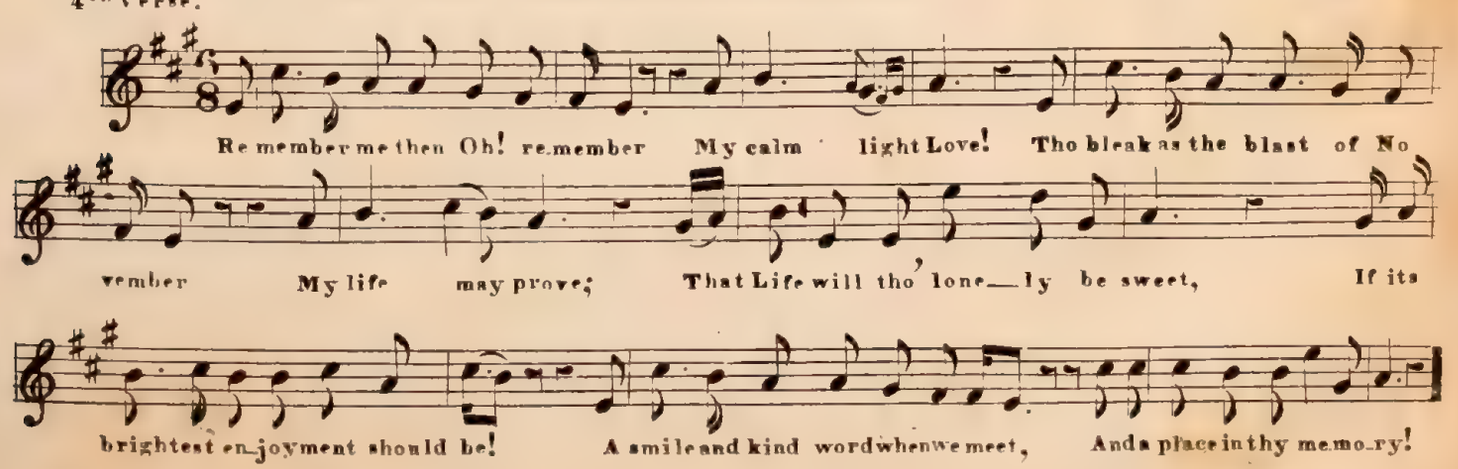
2d Verse.



3d Verse.



4th Verse.



AIR FAVORI

de l'Opera de Bellini

La Norma

Varié pour le

PIANO

par

FRANÇOIS HÜNTEN,

OP: 65.

Price 75 Cts.

Philadelphia.

A. Fiot, Publisher & Importer of Music and Musical Instruments No. 196 Chesnut Street.

Excalibur Press

LA NORMA.

F. HUNTEN Op: 65.

INTRODUCTION.

Allegro

Dolce.

Dolce. p Crès.

pp

pp

8va

f

loco

Sempre ff

Andante Grazioso.

TEMA

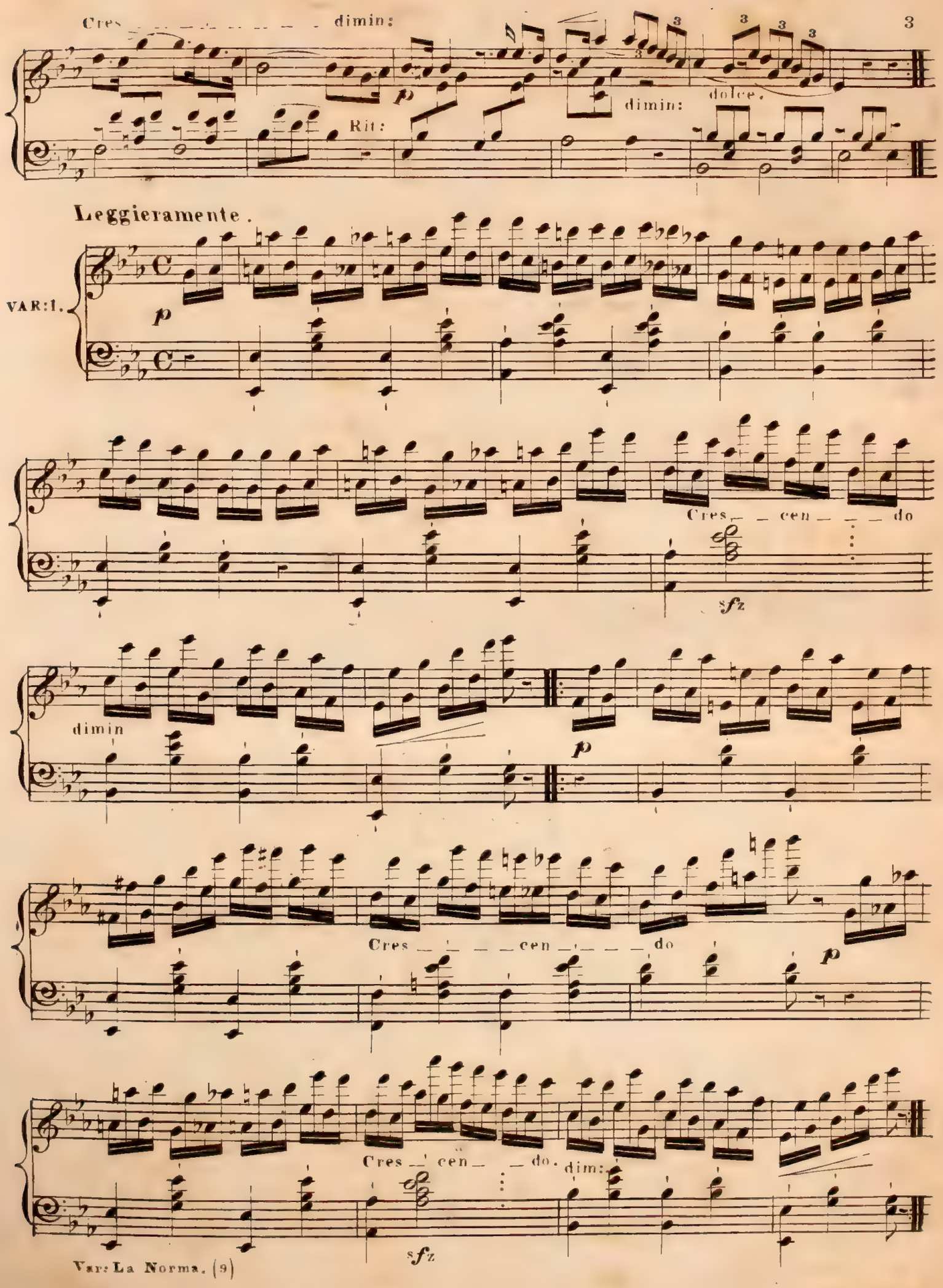
Sempre leg:

Legato molto.

dimin

dolce

p


Cres dimin:
p
Rit:
dimin:
dolce.
Leggieramente.
VAR:1.
p
Cres cen do
sfz
dimin
p
Cres cen do
p
Cres cen do.
dim:
sfz

Con grazia.

VAR: 2.

p Dolce.

ten.

legato.

ten.

sfz

Cres — cen — do

p

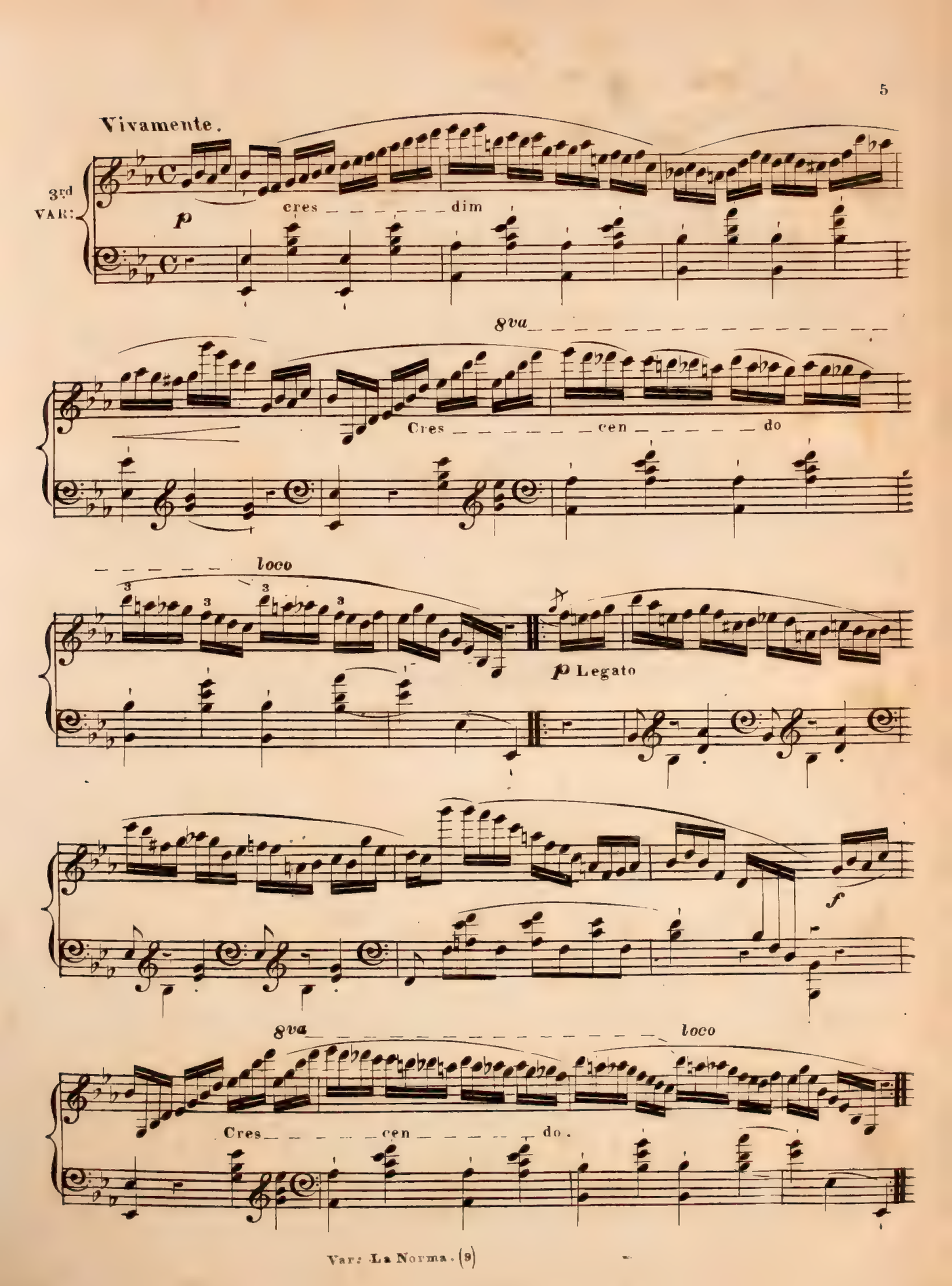
Cres — cen — do.

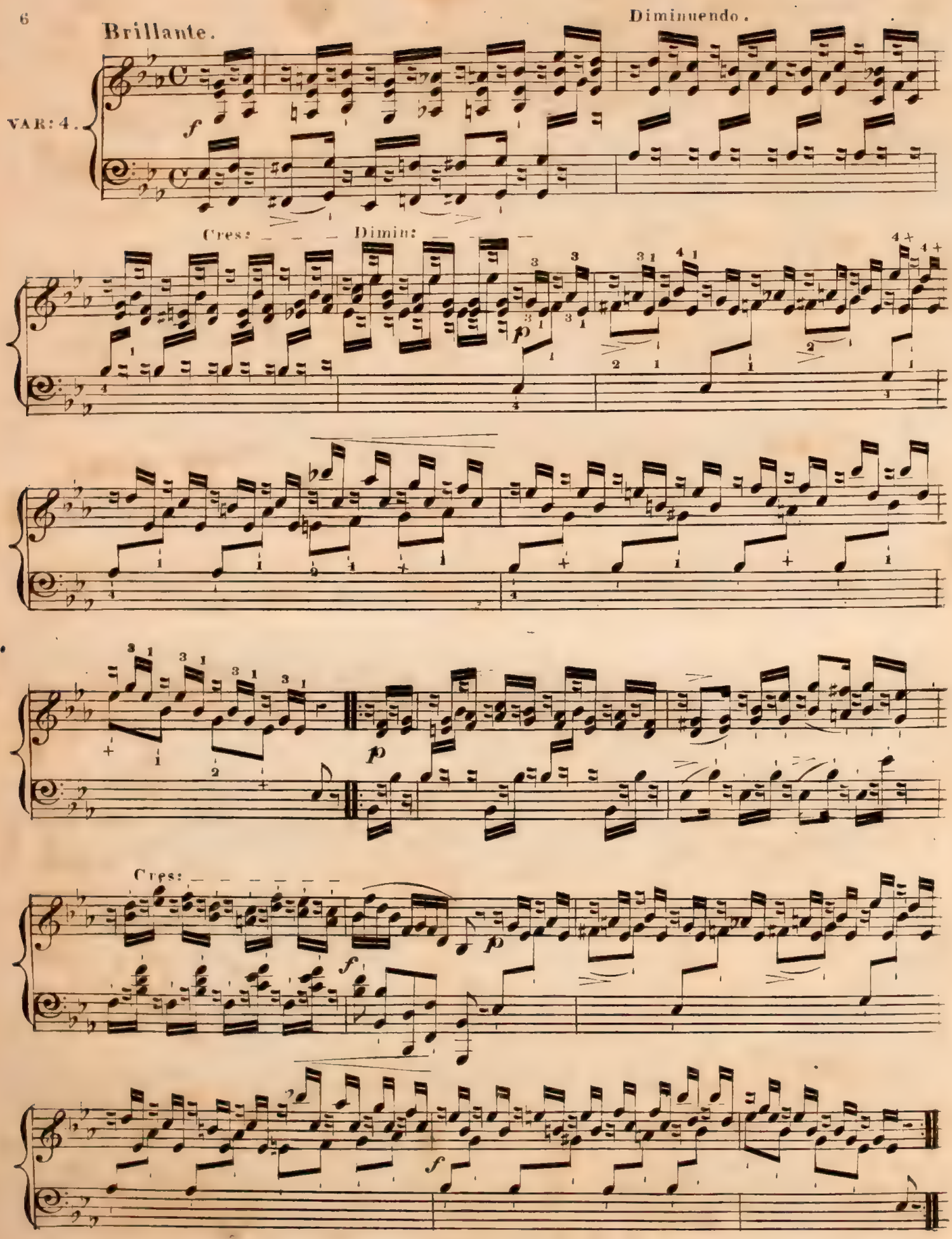
f

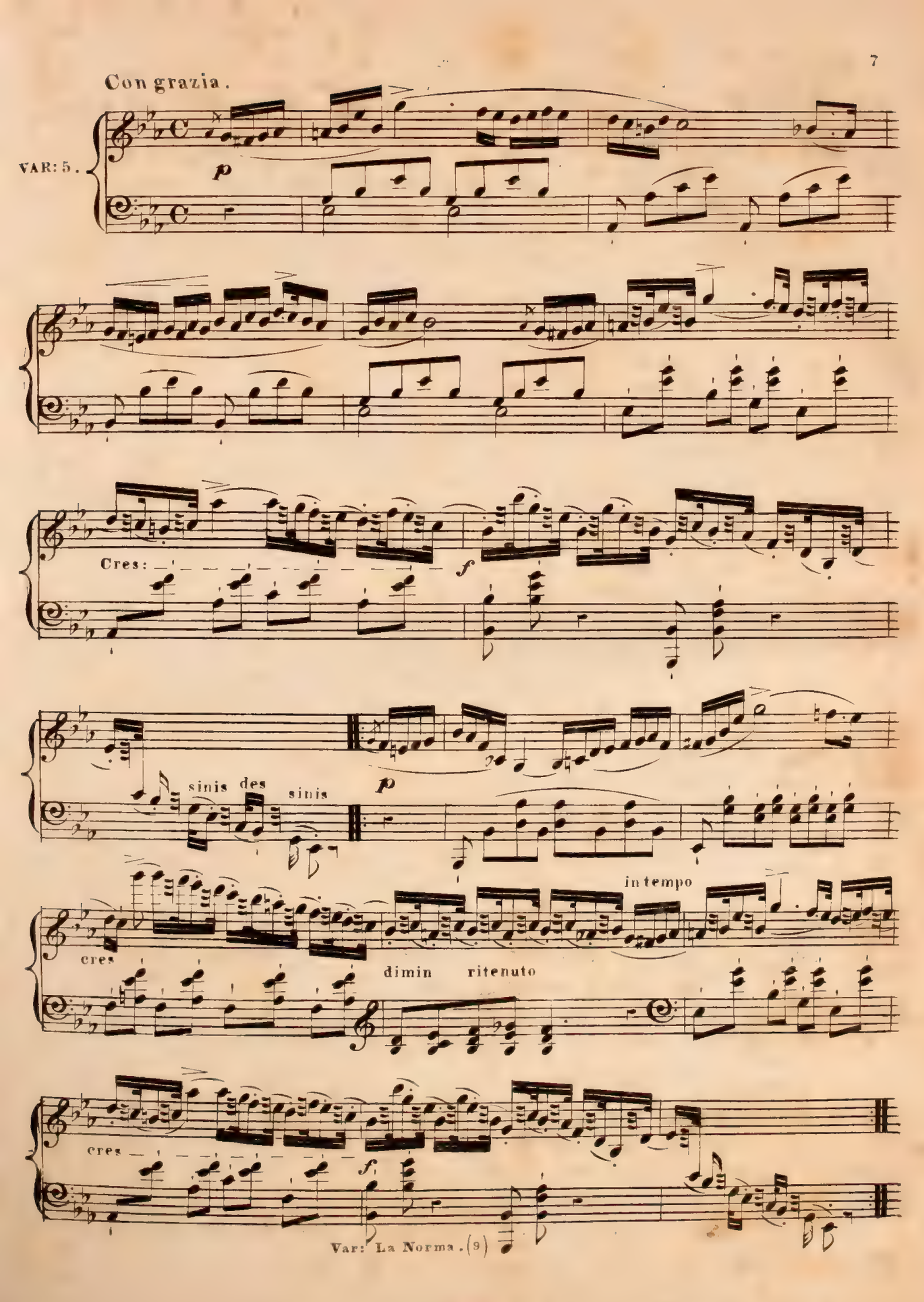
p

sfz

Cres — cen — do.


Vivamente.
3rd VAR:
p
cres dim
8va
Cres cen do
loco
p Legato
f
8va
loco
Cres cen do.


Brillante.
Diminuendo.
VAR: 4.
Cres:
Dimin:
Cres:


Con grazia.
VAR: 5.
p
Cres:
f
sinis des sinis
p
cres
in tempo
dimin ritenuto
cres
f

Vivace.

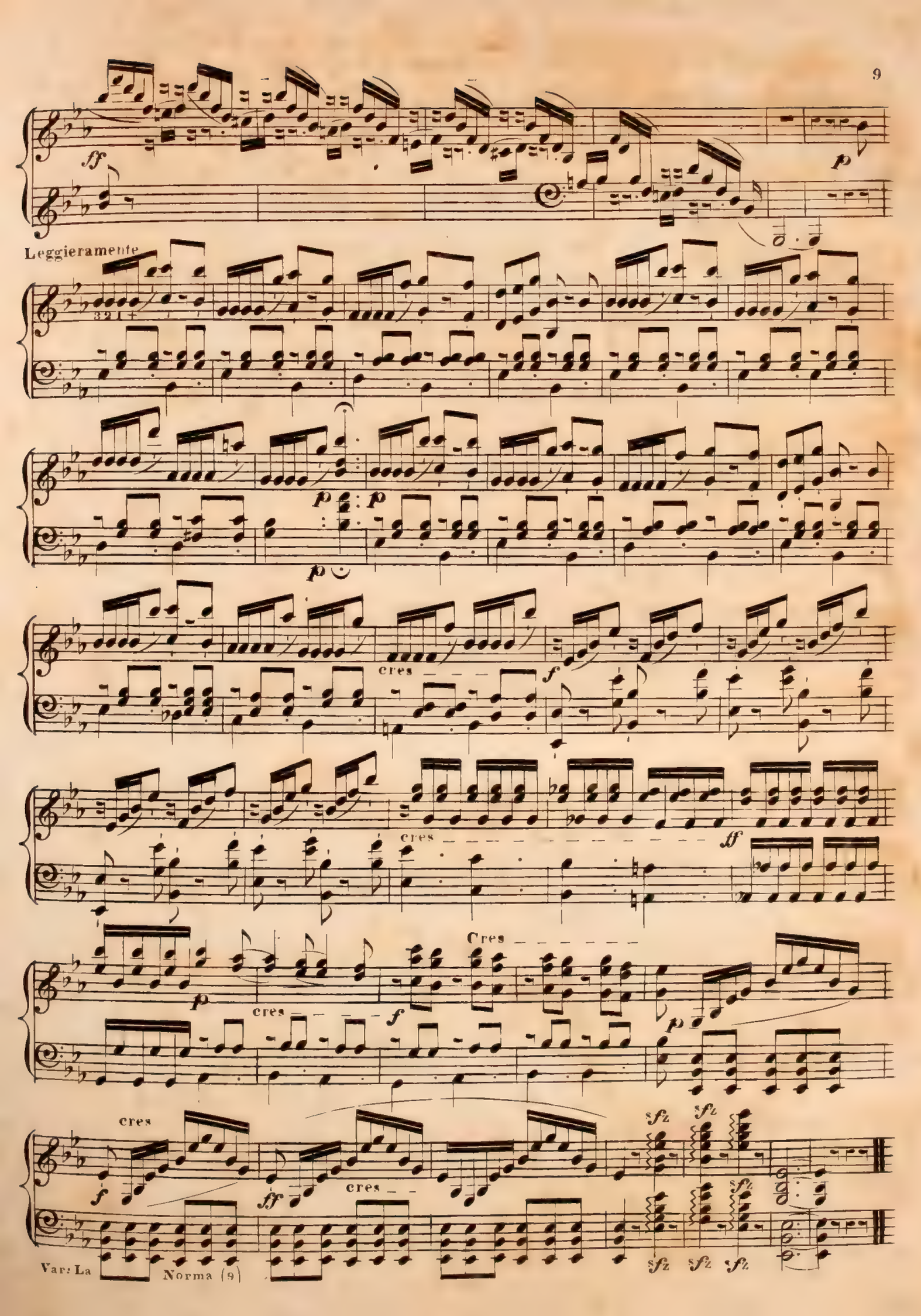
Finale.

ritard dim in tempo vivace.

cres

cres

cres


ff
p
Leggieramente
321
p
p
p
cres
f
cres
ff
Cres
p
cres
f
p
cres
f
ff
cres
sfz
sfz
sfz
sfz
sfz
sfz
Var: La
Norma (9)

"TAKE THEM I IMPLORE THEE"

(Deh con te li prendi)

Duett

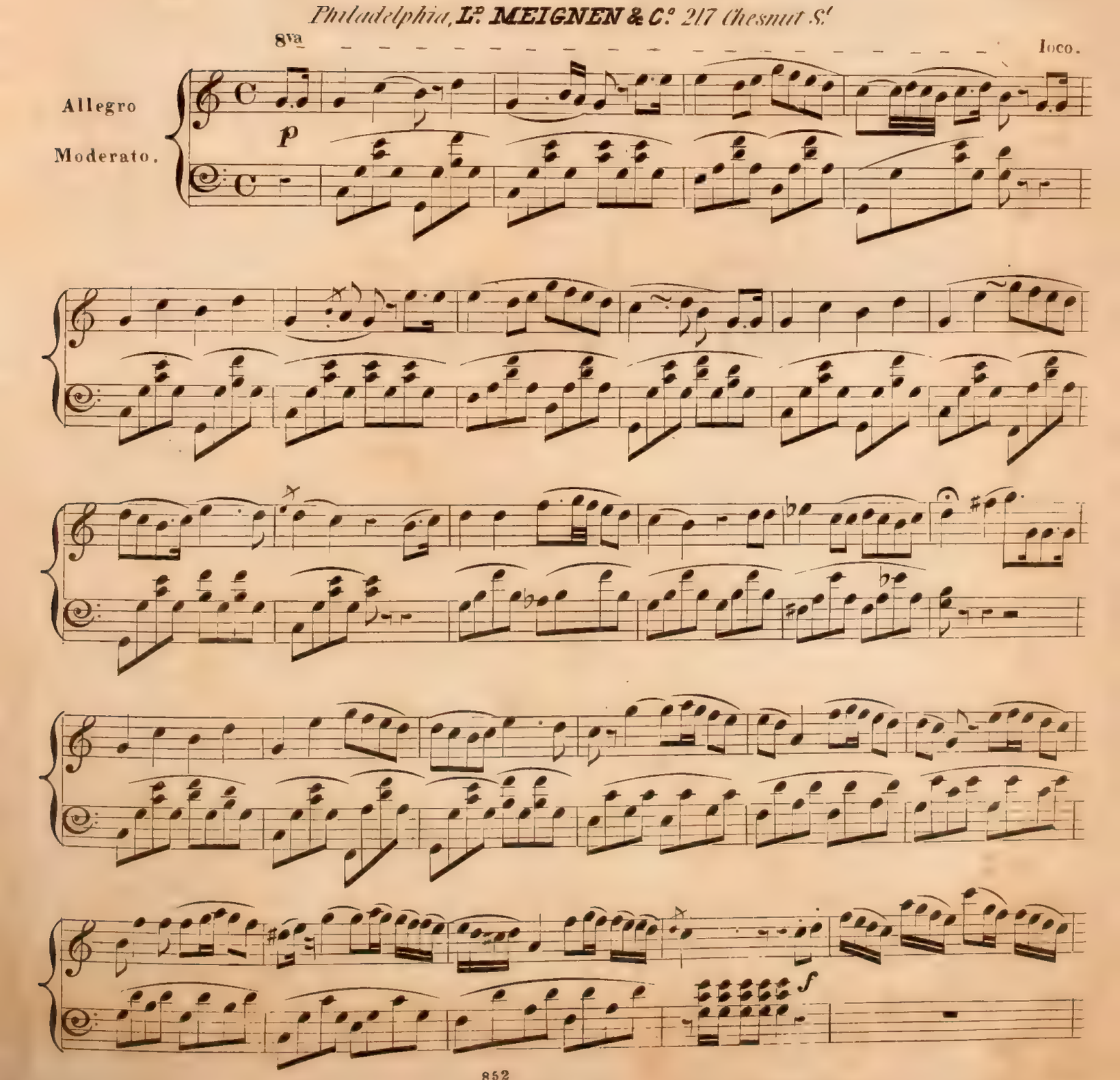
From BELLINI'S Celebrated Opera

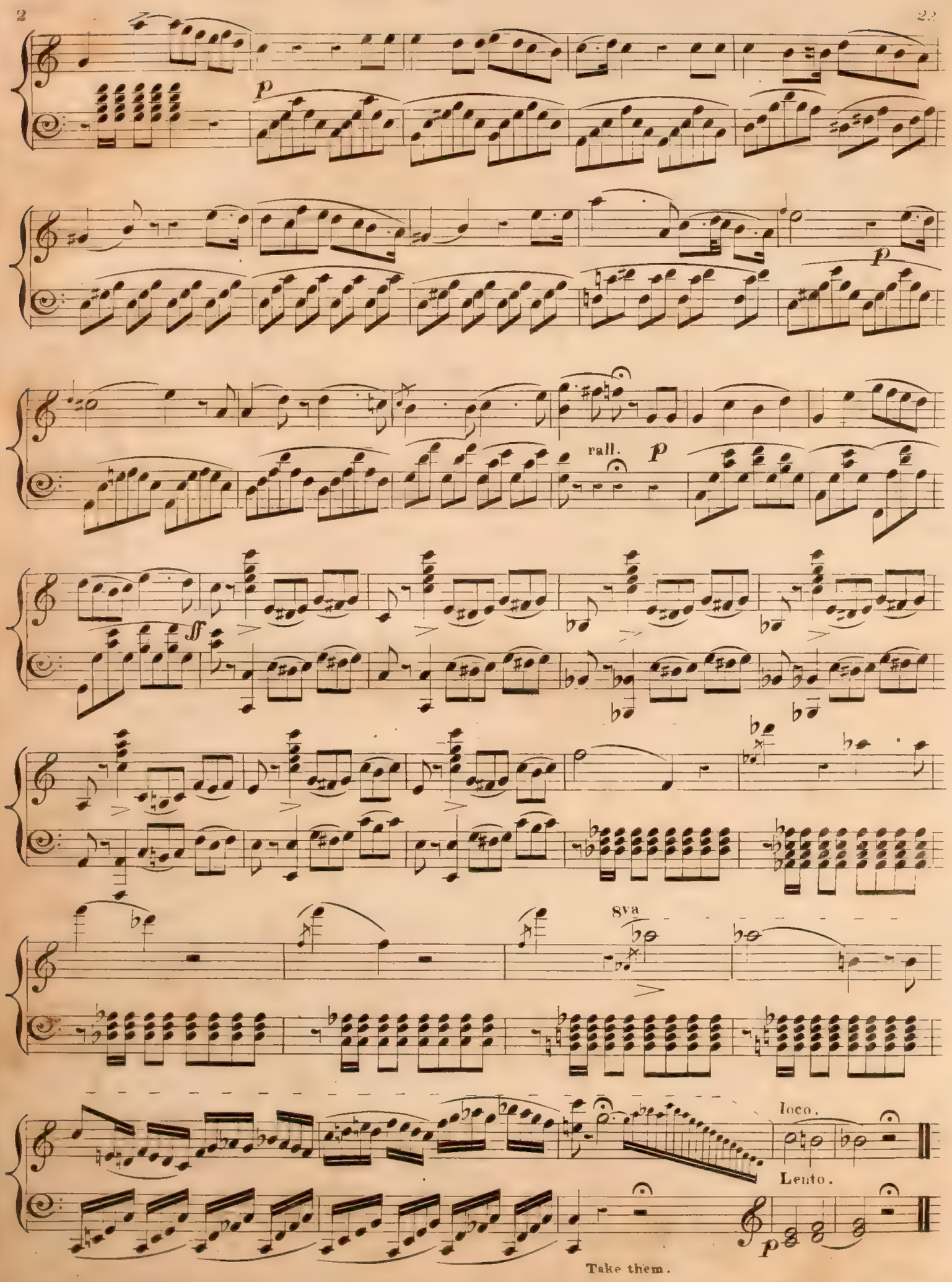
NORMA

ARRANGED FOR THE

Piano Forte.

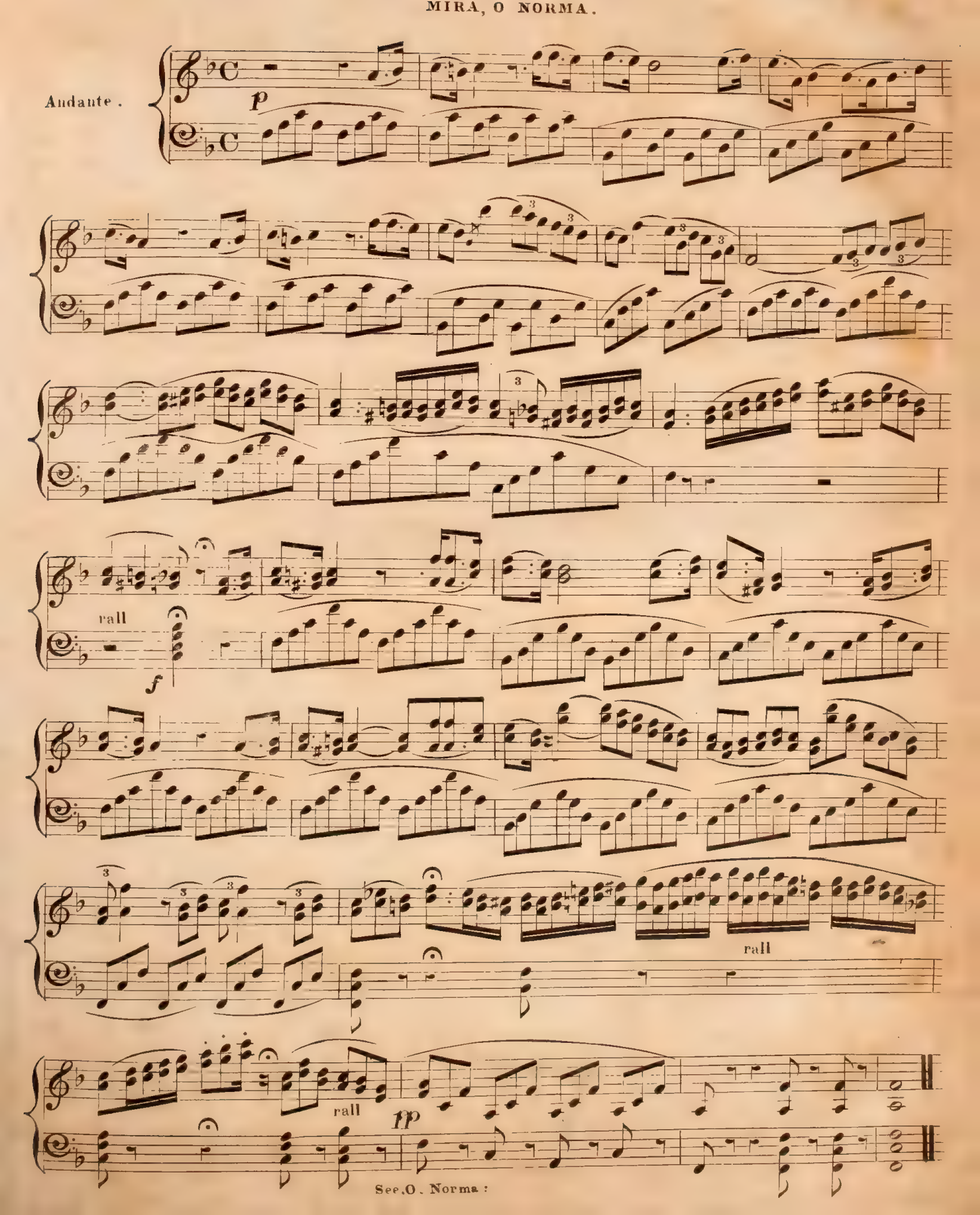
Philadelphia, Lᵖ. MEIGNEN & Cᵒ. 217 Chesnut Sᵗ.



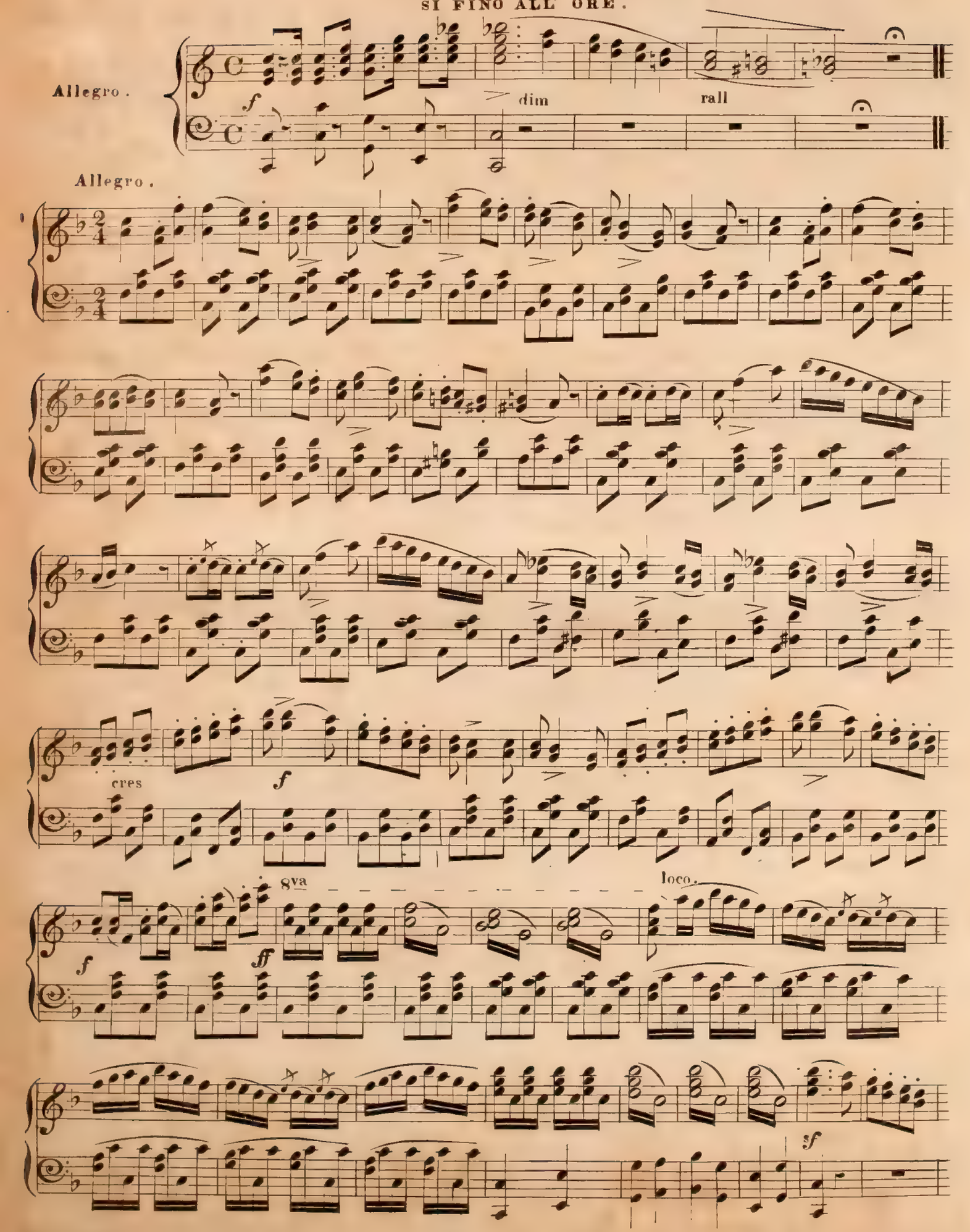

p
p
rall.
p
ff
8va
loco.
Lento.
p
Take them.

SEE, O NORMA:

MIRA, O NORMA.



SI FINO ALL' ORE.



p

cres

f

8va

loco

ff

Thy sole companion . 2 .

"Fly, Alberta, fly with me to Rome!"

Vieni in Roma ah vieni

Duett

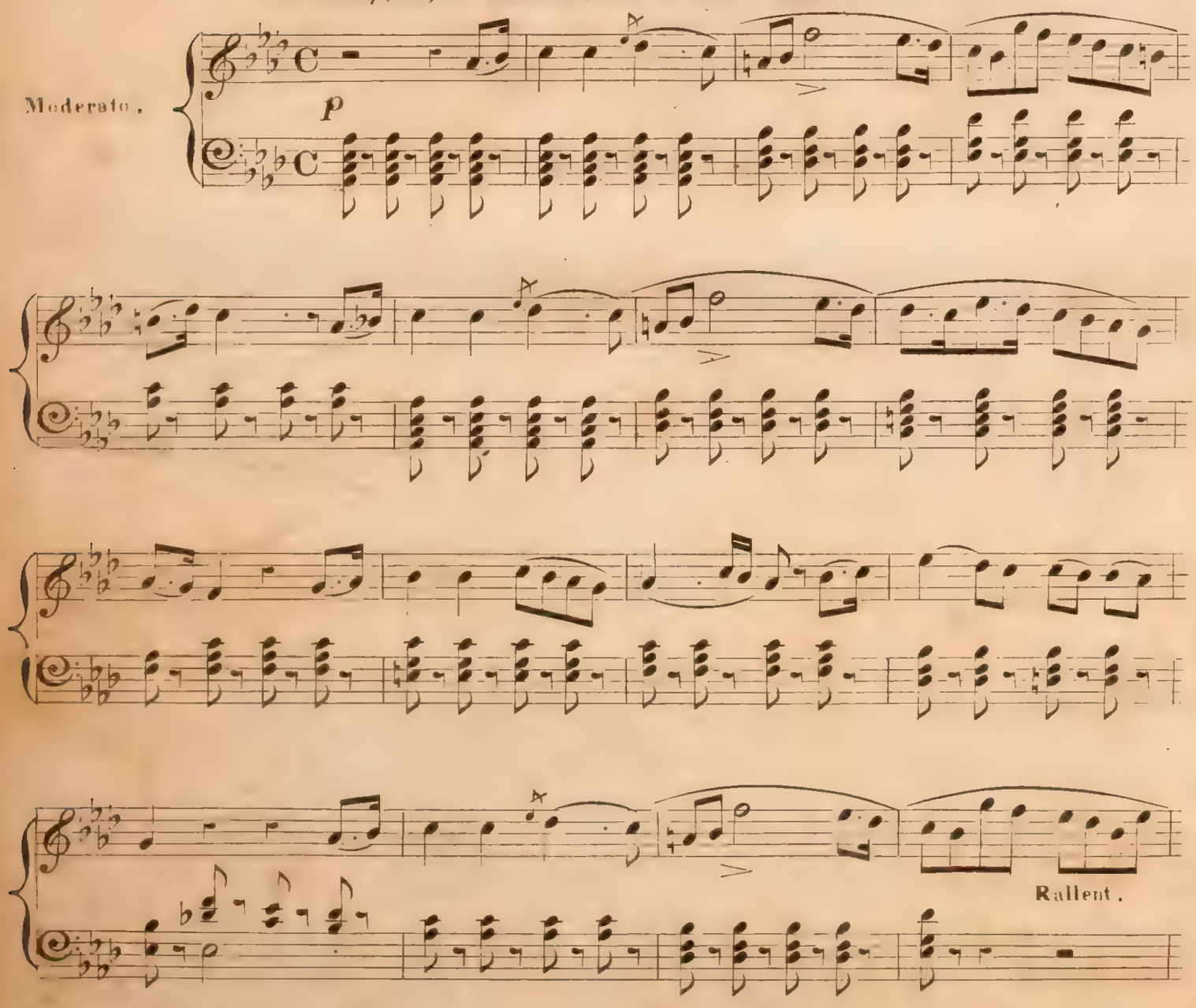
From BELLINI'S Celebrated Opera

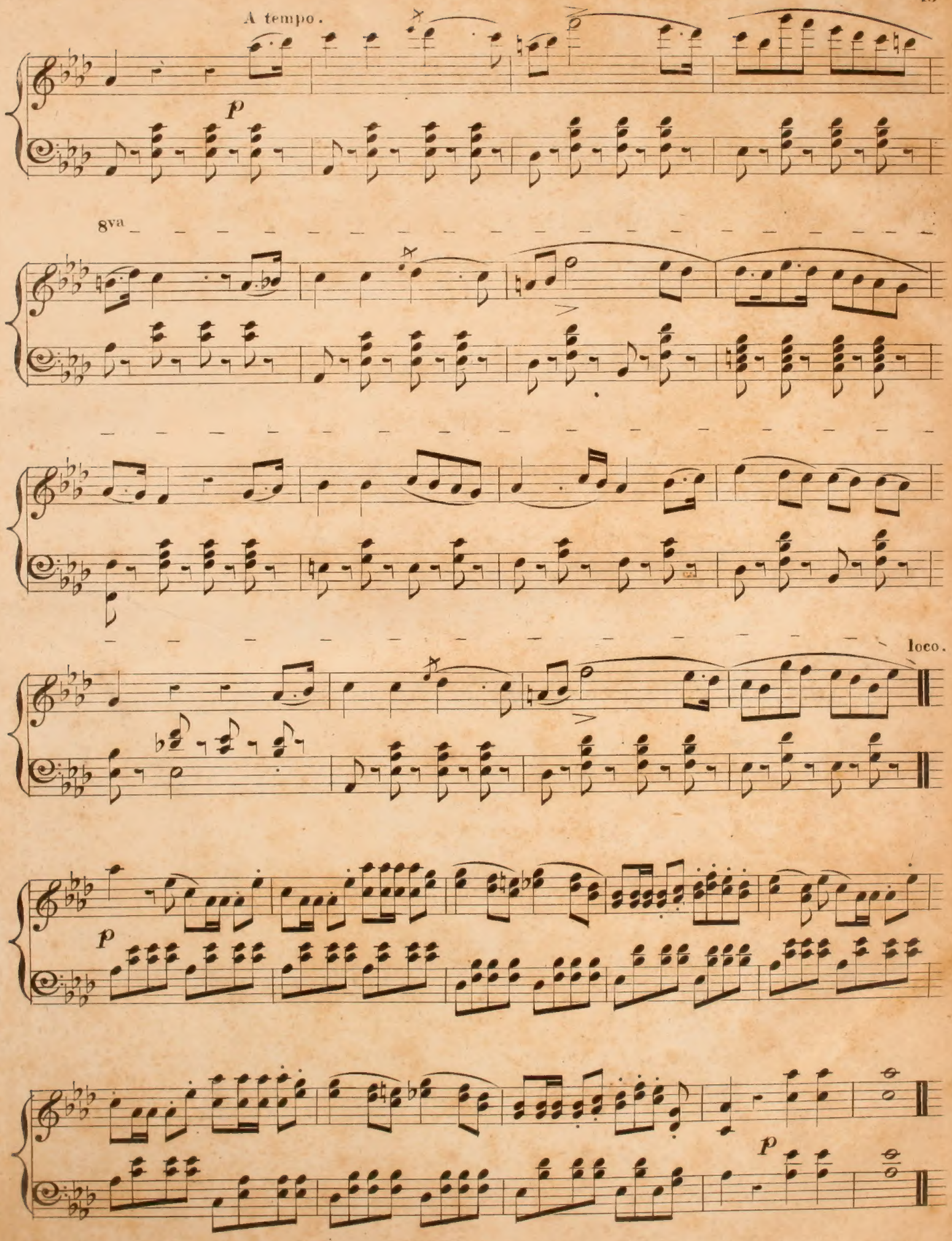
NORMA

ARRANGED FOR THE

PIANO FORTE.

Philadelphia, **Lᵖ MEIGNEN & Cᵒ** *217 Chestnut St.*




A tempo.
p
8va
loco.
p
p

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

THE FREE LIBRARY OF PHILADELPHIA
3 2222 07399 6201

BALCONY-R